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BY

*Frances Parkinson*  
**KEYES**



NOEL MARTIN





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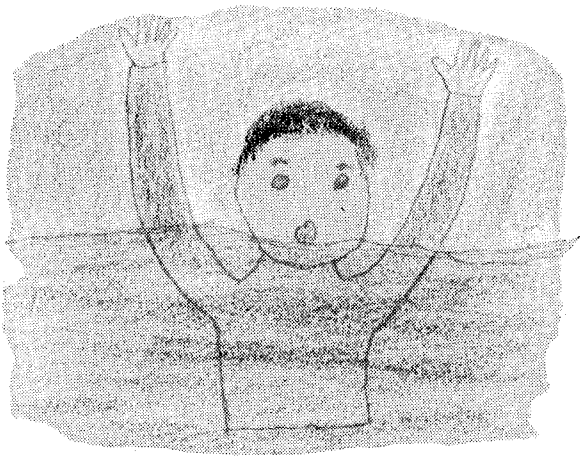
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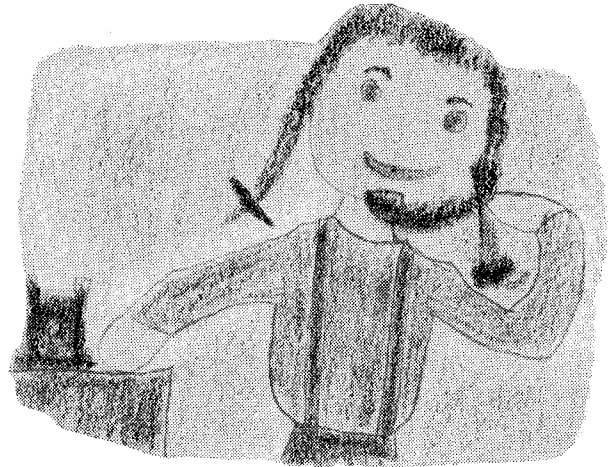
# "You could never without a telephone"

by Ann Loeb

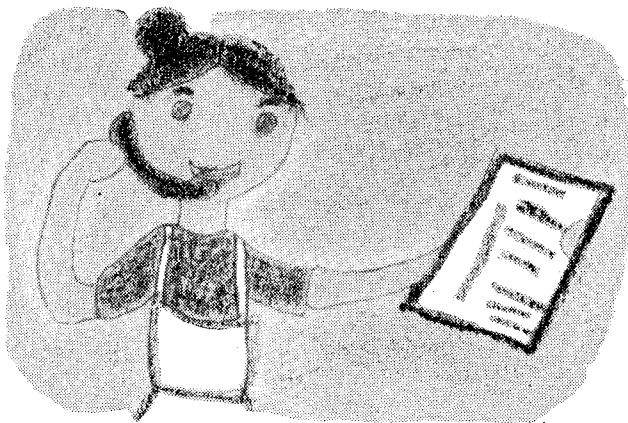
The telephone is used in sending many different messages. Here are some of them:



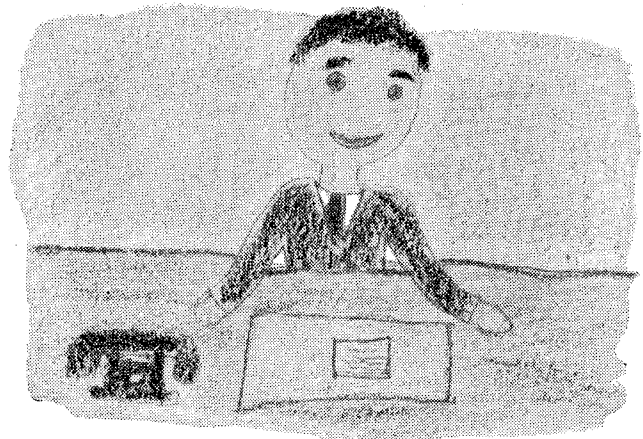
It helps report fires, floods and that people have fallen into deep water and need a doctor very quickly.



Children use the telephone by inviting other people to parties or other children to come over and play, and it is used in telling each other new news.



Housewives use it for calling the grocery store for orders.



Fathers use it in business.

The telephone was invented by Alexander Graham Bell. It was born June 2, 1875.

You could never without a telephone — and use manners if you are listening or talking.

The telephone is one of our great friends today so take care of it.

The End



When Ann Loeb wrote this third-grade theme in her school in Ottawa, Illinois, she had no idea her father would send it to the telephone company. Not a word has been changed. The handwriting is Ann's. So are the pictures, which she drew later at our request.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



# APRIL ATLANTIC

*Ninety-five years of continuous publication*

VOLUME 191 1953 NUMBER 4

Reports: Washington — India — Soviet Education — Africa

|                                                                                              |                         |    |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------|----|
| Who Wants Progressive Education?<br><i>The Influence of John Dewey on the Public Schools</i> | ALBERT LYND             | 29 |
| Terry Helburn                                                                                | FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES | 35 |
| A New Look at Formosa                                                                        | GEORGE E. TAYLOR        | 41 |
| Moses on Canal Street. <i>A Story</i>                                                        | IRA WOLFERT             | 46 |
| The April Rain. <i>A Poem</i>                                                                | EDITH SITWELL           | 52 |
| The Douglas Fir                                                                              | DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE  | 53 |
| i & my parents' son                                                                          | E. E. CUMMINGS          | 57 |
| The Imperfect Foreigners                                                                     | H. F. ELLIS             | 63 |
| Santayana's Last Year                                                                        | DANIEL CORY             | 66 |

## BOOKS AND MEN

|                    |                 |    |
|--------------------|-----------------|----|
| Beyond Adolescence | VAN WYCK BROOKS | 70 |
|--------------------|-----------------|----|

## ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

|                          |                 |    |
|--------------------------|-----------------|----|
| The Peripatetic Reviewer | EDWARD WEEKS    | 78 |
| Reader's Choice          | CHARLES J. ROLO | 82 |

## ACCENT ON LIVING

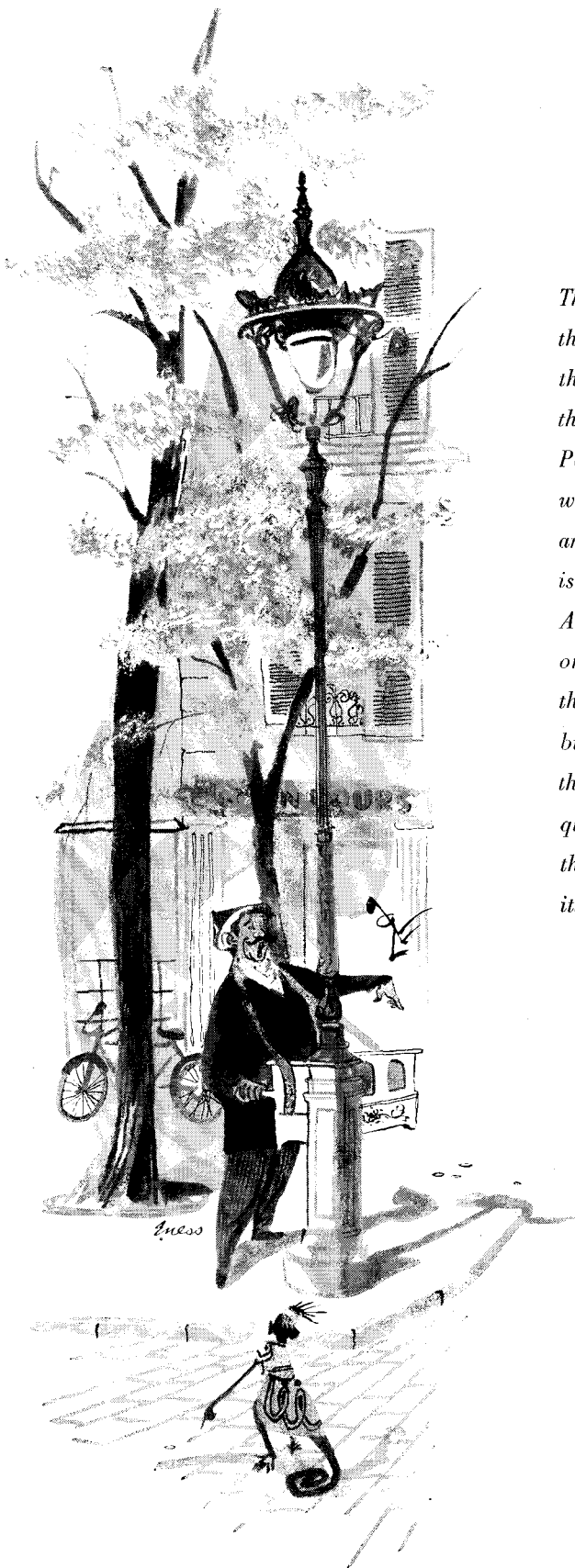
|                                                                        |               |    |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------|----|
| Charles W. Morton — Phoebe Low — Pierce G. Fredericks — Philip Lazarus |               | 88 |
| Record Reviews                                                         | JOHN M. CONLY | 92 |
| Side Roads in Spain<br><i>Pleasures and Places</i>                     | DIGGORY VENN  | 94 |

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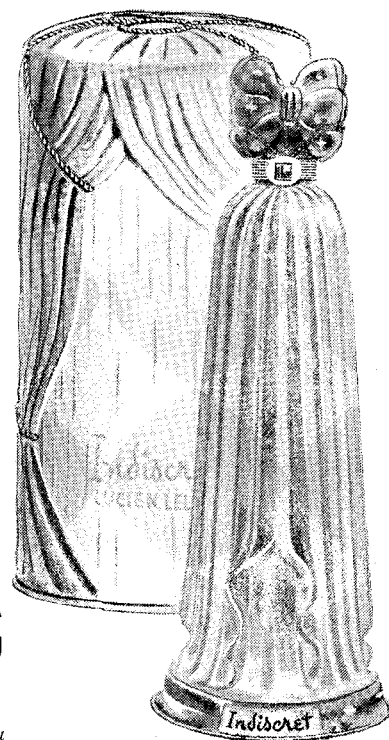


*The air is suddenly like silk,  
the heart as soft as satin,  
the organ grinder in the street  
throws English into Latin.  
Pennies hit the puddles  
with a silly little splash  
and what you see of heaven  
is no wider than a sash.  
And no one's set to music  
or coined the perfect word  
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quickenning as a kiss—  
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# THE ATLANTIC REPORT

## *on the World today*



# Washington



IN HIS use of psychological strategy President Eisenhower seeks to do something the Truman Administration tried to do and failed — to coordinate all departments and all voices of the government to further a single set of psychological objectives. In his campaign speech at San Francisco last fall, Eisenhower observed: "Everything we say, everything we do, and everything we fail to say or do, will have its impact in other lands." Tools in the psychological approach include overt media such as the *Voice of America* broadcasts and the international information program, and also clandestine and subversive operations.

Initial efforts to implement the new policy were not altogether on the mark. For example, the de-neutralization of Formosa was intended primarily as a propaganda move. It required a good deal of after-the-fact persuasion, however, to convince the Europeans that this was not in itself a decision to expand the Korean war. The Administration was not prepared, either, for Congressional demands for an immediate naval blockade of Communist China.

Secretary of State Dulles also aroused suspicion that he was using psychology on Congress and the American people. Press accounts cabled back to this country of his conferences over the European Army were full of toughness and bluster — and, since the reporters depended on briefings, the information must have come from Secretary Dulles. Reports received by embassies in Washington, however, showed that Dulles actually had used a much milder approach in talking with European leaders than the "ultimatums" credited to him indicated.

Primary interest in psychological strategy centers in the study now being made by the President's

Committee on International Information Activities, headed by William H. Jackson, a New York investment banker and former deputy director of the Central Intelligence Agency. The committee is surveying the whole range of foreign information and strategic activities, including those of the State Department, the Mutual Security Agency, the Departments of Agriculture, Commerce, and Labor, the armed forces, and the Central Intelligence Agency.

Some competent men are serving on the Presidential board. In addition to William Jackson, the committee includes C. D. Jackson, the former publisher of *Fortune*, who has been appointed special assistant to the President for cold-war planning; Robert Cutler, a former staff expert of the National Security Council and now assistant to the President for security affairs; and Gordon Gray, the first director of the Psychological Strategy Board set up by the Truman Administration.

Almost certainly one of the goals will be to separate the present foreign information program, including the *Voice of America*, from the State Department and place it in an independent agency. A major concern is to take the State Department out of clandestine operations and give the information program more flexibility.

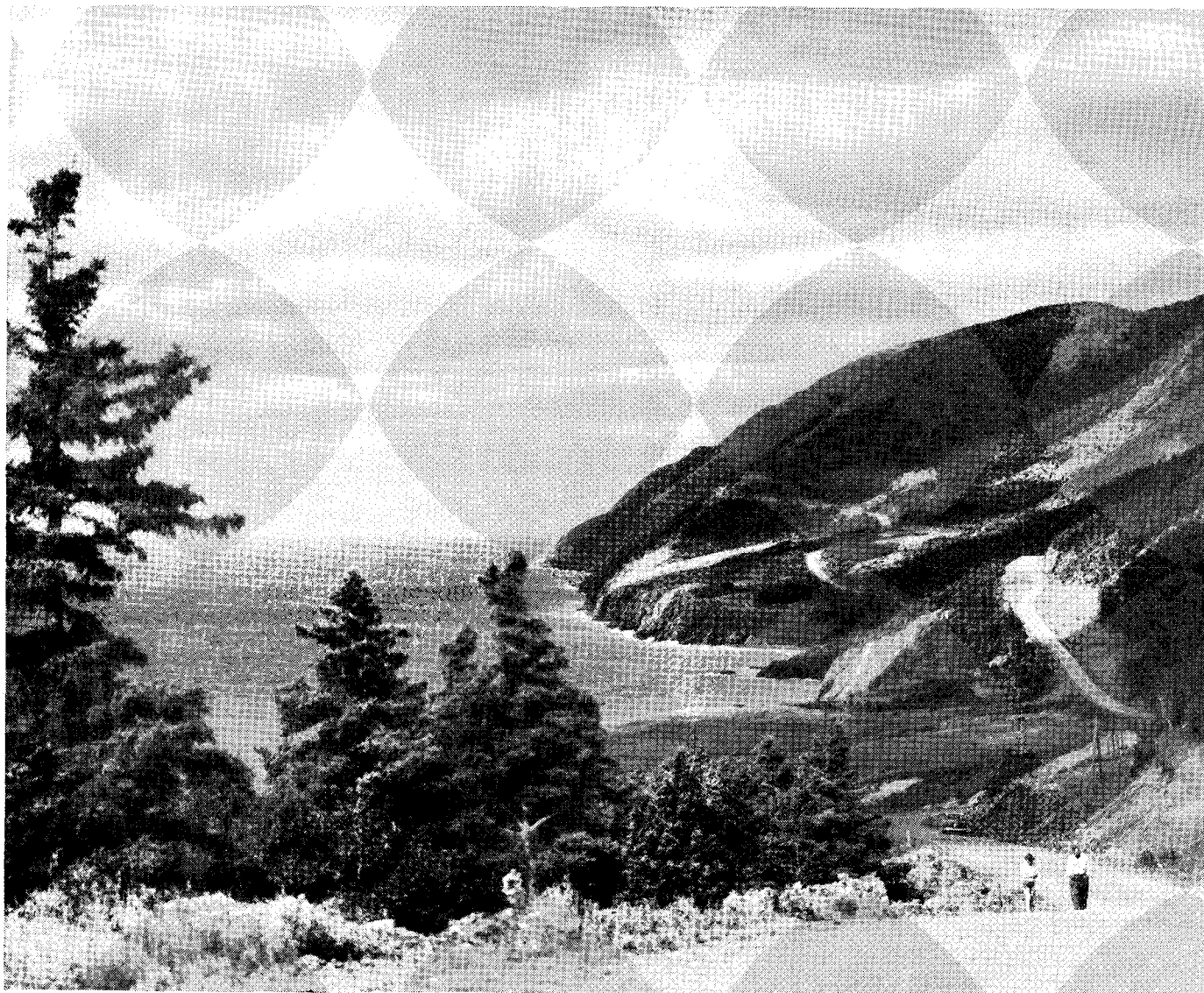
### **Truth is the best propaganda**

The best propaganda, of course, is the truth. The controversy is over better means of getting the truth across, for the devices which persuade Americans to buy furniture polish do not necessarily convince the Egyptians or Brazilians that we are their friends. From all over the world come tales of methods ill adapted to local customs.



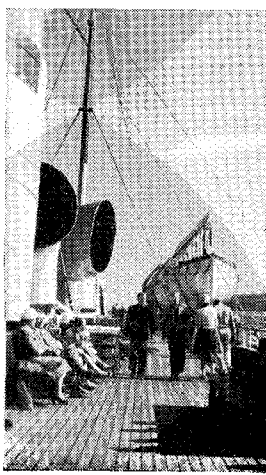
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# The Atlantic Report on Washington



One Latin American Ambassador contends, for example, that a good symphony orchestra or a New York play sent on tour to his country would do more to enhance appreciation of the United States than all the broadcasts or booklets we distribute. The question is a little like that of whether to send tractors to India for technical assistance or to work within the Indians' milieu and send steel-tipped plows — a question resolved in favor of the plows.

Beyond the overt propaganda activities, of course, are the clandestine operations. These are lumped loosely as "black propaganda," a term which technically applies to propaganda made to appear as if it had originated with someone else. Associated with black propaganda are actual subversive activities by *agents provocateurs* as well as a host of secret operations. Most of these have been performed by the operations side of the Central Intelligence Agency.

There is always the risk that unless such operations are expertly performed and supervised they will boomerang and embarrass or interfere with diplomacy. Indeed, there is a philosophical question whether they are compatible with democratic government, for they are basically totalitarian techniques employed to fight fire with fire. As respects the CIA, there also has been the question whether the secret operations would run away with the more fundamental task of collecting intelligence.

## The blunders of CIA

Because of these questions there was more than usual interest in the appointment of Allen W. Dulles as the new Director of Central Intelligence. Apart from being a brother of the Secretary of State, Allen Dulles is known in his own right for distinguished undercover work with the Office of Strategic Services during World War II. More recently he served as deputy director of the CIA. There has been some concern, however, that Dulles's connection with "operations" might lead him to neglect the strictly intelligence aspects.

This concern has some basis because of the blunders committed by CIA in the clandestine field, which have embarrassed the United States in world eyes. One, of course, was the arming of a group of neo-Nazis in Germany who, presumably unbeknown to CIA, marked Social Democratic leaders for "suppression" in case of emergency. Another was the support of a band of Chinese Nationalist guerrillas raiding Communist China from just inside the Burmese border — an inept move which, though once officially denied by

Secretary of State Acheson, terrified the Burmese and caused the resignation of the American Ambassador to Burma.

In Latin America the operations have been even more clumsy. Not long ago CIA decided to tap the telephone of José Figueres, the former president of Costa Rica. The agent designated to do the job unwittingly made contact with an associate of Figueres who informed the political leader, and Figueres arranged to have a photographer present when the tap was made. The agent was caught red-handed, and the American embassy had to spirit away an attaché before he was declared *persona non grata*.

Unquestionably there was an improvement in the quality of intelligence, with Dulles's help, during the regime of General Walter Bedell Smith — though here again the Latin American side was weak. There was no advance warning on the Bolivian coup that put in the totalitarian Paz Estenssoro government, because the CIA agent assigned to Bolivia was vacationing on the beach at Rio de Janeiro. In Peru, only interference by the embassy prevented a CIA man from sending out, without investigation, a false report that the political refugee, Haya de la Torre, had escaped.

All these incidents have a bearing on the work of the psychological study committee because the CIA has a dual function. It probably is true that to separate the subversive function from the covert intelligence function of CIA would duplicate undercover activities with added risk of exposure. But it is also true that CIA's clandestine operations have had inadequate supervision. And the agency which in theory has coördinated psychological policy — the Psychological Strategy Board — has lacked authority to follow through on details.

Beyond the formulation of objectives, therefore, it will also be necessary to devise better means for coördinating and supervising the application of policies bearing on psychological strategy. Apart from any structural changes, this will require an official acting with the authority of the President to ensure cohesion in all departments of the government. The appointment of C. D. Jackson as cold-war planning assistant to President Eisenhower was designed to fill this gap.

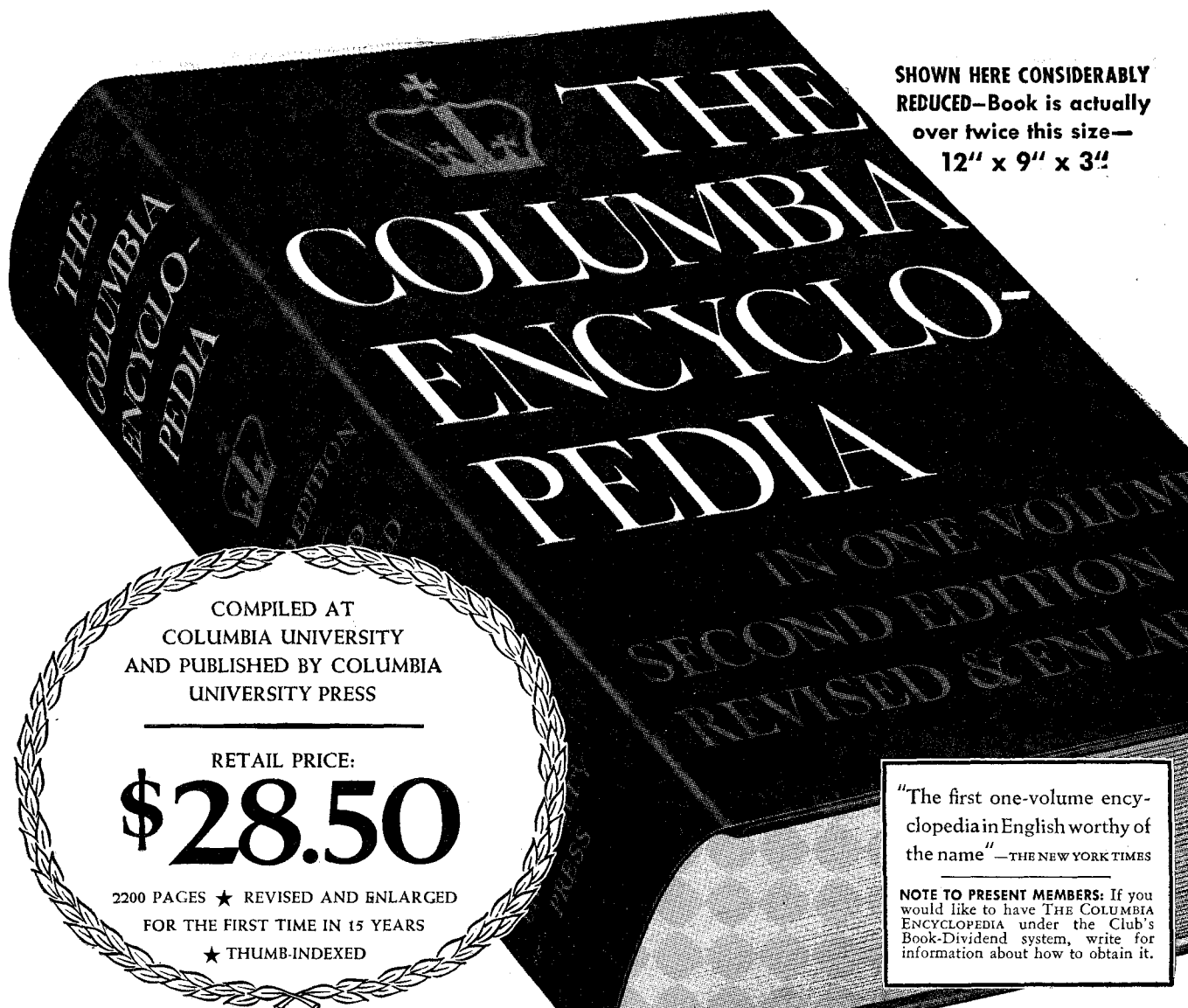
## Benson and the farmers

One of the hottest seats in Washington is that occupied by the Secretary of Agriculture, Ezra Taft Benson. Falling agricultural prices, particularly



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on beef cattle, have brought Benson under great pressure from members of Congress to step in with emergency help. This pressure conflicts with his fundamental belief that more governmental assistance does not point the way to agricultural stability.

Augmenting the pressure has been an internal problem of Benson's own making. He started off on the wrong foot with his employees by referring to the "swollen bureaucracy" in the Department of Agriculture and asserting that he would expect "a full day's work for a day's pay." Conscientious workers took offense. By contrast, other executives such as Federal Security Administrator Hobby obtained a totally different reaction by using tact in meeting with employees and asking them for their cooperation.

To understand Benson's approach it is necessary to understand his background. A deeply religious man, he was before his appointment one of the twelve Apostles of the Mormon Church. He was reared on an Idaho farm in the frugal tradition of self-help. In his work as executive secre-

tary of the National Council of Farmer Cooperatives from 1939 to 1943 he was known for his extremely conservative bent. Before the Republican convention last summer he supported Senator Taft.

Soft-spoken and genial, Benson is at the same time reserved and handles himself adeptly. He is careful to parry questions and to say no more than he intends to say. Unlike his predecessor, Charles F. Brannan, Benson enjoys the friendship of the most conservative and powerful of the farm organizations, the American Farm Bureau Federation. The National Grange is also cooperating with Benson; whereas the Farmers' Union, which favors high price supports and was regarded as having an "in" with Brannan, has been more standoffish.

Benson's first move — a reorganization to place the twenty-odd bureaus of the Department of Agriculture under four principal executives — was similar to plans proposed by Brannan but frustrated by Congress. Benson went further than Brannan, however, in separating the Agricultural Conservation Program, or ACP,

from the Production and Marketing Administration.

ACP had been under heavy fire for paying out some \$250 million a year for conservation practices — such as the liming of fields — which many progressive farmers would follow anyhow. It often conflicted with the voluntary technical assistance program of the Soil Conservation Service. Working through county committees, ACP had been criticized as the political arm of the Department of Agriculture. The separation, with an implied promise of reduction in the scope of the ACP, met a long-time objective of the Farm Bureau.

### How much price support?

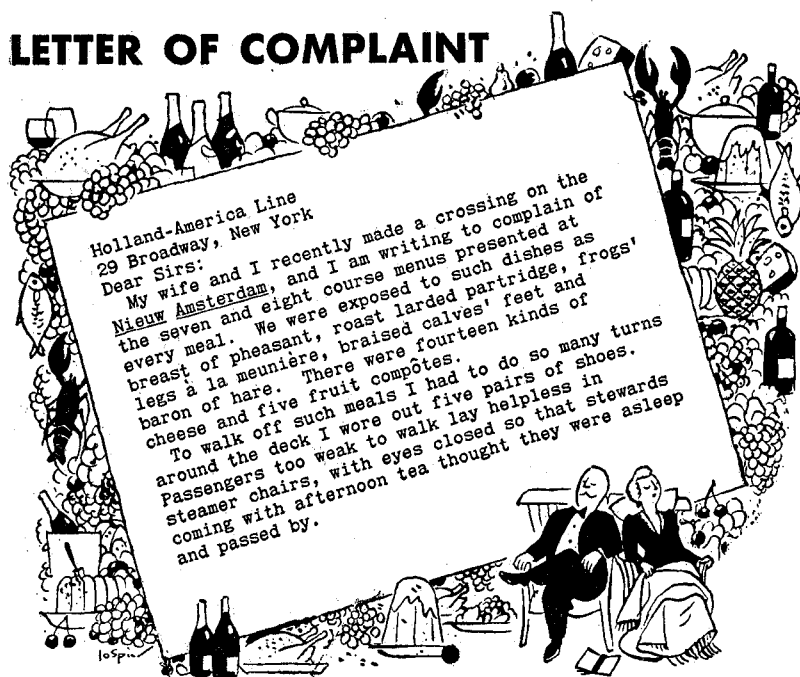
Friendship with the Farm Bureau, however, will not necessarily help Benson in his basic dilemma, which is how to bring "full parity of income" for farmers at the market place without more rigid price supports or controls. Benson views price supports as "disaster insurance," and he is appalled by the economic waste in overproduction for governmental purchase.

The Farm Bureau has consistently advocated variable price supports, with the government supporting farm prices through purchase or loan at from 90 per cent down to 75 per cent of parity as supply increases. This formula, which was designed to shift production to more-needed crops, was embodied in the Hope-Aiken Law of 1948 and the Anderson Law of 1949.

But Congress has systematically blocked application of the variable scale. Price supports on the six basic crops — wheat, corn, rice, cotton, peanuts, and tobacco — were frozen at 90 per cent of parity through 1954. (Parity is the theoretical equation of the prices received by farmers with the prices of commodities they must buy; and when the parity ratio is at 100, prices are in balance.) Congress also juggled the old and the modernized parity formulas so that the higher figure applies. Meanwhile Benson is faced not only with falling prices but also with declining exports and a huge incipient wheat surplus.

The controversial Brannan Plan used a totally different approach on nonstorable crops. It would have permitted most farm prices to find their own level, as a means of intro-

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ducing market flexibility and encouraging consumption, and it would have provided "production payments" to farmers on a farm income standard. The basic defects in the plan were, first, that the standard was entirely too high; and, second, that it would have brought more governmental controls. Some of the initial critics of the Brannan Plan, however, are now looking more favorably on production payments as a means of supporting perishable crops.

With the help of a fourteen-man advisory board, Benson has promised to come up with a new answer before the present program expires. Meanwhile, he hopes that more orderly crop marketing will arrest the price decline.

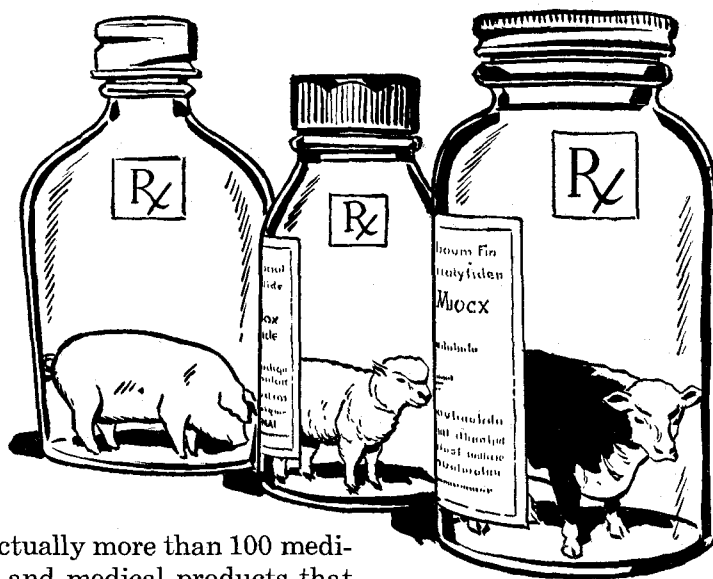
Benson's challenge will be to persuade legislators that the rigid price-support system compounds the problem. This will be difficult indeed, for currying favor with the farmers is a favorite Congressional pastime. There probably is no other subject on which members of Congress are so prone to demand "economy" and vote the other way.

#### **Mood of the Capital**

The overriding questions in Washington as in every capital are: Who will ultimately win in the struggle for control of the Kremlin? and, What effect will the shift in power have on the West? Affairs in the UN and in Germany and Asia will mark time again as they did in the months preceding Eisenhower's inauguration.

Meanwhile Republicans and Democrats alike fell over themselves in their efforts to accommodate the new Administration. Even when Eisenhower and his associates worked at cross-purposes — on the extension of the President's reorganization powers — Congress rescued the Administration from its own confusion. All this brought speculation about another "era of good feeling" similar to that in the Monroe Administration 135 years ago. Certainly the President went out of his way to promote harmony between the legislative and executive branches, and many legislators were flattered to be included in the regular White House conferences. Perhaps in Washington as in NATO, President Eisenhower's greatest talent is as a diplomat and catalyst in obtaining agreement.

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# India

THE Indian elections put Nehru's Congress Party into power not only at New Delhi but in all the twenty-six states of the Union; and although in one or two of the provincial governments — in Madras for instance — its hold has been somewhat precarious, it can be said that for the immediate future the Congress Party has the responsibility for the development and well-being of the country. This concentration of power can be a great asset. With the Congress Party in control in New Delhi and in the provinces, the chances of avoiding friction and pressing forward with a positive program are at their maximum. Moreover, political leadership within Congress is also at its highest point of influence.

Nehru is the unchallenged ruler of the country. With him are other provincial Congress leaders — Pandit Pant in the United Provinces, Dr. Roy in West Bengal, and Mr. Rajagopalachari at Madras — who have all fought the good fight for independence and enjoy the almost mythical authority that fight has conferred. But they are all old or elderly men. A new generation of Congress leaders has not yet emerged. The next few years, while the influence of the original leaders is still undisturbed, will be a "honeymoon" in Indian politics.

## **The Communist opposition**

The present predominance of the Congress Party is especially significant in a country where the opposition, so far, is either doctrinaire Socialist or outright Communist. By concentrating its candidates in particularly favorable fields, the Communists contrived to elect a score of deputies with only a very small percentage of the votes. But the first year in Parliament has also shown that they are not yet a very formidable group of men. They have been outmaneuvered and outdebated and have made on the whole a sorry showing.

It may be, however, that the Communists attach little importance at this stage to federal politics, where they are certain to be voted down. Rather their strategy is to draw to themselves the various linguistic minorities, and to attempt to exploit the ambitions of these minorities for separate statehood. In Madras, the Andhras, a Telugu-speaking

minority, have sent a majority of Communists to the Madras Assembly. One of the Andhra leaders, Sriramulu, fasted to death last December to secure a separate Andhra state; and when he succumbed, organized rioting broke out which significantly concentrated upon the centers of communication.

The moderates fear that an Andhra state would be Communist-dominated. Moreover, they see the same process at work in other states — for instance, in Bombay. Communism is also active in Travancore-Cochin. The aim of detaching the south by a series of well-planned linguistic campaigns is certainly part of long-term Communist strategy, and Parliament is aware of the danger.

## **The fight against poverty**

Whether or not these fissures will widen depends on the energy with which Congress can use its power to benefit the Indian community. The fundamental fact now, as it has been for centuries, is the poverty of ordinary men and women. The national per capita income is less than \$50 a year. And this poverty is constantly growing worse since most available land is already under cultivation and the population — at present 356 millions — increases by more than 4 millions each year. Unless a stronger economy can be created, deepening poverty and its abundant frustration may yet give the Communists their chance.

The Government's answer is the Five-Year Plan, officially agreed upon last December after a year of preparation and careful discussion with every responsible group in the nation. Its aim is a capital expenditure of approximately \$4.2 billion to be made between 1951 and 1956, the bulk of it on agriculture. This first investment will not do much more than keep balance with growing population, but it should raise the national income about 10 per cent and lay the foundations for more ambitious investment after 1956.

## **Community projects**

About 80 per cent of India lives on the land. The hope is to increase food-grain production by over 7 million tons and irrigated acreage by some 19 million. But these aims are unlikely to be achieved



## How a taste is born

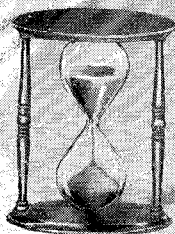
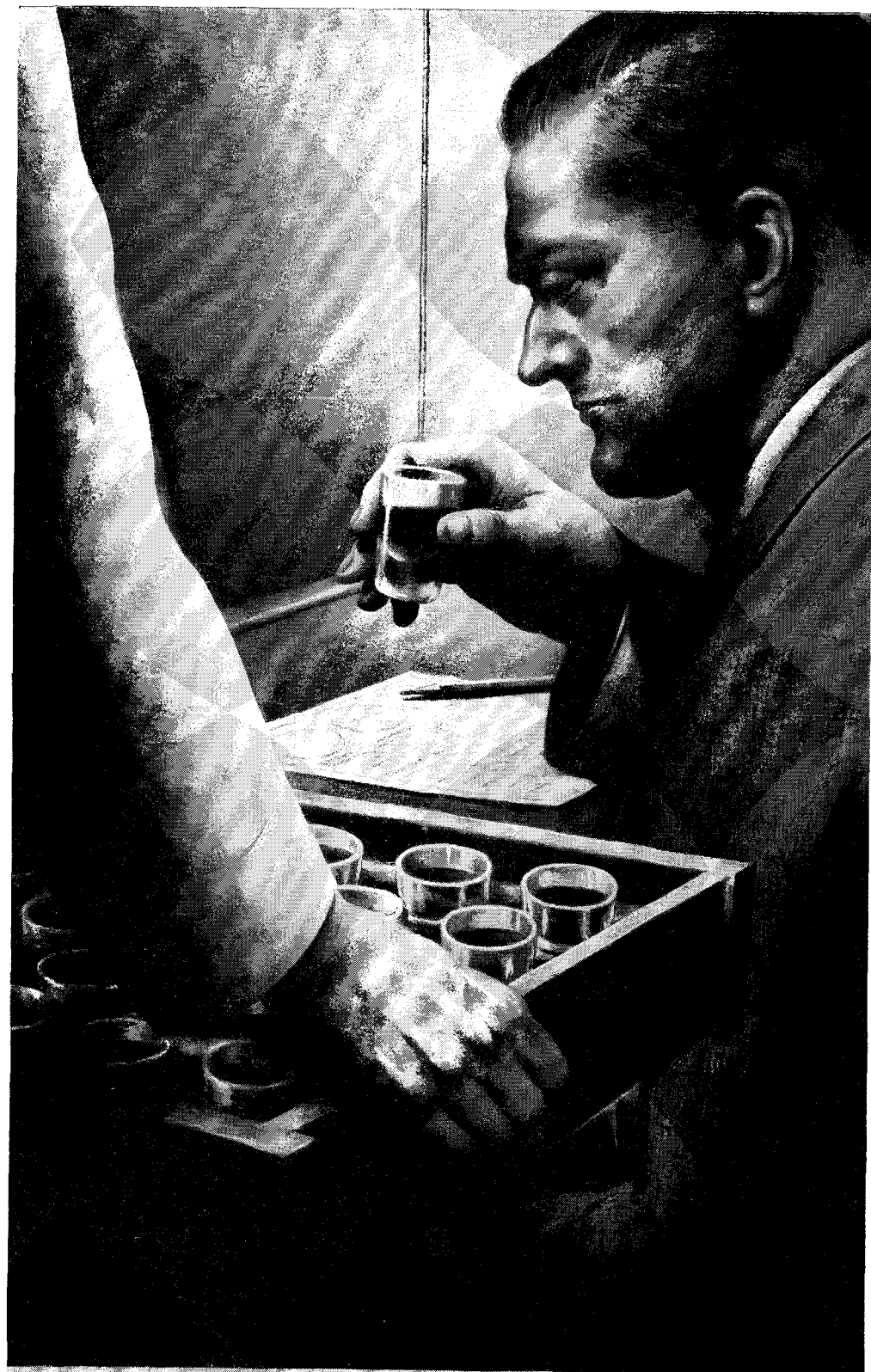
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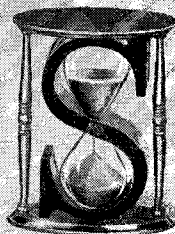
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without radical changes in village life, and these can best be summarized as the transfer of ownership to the cultivator, the consolidation of India's pitifully fragmented holdings, the building up of coöperatives for credit, production, and marketing, and the linking of cottage and small-scale industry with the villages.

All these aims are included within the general program of "community projects." These projects each cover groups of 300 villages, and in the course of the next five years it is hoped to extend the transformation they represent by a snowballing effort to cover a large part of the country. Even the small 8 per cent of the Plan which is to be spent on industry is subsidiary to this program for the villages, for industry cannot expand without increased purchasing power in the villages.

Can such a plan succeed? It is modest financially but ambitious in an administrative sense. The key to success is the village, and it must be said that there are hopeful signs. Some large areas — notably Bombay and most of Madras — have no land-

lord system to abolish. In other states, the United Provinces for instance, the abolition of feudal rights in the land has gone forward.

The idea of coöperatives is not new. A highly successful network of credit coöperatives flourishes in Bombay. Above all, India has inherited from the period of British control a tradition of administration which was at its strongest at the district level. Many of the Indians trained in the old Indian Civil Service — a supremely efficient service — now occupy key positions not only in the civil service but in the Government and the Cabinet itself. They are aware that no plan can be driven through to the level of the villager without strong and effective administration.

#### American aid

Another great asset is that American aid has with real vision been concentrated on the agricultural aspect of the Plan. American Point Four advisers are working with Indian agriculturalists at the village level, and the specialized assistance given by the Ford Foundation is also being used with excellent effect in

setting up experimental areas for community development and in training the village workers who are to carry the new methods and new ideas to the local farmers.

But the difficulties must not be minimized. The federal structure complicates the problem, for many of the states are the successors to the old princely states where administration at the village level was virtually unknown, and a feudal structure has to be replaced within a year or two. Moreover, by adopting the welfare state as its aim, Congress has increased immeasurably the number of things the state is supposed to do.

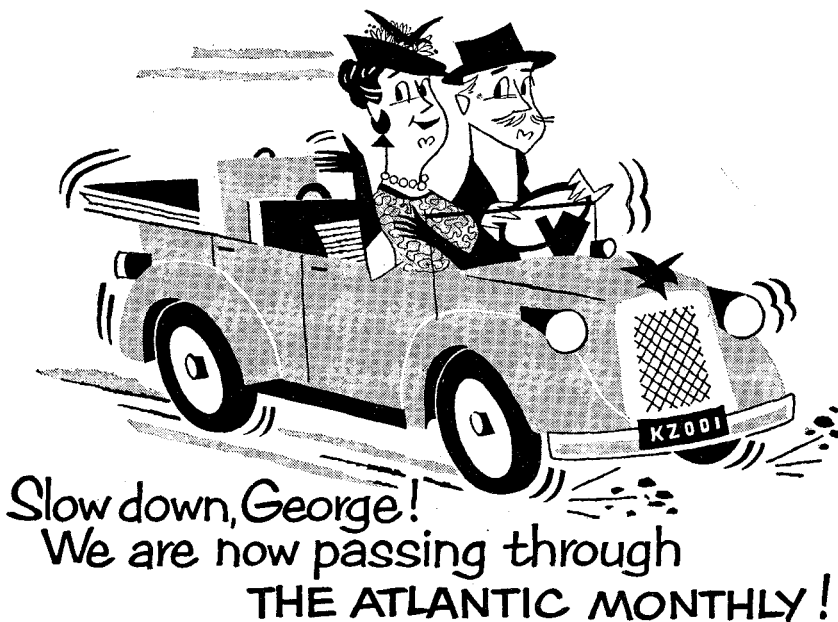
Talk of nationalizing industry is persistent. Steps are being taken to nationalize air transport and to set up a nationalized steel enterprise. The desire to nationalize springs from a widespread distrust of the Indian business class — the Marwaris — whose tradition of speculation and moneymaking at all cost has revolted many men who would not otherwise argue for a public sector in industry.

The greatest handicap which India has to overcome is, however, stark poverty. This poverty is grimly reflected in the Plan itself. It represents less than 5 per cent of national income, whereas really rapid advance of the type needed by India would entail an investment of 15 to 20 per cent at the very least. But capital means saving, and saving means not consuming, and how can you cut consumption on an *annual* income of under \$50 a head?

The few very wealthy men could contribute only a drop in the ocean of need. The middle class is heavily, frustratingly taxed. The poor can do no more. It follows that financially the Plan must remain too small unless India can call upon foreign resources to make up the gap.

#### Distrust of the West

The question of Western aid to India is inseparable from the problem of India's attitude in its foreign relations. In this field, Nehru's outlook is decisive. A fundamental strain in his thinking is distrust of all imperialism — a natural reaction to the lifelong struggle against British rule. His deepest sympathies are with the ideal of Asian independence. Added to this, he accepts in some measure



The people looking at us now are probably all going to Ontario, for their holidays, too. Of course, they'll be staying at those delightful lodges way up in the wild forest country. They say the fishing is just grand there, too. But we'll catch lots on our trip, too, George — and I know you will appreciate those miles and miles of toll-free super highways!

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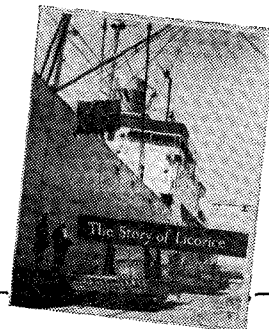
Some business—perhaps yours—may soon find an additional source of wealth through licorice. This could happen by improving on some product now in use or developing a brand new one.

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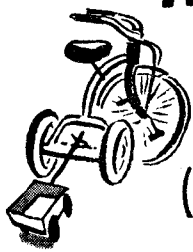
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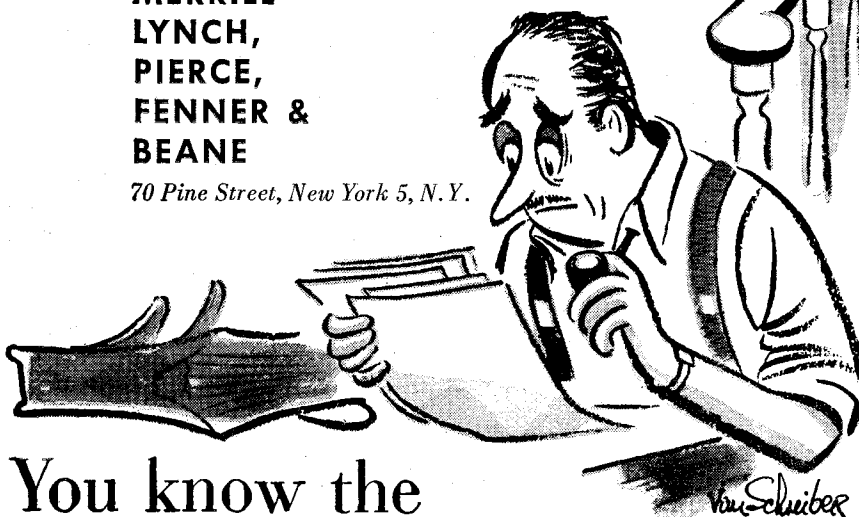
You know the type. Owns his own business. Works around the clock. Brings the office home with him every night. His wife? She's fed to the teeth. Relaxation? He doesn't get any. His health? It suffers, of course. And that's not all that suffers, either. A few years back, he inherited some securities, then added a few stocks of his own on the say-so of friends. But today, he'd have a hard time telling you just what stocks he owns or why he bought them. He's hazy about what dividends they pay, their prospects for the future, his chances of getting anything like what he bargained for. Someday, of course, he'll try to straighten the whole thing out. Sit down and really study his investment situation. Someday, that is, when he's not quite so busy. Uh, huh. Someday . . .

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the Marxist dogma that capitalism and imperialism are inseparable, and that an advanced capitalist country such as America must therefore be imperialist.

This combination of reactions and beliefs makes him suspicious of the West and sympathetic to all Asian nations, including Communist China, which has appeared to him as an independent government that has thrown off all trace of Western influence.

But at this point the opposing points of view gather force. Britain, the old imperialist, has granted India independence and now loyally backs and supports it. This change drew from India in return the decision to stay within the Commonwealth. The American Ambassador, Chester Bowles, achieved a close working partnership with Nehru and was able to demonstrate effectively that America is neither imperialist nor aggressive. American Point Four aid "without strings," the interest and support of the Ford Foundation, and especially the American wheat loan reinforced Mr. Bowles's efforts.

## Communist pressures

At the same time, Russia has succeeded in disturbing the Indian Government by the flood of Russian-financed Communist propaganda that pours into the country, and by its backing of the Indian Communists (Nehru objected to Stalin's speech to the Communist Party Congress in Moscow as an "interference in India's internal affairs").

Above all, Communist China's outright annexation of Tibet and the military preparations in process there have raised in Indian minds the question whether Communists may not be the new-style imperialists of the twentieth century. The Chinese rejection of India's compromise solution of the Korean deadlock also suggested to New Delhi that Russia exercises what can only be called "imperialist" control on the government at Peking.

## Indian neutrality

There is a zone of uncertainty and hesitation in Indian foreign policy, and its outward expression is a desire "not to take sides" — in other words, to preserve Indian neutrality. The question of receiving assistance



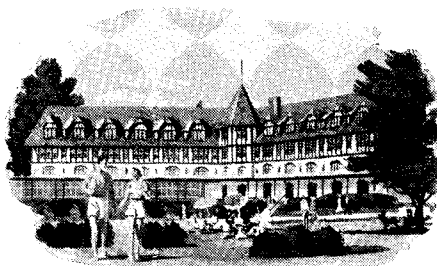
from outside — and this in practice can only mean from the West — is overshadowed by the fear that such help could be used to deflect India from “neutrality” and draw it into one or the other of the world blocs.

The need for aid is not questioned. Indeed, the Five-Year Plan depends for part of its financing upon the receipt of capital from abroad. But it remains a point over which Indian fears and susceptibilities remain acute. Much depends upon the tact and wisdom of Western diplomacy in its dealings with India, and this in turn depends upon the judgment Washington and London pass upon the importance of India to them and to the free world. Superficially they will not receive much help from India. A reassertion of Indian “neutrality” is the most probable answer to any request for a definition of India’s position.

India is determined to preserve her independence at all costs against the only powers likely to encroach upon it — and those powers are Russia and China, not any Western state. The facts of the world situation entail the consequence that so long as India is what it is — a genuine, administratively sound and independent democracy — it is in effect aligned with the West. This fact, and not any diplomatic disclaimers or protestations, should guide the Western powers in their assessment of India.

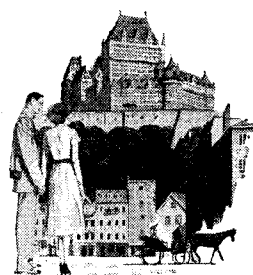
Indian “neutrality,” since it is democratic, independent, and necessarily non-Communist, is worth backing now while the Congress Party is effectively in power and while a dramatic effort is being initiated to raise Indian living standards and to give an element of hope to India’s millions.

The Five-Year Plan provides a careful, considered framework for any outside assistance, and it is a sobering thought that the injection into the Indian economy of only 1 per cent of the Western powers’ current expenditure on rearmament — say \$900 million out of over \$90 billion — would permit India’s Plan to be more than doubled over the five years, and bring it up to the minimum percentage of investment needed for any noticeable economic advance. Since India is democracy’s bastion in Asia, this price for Indian independence would seem to be relatively slight.



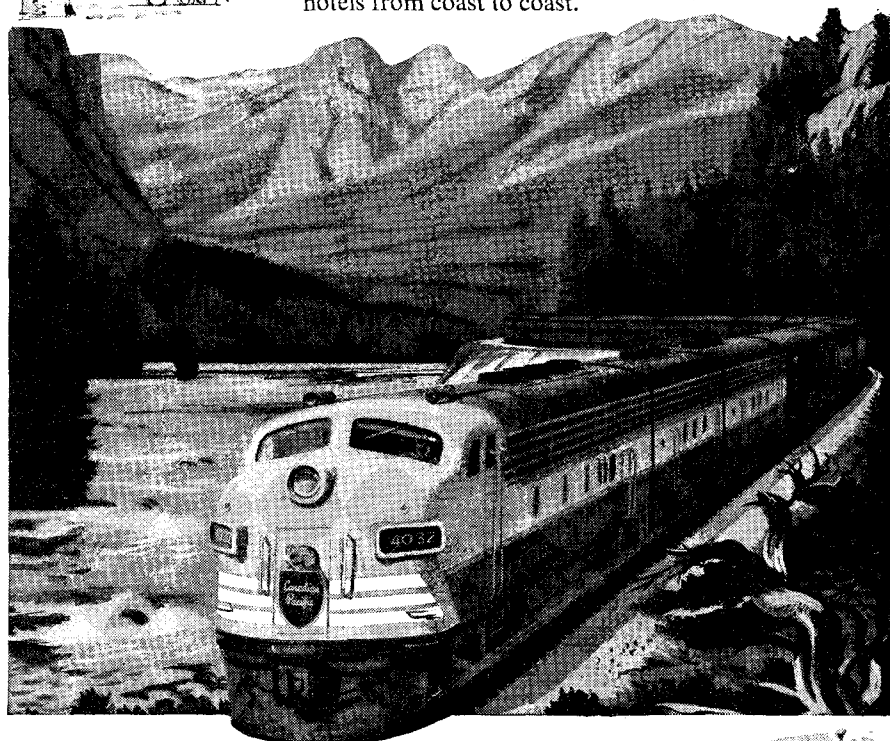
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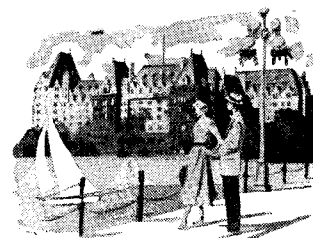


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# Soviet Education

**M**ANY Soviet refugees in Western Europe and America count the Soviet system of education as the best feature of the Soviet social order. Certainly tremendous emphasis is placed upon education both by the rulers and by the ruled. The regime has an immediate interest in the training of specialists to carry out its program of rapid economic, political, and military expansion, as well as a long-range interest in molding the "new Soviet man." The people have different but parallel interests: to attain the economic and social privileges of the new Soviet intelligentsia and to satisfy their own genuine thirst for knowledge.

Soviet leaders have given no indication that they share the fear attributed to an early nineteenth century tsarist minister of education, that "to teach the mass of people, or even the majority of them, how to read will bring more harm than good." Despite rapid strides toward popular education in the latter nineteenth and early twentieth century, 67 per cent of the people of Russia were illiterate in 1914. In 1939 less than 20 per cent were illiterate, and of those more than half were over fifty years of age. With the end of World War II, strong measures were undertaken to combat increases in illiteracy caused by wartime disruptions of schooling.

The reduction of illiteracy has been accomplished largely by the introduction of universal compulsory education through the seventh grade. The school population of Russia in 1914 was under 8 million; in 1939, with a total population increase of about 20 per cent, the school population was over 32 million.

Equally impressive is the increase in facilities for higher education. In 1914 there were in Russia about 90 institutions of higher education, with about 110,000 students. In 1952 there were some 900 institutions of higher education, with about 974,000 full-time students.

A small percentage of Soviet children between the ages of three and seven go to kindergarten, for which a small tuition fee must be paid. Compulsory schooling starts at the age of seven, and continues through seven grades. Those who intend

to go on enter so-called ten-year schools, instead of the seven-year schools. The avowed aim of Soviet educators, from the beginning, has been to make the ten-year education compulsory. Nevertheless, in 1940 tuition fees — 200 rubles a year in Moscow, Leningrad, and the capitals of the republics, 150 rubles elsewhere — were introduced for the eighth, ninth, and tenth grades, with exemptions for certain groups, such as children of disabled veterans. Even before this, however, less than 20 per cent went on from seventh grade to "junior high."

Some — probably less than 8 per cent — of the graduates of the seven-year school go to special four-year professional and technical high schools (technicums), to be trained as junior specialists in some branch of science, industry, the arts, medicine, education, and the like. There the tuition fees are the same as for the eighth, ninth, and tenth grades.

Something like 20 per cent of the graduates of the seven-year school are conscripted into the State Labor Reserves for four years, where they receive free on-the-job schooling.

## **Soviet colleges**

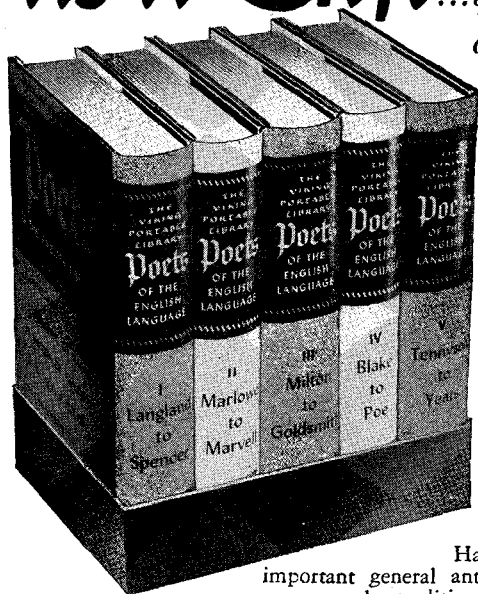
Upon graduation from ten-year secondary schools and from professional and technical high schools (and usually after two years of military training), roughly one out of five enters higher educational institutions for specialized training. Admission is on the basis of nation-wide competitive examinations. Tuition fees are from 300 to 500 rubles a year — again with exemptions for certain groups, including Heroes of the Soviet Union and Heroes of Socialist Labor as well as "A" students. Stipends are paid to "good" students, who comprise about 80 per cent of the total number.

As in Europe generally, there is no liberal arts college. A higher educational institution falls into one of the following categories: industry and construction, transport and communications, agriculture, public health, teacher training, social sciences, the arts. The emphasis is on the training of specialists — though that training is by no means narrow. Only about 10 per cent of the Soviet colleges are devoted to either the arts or the social sciences.



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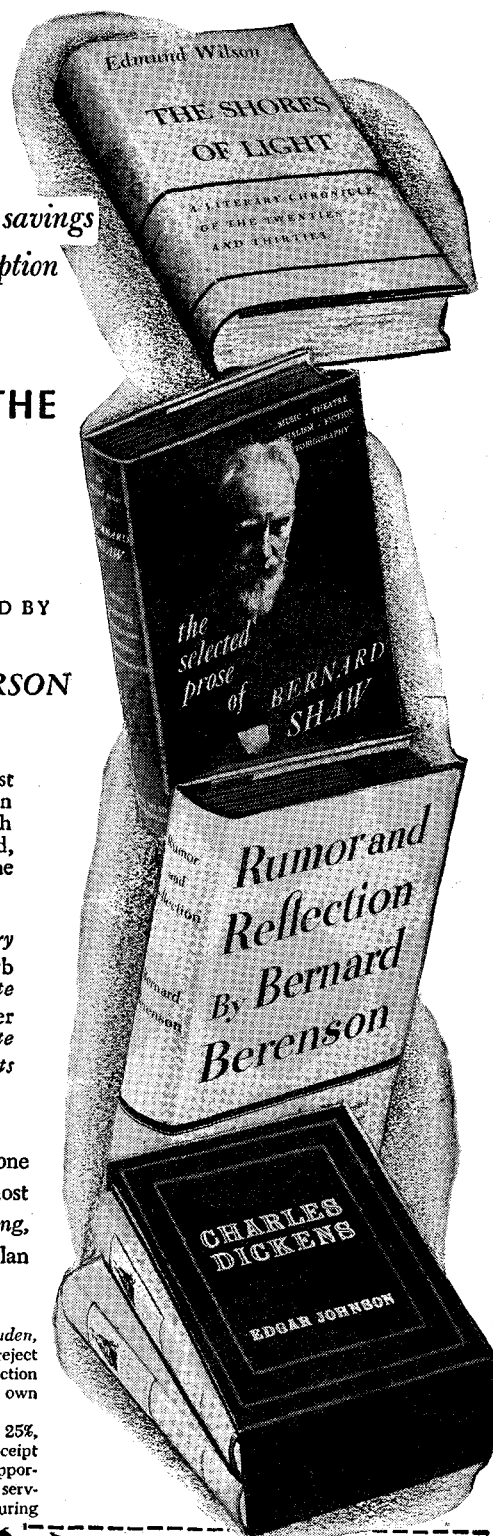
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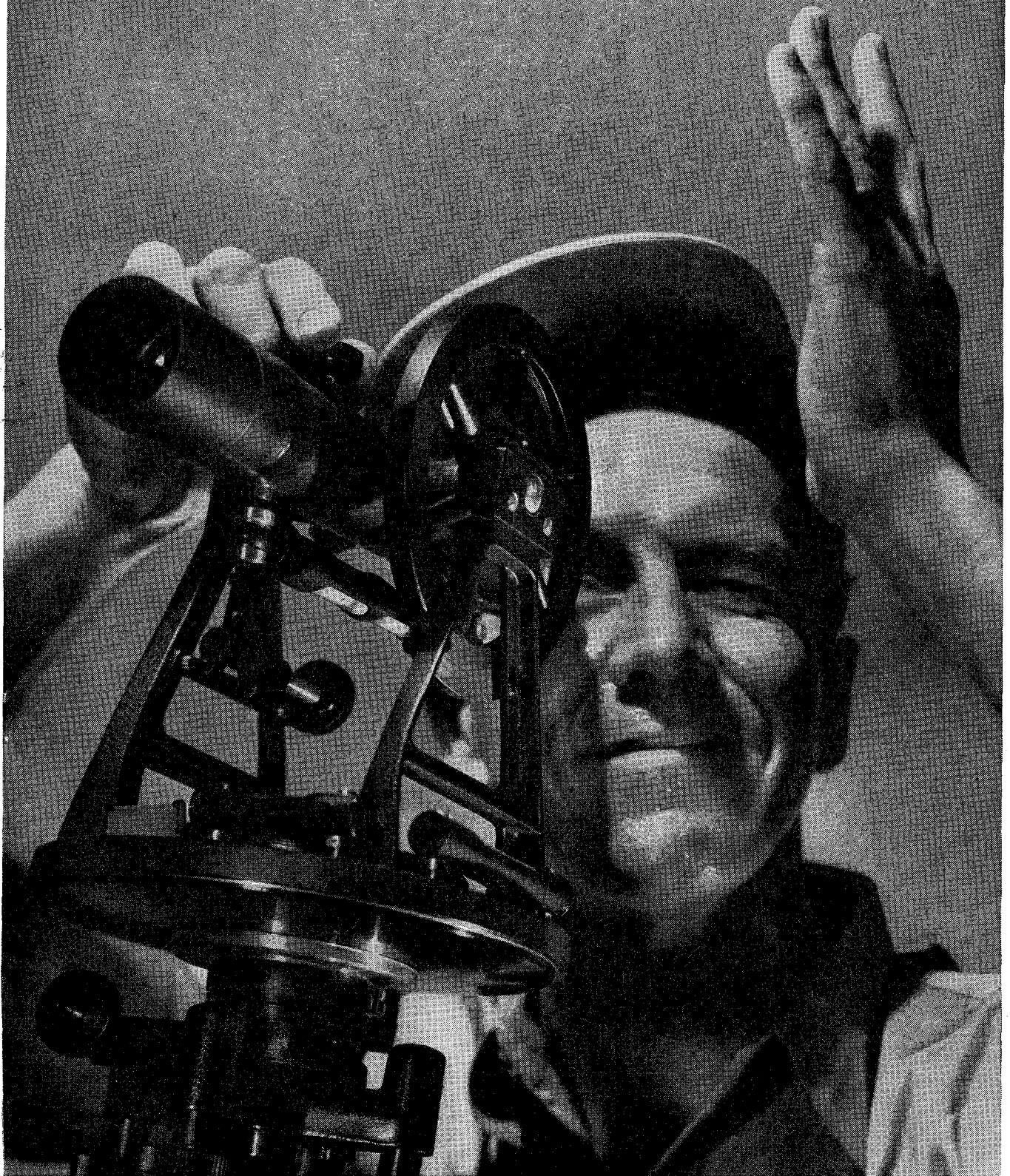
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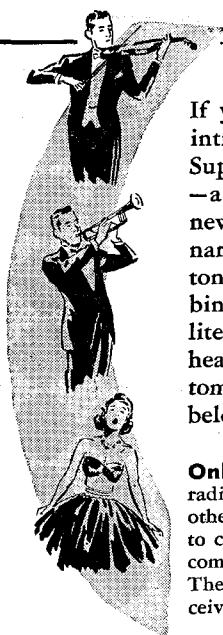


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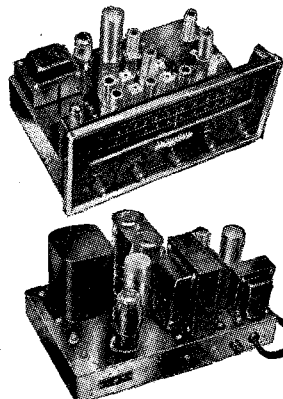
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Moscow University, with over 14,000 students, including those taking correspondence courses, has eleven different divisions and trains students in fifty different specialties. Leningrad University is slightly larger. Other large universities are at Tiflis, Kiev, Riga (once Latvian), and Lvov (once Polish). All told there are twenty-three city universities.

The organization of Soviet schools and colleges is highly centralized. The general pattern is set by the Council of Ministers of the U.S.S.R., which issues decrees, allocates funds, and determines basic educational policies. Institutions of higher education are directly under the All-Union Ministry of Higher Education. Most of the other schools are under the ministry of education of the republic in which they are situated. Teachers are appointed and given their salaries—which are quite low in the Soviet scale—by the ministry through its local branches.

## What they study

The ministries of education implement decisions of the Council of Ministers through detailed instructions which cover every aspect of the curriculum. Each course has its syllabus, from first grade up through post-graduate studies. There is no choice of subjects. From the fourth grade on there are national examinations, written and oral, held at particular times throughout the country.

At the end of the ten-year school, students are examined in the following subjects: Russian language, literature, mathematics (algebra, geometry, trigonometry), physics, chemistry, history (history of the U.S.S.R., modern history), and a foreign language. In non-Russian-speaking areas an examination is also given in the students' native language. Besides the subjects in which there are examinations before graduation, the ten-year school curriculum includes natural history, geography, Constitution of the U.S.S.R., astronomy, military and physical training, design, drawing, and singing.

Since 1940, either English, German, or French has been required from the fifth grade on. Which language is taught in any school depends on the teacher; in one school it may be English only, in another German. In addition, there is at least one



Soviet school where the language of instruction is English, and the students while in school are supposed to converse with each other only in English. Latin, which was reintroduced in the law schools and some other higher educational institutions in the thirties, was in 1952 restored in the secondary schools as well.

### Dewey in Russia

With education as with almost everything else of importance in Soviet society, it has not always been so. Soviet education in the twenties and early thirties was dominated by radical ideas similar to those which have caused a stir in the United States. Emphasis was on "spontaneous education," "learning from life"; the classroom was conceived as a kind of laboratory in which the teacher organized the work around projects, many of which were left to the pupils' own initiative. Instruction was played down. Special subjects were not taught, but instead were supposed to be learned incidentally, by "doing." American educational experiments, such as the Dalton Plan evolved by Helen Parkhurst in Dalton, Massachusetts, and others undertaken by the followers of John Dewey, had a great influence on this first phase of Soviet educational development.

Characteristically, Soviet extremism made our reforms seem modest. The Soviets anticipated the gradual "withering away" of the school altogether.

By a series of sweeping decrees starting in 1932 and continuing through 1943 and 1944, Soviet progressive education has been almost entirely scrapped. A 1932 decree abolished the Dalton Plan and the project method, and introduced the three R's. In 1934 a decree on the teaching of history ordered "the observance of historical and chronological sequence in the exposition of historical events," and stated that facts, names, and dates should receive due emphasis. In 1937 "polytechnism" — that is, the organization of the curriculum around labor — was under heavy fire.

Research in problems of polytechnics was abandoned, and subjects of the conventional type came to prevail in the curricula. By 1939 polytechnism was out, though the name crops up from time to time.



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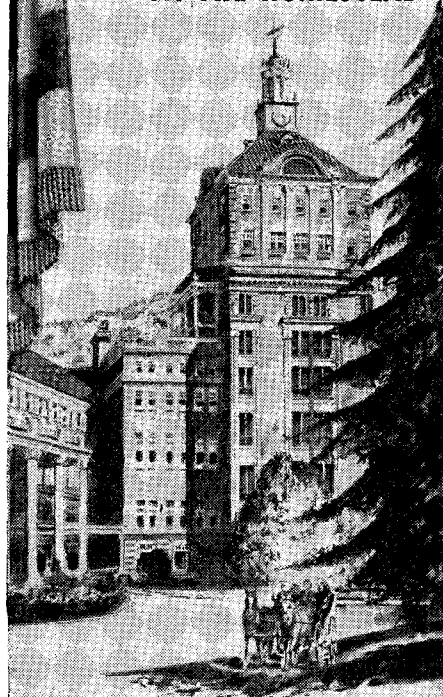
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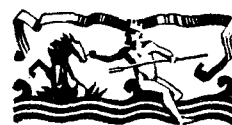
In 1943, separate schools for boys and for girls were introduced in eighty large cities, and later elsewhere. "Co-education," said the then People's Commissar for Education, "makes no allowance for differences in the physical development of boys and girls, for variations required by the sexes in preparing each for their future life work." However, coeducation was not completely abolished, and there has been a frank and vigorous debate in the Soviet press on the relative merits of the two systems.

## The new discipline

The proponents of separate education have stressed the practical desirability of military training for school-boys and of special training for girls in homemaking and motherhood; more fundamentally, however, the argument has been that separate education promotes better discipline. A few weeks after the decree on separate education, the education authorities promulgated twenty "Rules for School Children," imposing obligations of conscientious study, good behavior in school and after school, neatness, respect for teachers, and so forth. Rule 9 states that pupils must rise when the teacher enters or leaves the room. Rule 12 requires that upon meeting a teacher in the streets students must give a polite bow, and the boys must remove their hats. A "pupil's card," on the back of which the rules are printed, must be carried at all times.

Punishments may now be administered, including admonition, ordering the delinquent to rise from his seat or to leave the room, and expulsion from school. "The absence of punishment demoralizes the will of the school child," *Pravda* stated in 1944. However, corporal punishment is forbidden—though it is apparently sometimes practiced.

The changes in educational policy in the past fifteen to twenty years represent a new philosophy not only of education but of human nature itself. A 1936 decree of the Central Committee of the Party, which attacked psychological testing of school children, established the basic premises of the new educational policy by emphasizing the power of man, by training and self-training, to overcome both his heredity and his environment. Man can lift himself by his bootstraps. More than that,



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he is responsible for doing so — and for failing to do so. The new policy stresses the responsibility of the pupil. He is no longer an end in himself. His sense of duty must be actively directed and developed.

### The schooling of patriots

The political implications of this philosophy are not concealed. The schools are required “to educate the youth in the spirit of unrestrained love for the Motherland and devotion to Soviet authority.” The Young Communist League (Komsomol) with 16 million members between the ages of fourteen and twenty-six is supposed to “show the way” in combating “ideological neutrality.” “The most important task of the Komsomol organization,” states a handbook of 1947, “is to instill into all the youth Soviet patriotism, Soviet national pride, the aspiration to make our Soviet State even stronger.”

The patriotic, military, and moral emphasis of Komsomol and school activity is implemented by indoctrination in Marxist theory, as redefined by Lenin and Stalin. Political propaganda permeates the curriculum. School children are taught the superiority of the “Soviet” biology of Michurin and Lysenko over “bourgeois” biology. In studying Shakespeare, students are taught Marx’s views of the development of English capitalism; *Hamlet* is seen in part as an exposure of a decadent court aristocracy.

“Marxism-Leninism” is a required course in all Soviet institutions of higher education. Doctors’ dissertations in all fields must be ideologically correct, and there is even some indication that degrees may be revoked years later if “mistakes” in them are discovered.

In many fields, education is open to talent. But “pull” is also an important factor: the son of a high Party official gets many privileges in education as elsewhere. Also any indication of dissent from Party doctrine can have serious consequences extending even to imprisonment. For the student without high Party connections, the main criterion in admission to engineering schools or law schools or agronomist schools or teachers colleges is ability, as shown in examinations — including, of course, the examination in Marxism-Leninism.

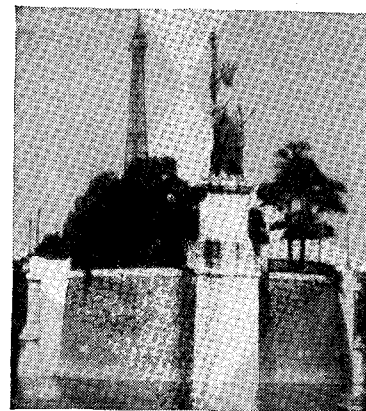


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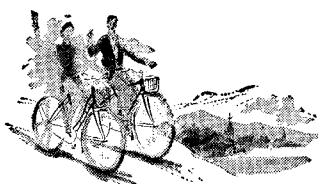
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# African Federation

THE United Kingdom is initiating a new plan which will lead to the establishment of another Dominion — independent but, like the others, owing allegiance to a single Throne. This plan aims to federate the several British territories of Central Africa — Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia, and Nyasaland — into one economic and political whole, with each retaining the benefits of separate statehood.

Southern Rhodesia, although nominally a colony, has since 1923 been almost completely self-governing, with a parliament and prime minister of its own. The final word rests with London only in regard to legislation affecting the interests of the indigenous colored inhabitants.

The other two states of the new federation, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, have been British protectorates ever since their Bantu chiefs sought shelter and security under the Victorian "Pax Britannica." At that time, the Barotse savages of Northern Rhodesia were threatened with aggression from their even more warlike southern neighbors, the Matabele, kinsmen of the famed Zulu warriors; while the Nyasaland tribesmen suffered constantly from the depredations of marauding Arab slave traders and the local mercenaries they hired to carry out their press-gang operations.

In Southern Rhodesia, 150,000 square miles in area, live more than 1.5 million Negroes and about 140,000 whites of European stock, some of them recently arrived settlers. In Northern Rhodesia, twice as large in area, live another 1.5 million Negroes and some 40,000 Europeans.

In Nyasaland, the smallest of the three (it is about 48,000 square miles in area, and nearly a quarter of it consists of Lake Nyasa, one of Africa's largest lakes), there are many more native Africans than in either of the two other territories, some 2.25 millions, but only about 4000 whites.

Thus, without taking into account the growing immigration from the United Kingdom and elsewhere, the proposed federation would contain more than 5 million Negroes and nearly 200,000 whites

within a total area of half a million square miles. The present disproportionate balance of white population between Southern Rhodesia and her two northern neighbors arises from the fact that her earlier cession to Great Britain permitted much more extensive development of the vast mineral and other resources of the territory, which even now are only on the threshold of full exploitation.

## Plenty of raw materials

So far, gold, chrome, silver, coal, mica, iron, pyrites, limestone, and tungsten have been found there, and some of these have already been produced in considerable quantities. Preliminary explorations have revealed deposits of other valuable metals and minerals. Last year tobacco exports alone were worth \$250 million, and huge herds of cattle, sheep, and pigs now thrive on ranches and farms hacked and bulldozed out of the scrubland that forms the natural wild terrain.

In comparison, little has been done in Northern Rhodesia to tap the large-scale industrial resources also known to exist there — except with regard to copper and, to a lesser extent, zinc and lead. Other exports on a fairly substantial scale include tobacco and timber from vast virgin forests.

Nyasaland's chief products are agricultural — tea, cotton, tobacco, and soybeans among them; and she is her neighbors' main source of fresh fish. However, the greatest single contribution this protectorate can make to her own and the whole area's prosperity will be the regular annual flow southwards and westwards of surplus native labor to meet the needs of the growing industries of the two Rhodesias.

If on no other ground, closer association of territories with such complementary economies cannot fail to bring beneficial results to all. Interstate transport and communications can be integrated, and many expensive bureaus and administrative and executive functions now maintained by the separate states can be consolidated for the federation. With a more broadly based economy able to develop its resources in a world of shrinking raw material reserves, there is reason to expect



overseas capital investment on a scale not possible while artificial restrictions and hindrances exist.

### Black or white supremacy?

Important as are the economic advantages to be gained from linking these dependencies, the much wider political considerations outweigh all else. For none of the three territories can by itself withstand indefinitely either Malan's creed of permanent white domination and *apartheid*, or the black supremacy emanating from the northwest coastal belt of Africa.

Neither form of racial nationalism, white or black, takes account of the fact that in Central Africa only partnership can adequately face up to the situation of a multiracial society in which substantial European minorities are securely established. Of necessity the whites must, for some time to come, remain trustees for their colored countrymen, the vast majority of whom are still illiterate and primitive.

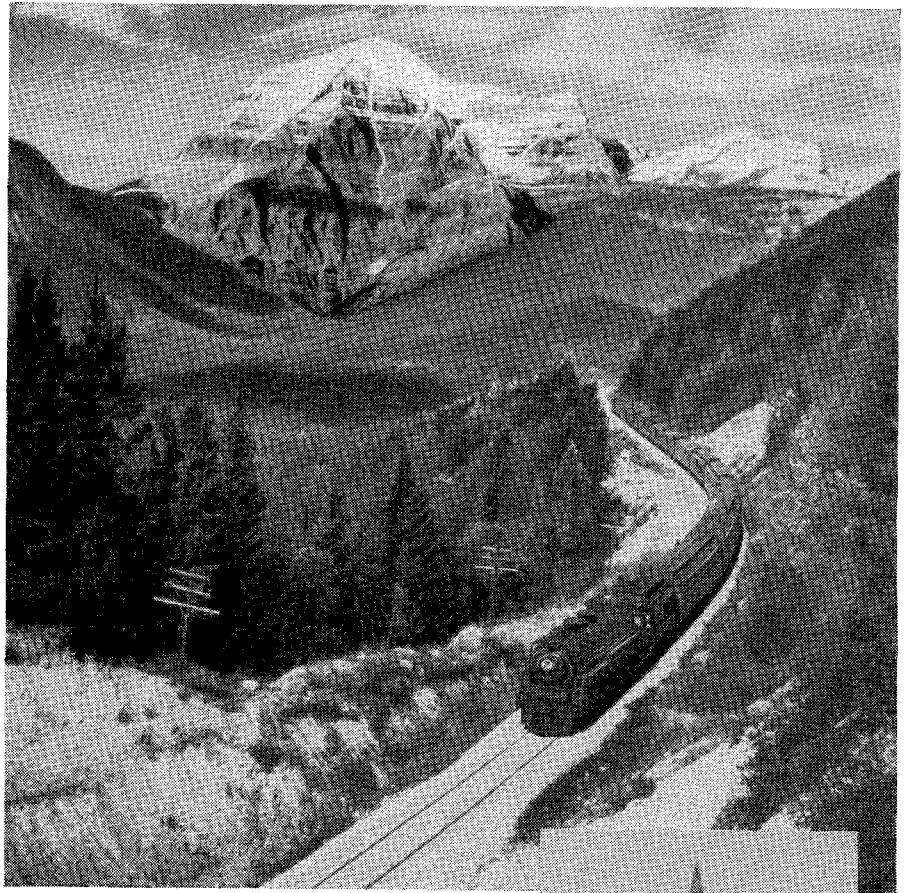
### Steps toward union

In Central Africa the chief pre-occupation of successive British Governments has been to develop a political structure that would safeguard and further the interests of the two main racial sections concerned: a backward native majority on the one hand and a highly developed and vigorous white minority on the other.

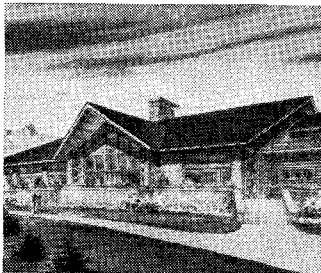
The process of groping towards some reasonable settlement really began in the early twenties when the inhabitants of Southern Rhodesia voted in a referendum *for* greater independence within the framework of British colonial administration, and *against* joining a Boer-dominated Union of South Africa.

In the intervening years several commissions attempted to work out solutions. One was the idea of outright amalgamation, on lines that were adopted after the Boer War by the four provinces of the present Union of South Africa, and similarly directed towards free Dominion status within the Commonwealth. All such plans, however, proved unacceptable, in view of objections by responsible and articulate colored opinion, sustained by most European officials representing native interests. It was feared that amalgamation and the removal of direct British colonial

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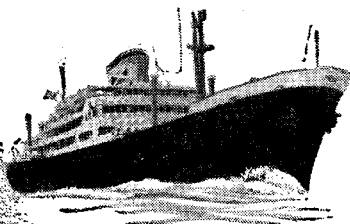
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control might lead to a situation where the European minority would dominate and take advantage of the colored communities, who as time went on would struggle to attain the responsibilities and rights of civilized men. There was also opposition to amalgamation from the European population of Southern Rhodesia, which was apprehensive that it might be swamped by the much more numerous negroid peoples of the two northern protectorates.

The authorities next decided to try a voluntary association solely through an advisory and consultative organ. Historical experience has shown that such constitutional groupings of powers or peoples without some formal or legal sanctions to enforce decisions rarely succeed. And this "Central African Council" was no exception. For example, the requirement that before becoming effective every Council decision had to receive unanimous statutory approval by three entirely separate legislative bodies, owing responsibility to three different electorates, was a millstone in itself.

### Blueprint for federation

Hence in 1950 the formation of still another "investigating commission" was announced, and as a result a loose federation was recommended.

In drawing up the federal blueprint much thought has been given, not only to past imperial experience, but also to the division of state and national functions in the Constitution of the United States. Since racial safeguards are so important, the proposed Central African structure will also incorporate many novel features.

First, the protectorate status of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland will remain unchanged. This will ensure that the natives' most intimate concern, their guaranteed land tenure and inalienable rights to extensive reserved areas, will not come within the federal scope, but will continue, as now, to be the sole responsibility of the Colonial Office in London and the local territorial administrations.

Second, an African Affairs Board, consisting of a chairman and one white and one black member from each territory, is to be created. This board, which will be a standing committee of the federal legislature, will have power to ensure that any pro-



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posed federal legislation which might discriminate between white and black to the disadvantage of the latter must be approved by the United Kingdom Government and Parliament before it can pass into law. Existing legal protections for the backward inhabitants will therefore be preserved.

Third, it is specified that at least six of the thirty-five members of the federal legislature shall be colored Africans, two from each territory.

Fourth, provision is being made for a general review of the whole federal constitution after a specified term of years, with all governments concerned represented, so that fresh account can be taken of the fair needs of greater direct native African participation in government.

### The opposition

Despite all these and many other safeguards incorporated in the federal constitution, opposition continues to be shown to the proposals by some sections of articulate native opinion.

In the main this arises from ignorance. For example, there is no Bantu word for *federation* at all. It is difficult to persuade native families to adopt the most elementary health and hygiene precautions devised for their own benefit. And tribal resistance to soil conservation programs persists, even though the locustlike use of the land, in the face of a steadily rising birth rate and a falling death rate, will eventually result in widespread famine.

It is not only ignorance that has to be overcome. The same Red agencies which are active elsewhere are inflaming native distrust by the most blatant misrepresentations. Certain black nationalist extremists, who have seen in the possible attainment of a great multiracial partnership the doom of their own selfish ambitions to inflict local personal dictatorship on their tribes, have been working with these Communist agitators.

On the other hand some European elements oppose federation because they fear that concessions already made to allay native fears will prejudice their own positions and interests. Nevertheless, the British Government is determined to create in Central Africa "a land of equal rights for all civilized men, whatever their colour or creed."

**"...there shall be ONE fold and ONE shepherd"**

Jim Brown read these words in the Gospel of St. John and was deeply disturbed.

Elsewhere in his Bible...in the Epistle to the Ephesians...he noted the exhortation of St. Paul that there be "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism."

"Where," he asked Father Crane, "is this unity of which the Bible speaks? How is anyone to know which is 'the one Fold...the one Faith...the one Baptism,' when Christ's followers are divided into hundreds of denominations, many holding conflicting beliefs?"

The priest agreed that good and sincere people are indeed confused by the claims and counter-claims of a divided Christianity. Instead of traveling on a single highway clearly marked with the words: "Come — follow me," they find themselves wandering in a network of roads with signs pointing in all directions.

"But how," Jim persisted, "can the average person know what to do? When doctrinal claims contradict one another, how am I to know which is right and which is wrong?"

A study of Christian history, Father Crane replied, will provide a better answer for the troubled and confused than would a study of conflicting creeds.

"History will tell you, Jim," the priest went on, "that Christ proclaimed His intention to establish a Church, with Peter as its head and the other Apostles as its bishops. History further tells us that this is the Catholic Church, which was established during the time of the Apostles, with Peter as its first leader — the first Pope."

The Mass, Father Crane continued, was the central act of public worship in



the early Church, as it is today. There were seven Sacraments for the early Christians — seven for Catholics the world over today. Catholics of 1,900 years ago confessed to a priest, and they do so today. Catholics believed then, as now, that Baptism removes original sin... that matrimony is a Sacrament, not just a civil ceremony... that bishops and priests receive their powers through a Sacrament instituted by Christ.

"Many people," Father Crane concluded, "are either uninformed or misinformed about the Catholic Faith. They would, in many cases, want to be Catholics if they knew the truth. So all that we ask of you... and all other sincere people... is that you investigate — that you learn for yourself what the Catholic Church teaches and what Catholics, since the days of the Apostles, have sincerely believed."



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# ATLANTIC *Repartee*

## “KERSTEN, HIMMLER, AND COUNT BERNADOTTE”

The importance of the issues raised by H. R. Trevor-Roper in his recent *Atlantic* article has called forth an interchange requiring the full scope of our correspondence columns this month. — THE EDITOR

SIR:

The article “Kersten, Himmler, and Count Bernadotte” by H. R. Trevor-Roper in the February *Atlantic* has evoked considerable interest in Sweden. That applies especially to the allegations concerning the role played by Count Bernadotte in the effort to rescue a number of prisoners from German concentration camps during the last month of the war in Europe.

The article has caused a re-examination of documents in the archives of the Swedish Foreign Office, which proves that some of the statements made by Trevor-Roper must be inaccurate, especially the one in which he says that Bernadotte refused to take any Jews to Sweden. That statement, according to a press communiqué from the Foreign Office, has no foundation whatsoever in the documents relating to the rescue action, while evidence to the contrary is confirmed by the testimony of Swedish Foreign Office officials who were present at the negotiations in Germany. In close coöperation with the Swedish Government, Bernadotte was ceaselessly striving to obtain permission to take out of Germany not only Scandinavian prisoners but also others, including Jews. Such permission was finally granted at Bernadotte's last interview with Himmler on April 24, 1945. Bernadotte's unremitting interest in saving as many

Jews as possible and his consistent efforts in that direction have been well substantiated by those present at the negotiations.

It is, on the other hand, undoubtedly correct that Kersten, at the request of the Foreign Minister of Sweden, had prepared the ground with Himmler and facilitated a favorable consideration of a Swedish action to rescue Danish and Norwegian prisoners from the concentration camps. However, when the negotiations with Himmler began in the spring of 1945 they were led by Count Bernadotte, and they actually became more far-reaching than had been foreseen, the rescue operations being extended to include prisoners from many other countries as well. Count Bernadotte undeniably was the leader of the whole action and in this capacity he negotiated with Himmler and other high German Government officials.

Trevor-Roper's statement that Bernadotte was only a “transport officer” is, therefore, not correct. For the express purpose of handling the transportation problems, a Swedish officer, Col. G. Björck, had been assigned to accompany Bernadotte.

ERIK BOHEMAN  
*Ambassador of Sweden  
Washington, D.C.*

SIR:

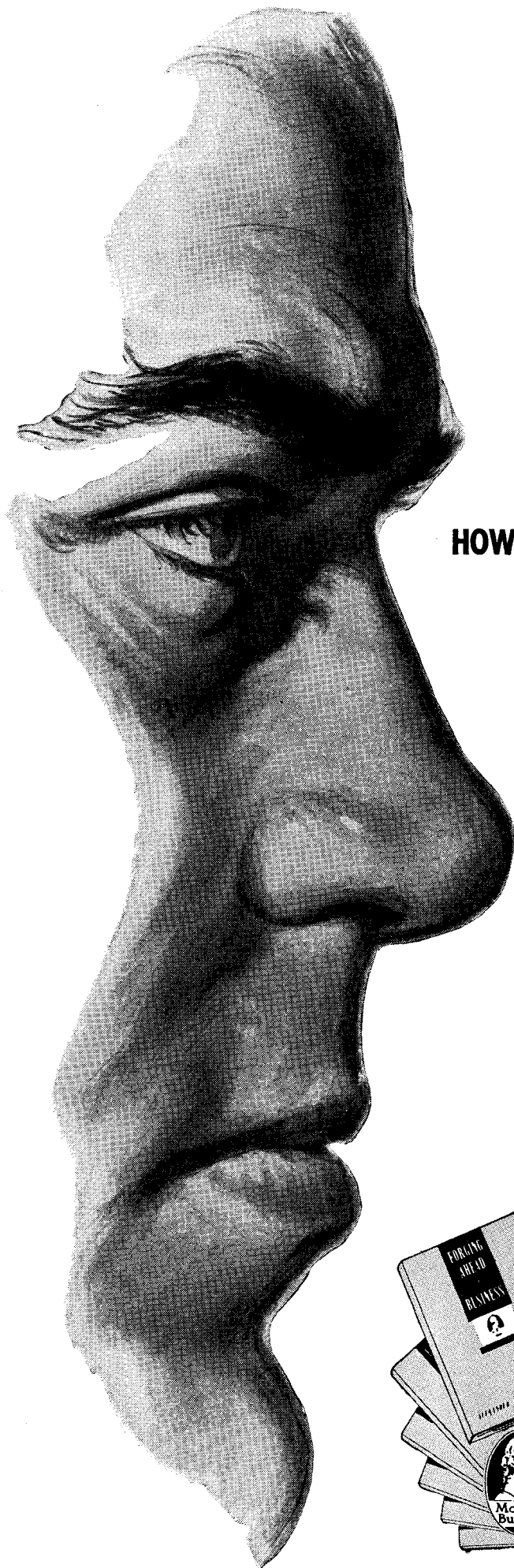
His Excellency the Swedish Ambassador to the United States, quoting the Swedish Foreign Office communiqué of February 3, contests my article on two points: 1) my statement that Bernadotte at first declined to evacuate Jewish prisoners from Germany to Sweden, and 2) my

description of Bernadotte as a “transport officer” rather than a negotiator of policy. I will deal with these two points in order.

1) Bernadotte was certainly understood, in direct conversation, to have declined to evacuate the Jews, both by Himmler himself, who reported it to two separate witnesses on two separate occasions, and by Kersten, who apparently flew to Stockholm to ensure that such a misunderstanding be corrected. Possibly he was misunderstood by both; but I note that the Swedish officials concerned, who might have corrected me if I were wrong, have not done so (see *Dagens Nyheter*, January 25, 1953). Absence of evidence in the Foreign Office archives proves nothing. If my evidence is correct, Bernadotte's refusal was contrary to the intentions of the Foreign Office and was made and corrected in personal interviews. Of course, Bernadotte's motives may have been wholly creditable: he may have been unsure of his instructions or short of transport. One need not follow Himmler's view.

The Ambassador's statement that Himmler finally agreed, on April 24, 1945, to allow the Jews to go with Bernadotte is true enough but, in my opinion, irrelevant. Himmler did not grant this to Bernadotte but to Kersten and Norbert Masur, the representative of the World Jewish Organization in Stockholm whom Kersten had personally brought to Germany for that purpose. The agreement between Himmler, Masur, and Kersten was made on April 20–21 and reported in Stockholm on April 22. All that was left for Bernadotte to do on April 24 was to learn from





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Himmler a decision already negotiated with other parties.

2) Undoubtedly Bernadotte was authorized to negotiate, and did negotiate, with Himmler. But on what subjects? On policy or on the details of execution? This is a crucial distinction, but one which Bernadotte, in his book, effectively concealed. For by entirely omitting all reference to Kersten and his work (and by saying next to nothing about the

Swedish foreign minister, Christian Günther) Bernadotte contrived to present himself not only as the executor but also as the author of policy.

But what was this policy? The concentration of prisoners in one camp and their delivery to Sweden, if Sweden should send transport to fetch them? That policy was agreed between Himmler and Kersten on December 8, 1944, and the agreement was conveyed by Kersten to Stock-

holm on December 22, 1944, two months before Bernadotte first met Himmler.

The cancellation of Hitler's order to blow up the concentration camps and murder the prisoners? That cancellation was secured, in writing, from Himmler by Kersten on March 12, 1945, without the intervention, perhaps without the knowledge, of Bernadotte.

The inclusion of the Jews? That was achieved by Kersten, again without Bernadotte's intervention, through the Himmler-Masur meeting of April 20-21, 1945.

Wherein, then, did Bernadotte's negotiation consist, otherwise than in arranging the details of transport? The Ambassador suggests that it was in the unforeseen extension of his operations to include the rescue of non-Scandinavian prisoners. But Kersten's original agreement with Himmler of December 8, 1944, already included the French, Polish, Belgian, and Dutch prisoners; and the later inclusion of the Jews was also the work of Kersten. If Bernadotte understood his instructions not to extend so far (which would indeed explain the muddle about the Jews) and thereafter had to adjust his plans, this only shows, once again, that it was Kersten, not Bernadotte, who (in agreement with the Swedish Government) determined policy with Himmler, and that Bernadotte was a negotiator of detail only. It was in this sense that Himmler and his staff regarded Bernadotte not as a negotiator but as a "transport officer."

Of course these details were also very important: no one would deny that. Bernadotte's work, as I wrote, was perfectly creditable and deserved recognition. Without the initiative of the Swedish Government and the Swedish Red Cross, which he served, even Kersten's efforts would have been abortive. But I think it unfortunate that this one officer, by high-powered personal publicity and (to say no more) evident selection of evidence, should have done a personal injustice to a less fortunately placed man and a violence to historical truth. I am glad to see that even the Swedish critics of my article now seem generally to admit (what has not been much admitted before in Sweden) that Dr. Kersten has deserved well of humanity.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER  
Christ Church  
Oxford, England



## ***Am I My Brother's Keeper?***

IN INDIA I asked myself this question when I saw thousands of homeless sleeping in the streets of Calcutta and Bombay. When I saw half starved children and "hunger limp" babies like the one above.

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IN JAPAN in the Elizabeth Saunders Home for GI babies, deserted by their American fathers, and 18 other CCF orphanages, all over-crowded.

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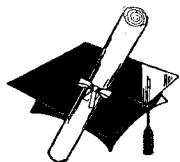
The sick little children of India, the wandering orphans of Korea, that flaxen haired German miss, who saw her father killed, does God charge me with their plight? I have returned from overseas with the realization that the Communists care enough to make very successful capital of democracy's failures and with the strong conviction that we Americans can not close our eyes or stop our ears to the cry of a hungry child anywhere in the world — black, brown, yellow or white. The hungry children of the world are more dangerous to us than the atom bomb.

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Every day 7,423 more



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Last year the American farmer produced about 40% more livestock, vegetables, cotton, grain, milk than he did pre-war. And he did it with only 1% more land and 17% fewer man-hours. When you witness a productivity increase like that, you can guess electricity has been at work.

When the hired man left, the farmer called for more electricity and farm machinery. And he got them—at an incredible rate. In the past ten years his use of electricity has increased nearly 500%. Today American farms use twice as much mechanical and electrical horsepower as all manufacturing combined.

In jobs like pitching hay, pumping water, grinding feed, one electric horsepower is equal to the work of 22 strong men. That means that with electricity and automatic feed handling, a one-man farm can handle 20 or 30 cows. It means that where, eighty-two years ago, it took

four farm families to feed a city family, today one farm family can feed and clothe itself and 15 other families besides.

People who nick at the American system imply that we in this country can use successful methods because we are rich. We prefer to think that the successful methods came first. Research, engineering and manufacturing skill produced modern farm machinery, pesticides, chemical fertilizers, electrical equipment. Such ideas and products were tested competitively in many places. The best were chosen; the rest discarded.

General Electric has been busy passing ideas and products along to the farmer to test for more than 25 years—how to motorize his pumping, dry his hay electrically, warm chicks with electricity, how to get his wife's elbows out of the washtub. Someone figured out that more than 400 different farm jobs can now be done electrically, which means better living for the farmer as well as better business.

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*That John Dewey was one of the foremost philosophers of our time is a fact, but the influence of his thinking and that of his disciples upon the public schools has been a subject of sharper and sharper questioning in recent years. One of the most articulate critics of Deweyism is ALBERT LYND, who is serving his second term on the School Board of Sharon, Massachusetts. Mr. Lynd is a Boston businessman who had seven years of teaching experience at Harvard College and Stanford University. His book on modern education, Quackery in the Public Schools, will be published this autumn under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.*

## WHO WANTS PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION?

*The Influence of John Dewey on the Public Schools*

by ALBERT LYND

EUROPEAN domination of American educational theory ended with the nineteenth century. Professor John Dewey, long of Columbia University but then of the University of Chicago, published *The School and Society* in 1899. For most of the last half-century the "philosopher of science and freedom" who died in 1952 was the strongest influence upon the New Education in America.

In the history of educational reform, the transition from the romanticism of Rousseau and Pestalozzi to the scientific pragmatism of Dewey is remarkable. More remarkable is the association of Dewey's name with the current literature of the New Education. Much of it consists of insipid incantations about growth and richness and joy and the rest of the jargon which passes for bold new thinking in neo-pedagogy; a jargon which one professor of philosophy described as a series of "emotive, question-begging words and phrases."

There is a probable explanation. Much of the writing and speaking on behalf of the New Education is done by persons who understand what is easy to understand, that Mr. Dewey has given them license to chop down something: the traditional curriculum and discipline. Chopping is an occupation many find agreeable; they are less clear about

what they should do to replace what they are destroying. Their efforts to make this intelligible in the books and articles which they write for one another may be responsible for most of the inanities of neo-pedagogy.

When some notorious reactionary-by-trade denounces the fundamental pragmatism of Dewey as subversive of traditional religion and of economic liberalism (which it is) the Neo-Educationists rush into print to denounce the pamphleteer's grubby motives. But a frank defense of pragmatism with a clear statement to the public of what it really implies is not usually included. The writings of Dewey himself and of his disciples (Kilpatrick, Rugg, Bode, and others), in which these statements are to be found, are by their nature not likely to fall in the way of many plain parents and citizens. It is left to pamphleteering bagmen to explain Dewey to a public consisting largely of parents who have an anxious stake in educational theory.

I respect Dewey's genius and his rugged intellectual integrity. His prose is not fluent, but it has a powerful effect even upon a layman without philosophical pretensions. No matter how far you are from agreement with him, you must admire his systematic pommeling of every trace of what he finds amiss in time-honored systems of ideas. If

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some of those happen to be ideas which you believe to be important, the experience is like watching someone bludgeon your grandmother while proving to you that she clearly deserves it.

The catch is that there are other eminent philosophers who will expertly rehabilitate your grandmother. The most important question here is not whether Dewey's views of the nature of man and the universe are right or wrong. That is as you please. But Mr. Dewey's importance is not lessened by asking: How many parents would agree that his ideas, if they understood them, are those which should determine the formation of their children? And how many communities, if consulted, would be likely to approve a philosophy which is plainly uncongenial to certain loyalties which most plain nonphilosophizing people hold, for better or worse, to be important: belief in supernaturalism, in a transcendent natural law, in the immutability of certain moral principles?

In my experience with such discussions, this is the point at which a New Educationist may forget his theoretical devotion to democracy: he may rush in with the statement that "ordinary people" are not competent judges of philosophical or educational theory. That may be true, but it begs the next question: If we must have one dominant philosophical influence upon the reform of our schools, who voted for Dewey? There are many competing philosophies which enjoy intellectual (and democratic) respectability today. How did one philosophy acquire in lower education a dominance quite out of proportion to its standing — considerable as it is — among professional philosophers? And fantastically out of proportion to popular agreement with its basic principles?

Dewey's great influence upon American education is usually explained by his disciples on the ground that his philosophy is peculiarly congenial to the spirit of American democracy. That is not wholly convincing: the argument is circular, because it includes conceptions of democracy which are themselves a part of Mr. Dewey's philosophy. His authority is more probably explainable as an historical accident; he was the only first-rate American philosopher to take an intense, evangelical interest in the lower schools. For our graduates in Education who are uneducated in anything but their own trade, Dewey is to the American school what Aristotle was to the medieval school: simply "the Philosopher." His name is used as a charm within the profession and an exorcism without. This is an interesting fate for the century's most consistent foe of dogmatism.

## 2

DEWEY's educational theories are consistently related to his basic philosophical views. What are those views? We have a problem here. Any attempt

to reduce to capsule explanations a complex set of ideas will certainly irritate its professional exponents, and with some reason, because oversimplification entails the risk of misrepresentation. But it should be even more irritating to a parent to be told that without technical philosophical training he cannot expect to understand the ideas which may be influencing the formation of his children. The following is simply a layman's distillation of Mr. Dewey's key ideas from those of his works which come nearest to general circulation. For my inadequacy here I apologize only to Mr. Dewey and to any Neo-Educationist who has made an effort to present a more competent *popular* exposition of the philosophy which determines his educational views.

Mr. Dewey's philosophy is usually called *instrumentalism*.

The implication is that knowledge is not merely the descriptive information acquired by the viewer of a scene; rather it is something which is begotten and exercised in action and which is an instrument for more intelligent action. Instrumentalism is a development of the *pragmatism* of William James. The essential principle of pragmatism is that the test of truth in a proposition is not in its source, but in "how it works." The following points are prominent in Dewey's thought: —

*There are no eternal truths.* From the beginning of intellectual history, men have argued about the truth or falsity of countless propositions, but they were usually agreed that there is such a thing as absolute truth. For Dewey, as for James, striving for immutable truth is futile. Dewey goes beyond James in elaborating the pragmatic principle through every area of philosophical concern, in relating it to modern experimental science, and in applying it to social problems.

The Deweyan theory of knowledge turns on an insistence that the old Greek dualism of mind and body is false. Man is wholly a biological organism. The mind does not learn or know as a spectator; rather, knowledge results from the interaction of the human organism with the environment. In this "continuum of experience" a human being is inextricably involved with other persons and things; the act of knowing something also means effecting certain changes in the environment with which the human organism is continuous. If the change is for the better — that is, if it carries out the purpose for which the "inquiry" was launched — the knowledge acquired is "true" in the only sense in which the achievement of truth is possible.

The only test for truth in an idea, therefore, is in its consequences in the life activities to which it leads. The only way of intelligently testing and controlling those consequences is through the method of experimental science. If the consequences of a proposition are good, the idea may have "warranted assertability." Of course the problem



"what is good?" is a serious one in this as in every philosophy; Mr. Dewey deals with it at length in his ethical works. In general he considers it in relation to social ends.

Truth, or warranted assertability, is always relative, because the consequences of an idea may change with time or place. This necessarily follows from the doctrine that thinking or knowing always means involvement of the organism with the environment. Since the environment — natural, social, technological — is in constant change, the consequences of any activity involved with it are subject to change.

The search for knowledge must be continuous and arduous, but it is not, as in most older systems of philosophy, an aspiration toward any "ultimate reality" in the universe. It is a search for principles which will "work" here and now in a changing context; and there is no other way of getting them than through the experimental method. In the physical and natural sciences, all discoverable facts about a problem are collected, and explanations of them are tested by experiment. The simplest explanation which will account for all of them is set up as a "hypothesis," avowedly tentative and subject to change if new data should render it inadequate. The hypothesis is "true" to the extent that its consequences are favorable for furthering the investigation. That, according to Dewey, is the only kind of knowledge we can have about anything.

Many scientists who follow the scientific method within their specialties do not carry it through to their general view of the universe. Deweyites are critical not only of scientists who "go religious" outside their laboratories, but even of mathematicians and theoretical physicists who seek to fit the "gross facts" of observation to mathematically derived abstractions, instead of proceeding in the contrary direction.

Dewey is not a "materialist" if that word means one who believes in the finality of any alleged truth. The philosophy of the man who believes he has hold of absolute truth in the statement that "there is no reality except matter" is not more acceptable to Dewey than that of the man who says that "there is a personal God." But since Dewey does not readily concede "warranted assertability" to any proposition not in some way verifiable by the scientific method, he excludes supernaturalism as practically as did the old-fashioned dogmatic materialist.

### 3

*There is no mind or "soul" in the traditional sense.* This, if anything, is the key doctrine of Deweyism. Most previous philosophy, Dewey believes, has been infected by a double error of the Greeks: that there is some perfect or "ultimate" reality in the universe, and that it is discoverable by the use

of a special intellectual faculty. Dewey finds no evidence in man of a nonmaterial faculty which thinks, or which can be filled up with knowledge like a tank or a sponge. Nor is there a soul which is immortal or otherwise distinguishable from the body. Man is an organism engaged in an instinctive effort to adapt itself to the environment. There are many difficulties, many problems to be solved in this effort. Thinking, in Dewey's meaning of "inquiry," is one kind of effort to solve these problems, as walking is another. Intelligence grows in action and seeks to go beyond adaptation to control of the environment.

Mental activity like physical activity (the distinction is merely verbal) proceeds through habits developed by the organism in its relations with the environment. There is no life in the organism apart from such interaction. You cannot breathe without air, walk without a surface, talk without sound waves, or see without looking at something. Nor can you think without a similar interaction of your organism with things external to it, though these may be transferred to and distorted in the imagination. Thinking is like seeing. Sight is not something "in" the body; it is an *event* which occurs when the body is involved in a certain way with something else. In the same way, mind is not "in me." Mind is not a separate something which acts upon objects of thought. Like sight, mind is an *activity* which occurs when the organism interacts with the environment in a certain way. In Dewey's phrase, "mind is primarily a verb."

Mr. Dewey's view of the mind is critically important in his educational theories. The process of learning, for him, is not the accumulation of a mental stock of information. It is the acquisition by the organism of certain habits. Children are not born with minds. They acquire habits, including those of thought, which are not different in mode of origin from other habits. But their relations with the environment would be unbearably rigid and survival would be difficult if all activity had to be that of habit. Living is possible because habits are subject to modification; they are made flexible by impulses. The relation of impulse to habit varies greatly among individuals; it is a key to character and the proper concern of education.

Since there is no mind or thought apart from environmental interaction, it follows that there is no such thing as a soul or even a "self" which can exist (and be educated) apart from its own experiences. Man is continuous with the rest of nature, including the rest of mankind. The problem of environmental adjustment is so largely a social problem that the development of desirable social habits and the release of socially useful impulses are a most important responsibility of educators.

Man's efforts toward environmental adaptation include the development of mental and "spiritual" habits — that is, ideas or beliefs. These are not

essentially different from the physical adaptations of the organism. There is nothing absolute or perfect or final about any of them. Some of them are better and some are worse for our purposes in our struggle for adaptation to and control of the environment.

*There are no fixed moral laws.* This follows from the foregoing. For centuries, Dewey believes, men wasted energy and confused themselves by efforts to find in religion or philosophy a set of immutable moral truths to which human nature should be made to conform. In most of the older religious traditions human nature was viewed with suspicion and subjected to efforts to make it behave properly in relation to some transcendental ideal. Dewey insists that human nature itself is the only source of workable moral guides. He believes that the effort to find transcendental moral rules has been doubly wrong — wrong in fact, because there is no known deity or “higher” reality whence such principles may be derived; and wrong in effect, because the effort to enforce that kind of moral law has separated the sphere of our present morality from the most important human activities in politics, economics, and other social relationships.

The wisdom or unwisdom of a moral rule, according to Dewey, depends upon its consequences in the activities it creates. The scientific method is the only proper procedure for establishing moral codes, as it is for obtaining any kind of knowledge. All the relevant data of individual and social psychology, of sociology, economics, and technology, as well as the natural sciences, must be applied to the problems of human behavior. We must, indeed, have principles and we must develop habits of conformity to them. But principles can never be absolute or final; they should be bench marks of our progress in scientific morality. They are subject to change, with due caution, for thoroughly investigated reasons. Both the principles themselves and the aptitude for changing them when necessary should be properly related to our twin engines of habit and impulse.

There is nothing “lax” about Dewey’s proposed morality of human nature. He was a rather austere person in his own life, and he expected a high standard of behavior in others. He also wanted to preserve what he regarded as the real values in traditional religious sentiment. His famous work *A Common Faith* is a plea for the release of those values from their involvement in what he regards as ancient superstitions and reactionary religious institutions, that they may be of modern service in a kind of noninstitutional religion of humanity.

Human happiness is the consistent aim of Dewey’s moral theory, as he does not believe there is any future existence in which the sorrows and inequities of this life may be redressed. But he is scornful of ethical short cuts and oversimplifications, such as the illusory emancipation of the “Bohe-

mian” who would seek freedom from convention through slavery to passion. He believes that the present maldistribution of happiness and suffering can be alleviated by educational strengthening of habits of coöperation and generosity, and the liberation of impulses to the same ends. Our present faulty social habits are fixed in inequitable institutions of government and property and the like. Better habits will make better institutions, not vice versa.

#### 4

*Democracy is a moral value.* Mr. Dewey was the acknowledged philosopher of democracy as well as of science, but his definition goes beyond the limited political meaning. It derives from the assumption of the worth of each human being, but this is not for him a truth dependent upon a unique creation or a supernatural destiny of man. Nor can Dewey accept the older philosophical idea of “natural rights” to the extent that it was dependent upon a notion of immutable natural law. His assertion of human value is validated by the consequences which flow from it in action.

Democracy is a moral value because it is the social order which encourages each individual to make the most effective use of his powers for living with maximum satisfaction; or in the scientific view, to achieve the most successful relationship of the organism to its environment. Since the environment is so largely social, this adjustment cannot be achieved for individuals without social effort — that is, without the development of strong habits of coöperation.

Most persons, including irreconcilable critics of pragmatism, will concede that the pragmatic case for democracy is a strong one. Anyone can see that the consequences of freedom will be desirable for himself, and no philosophical profundity is required for the further seeing that he will be most secure in the enjoyment of freedom under a social system which assures it for the other fellow.

In practice Dewey’s attitudes put him definitely to the left of center, particularly in his suspicion of big business and in his willingness to see economic inequities reduced by political action. This willingness, however, is conditioned by the Deweyan view that there can be no comprehensive institutional change without a change of habits through education.

Dewey is *not* a Marxist. His philosophy is quite inconsistent with the “dialectic” of Marxian theory. Nor can Dewey, with his views of human nature and conduct, share the Marxian expectation of extensive social change primarily through political or revolutionary action. For many readers of Dewey, the transfer of the Russian people by revolution from one tyranny to another is striking confirmation of the accuracy of his analysis of the social psychology of habit.



Dewey had no truck with Communism. His philosophy is so definitely hostile to the Marxian orthodoxy of Lenin and Stalin that the efforts of an occasional reactionary pamphleteer to link him with Communism are the work of malice or ignorance. Dewey was opposed to the Soviet enterprise because he is philosophically opposed to all absolutes, and most vehemently to those which furnish pretexts for the curbing of freedom. His views are clearly on record, and more: the Communists devoted to him their bitterest invective when he undertook in 1937 the leadership of an enterprise devoted to exposing the Stalinist frame-up of Trotsky.

But, despite this anti-Communism, there is no aid or comfort in Deweyism for the believer in free economic enterprise. The only revolution which Dewey endorses is that which will operate through educational change of habits and impulses, but the kind of society toward which he wants this change to operate is definitely a species of socialism, different as it may be from that of Marxian orthodoxy. Deweyism is no more acceptable to one who believes in economic liberalism than to one who believes in supernaturalism.

## 5

*Pragmatism justifies Progressive Education.* Dewey's basic philosophical assumptions are more than well hinged to his educational doctrines. For example, his rejection of the traditional distinction of mind and body is an indispensable assumption. I believe this should be held in mind by parents who are assured by Educationists that progressivist methods can stand alone, on psychological justification, without reference to Deweyan pragmatism. That assertion merely invites a question about the kind of psychology used by the Educationist.

Progressivism is logically consistent with instrumentalist philosophy right down the line. If there are no absolutes in the history of ideas, it is of course quite sensible to throw out of our schools much of the lore of the past. If the "warranted assertability" of any idea depends upon the environmental context, which is constantly changing, there are few ideas of the distant past which retain that title today, if they ever had it. If human behavior depends upon patterns of habit and impulse, as Dewey believes, instruction by exhortation is largely useless. A school program related to the view of man as a monistic biological organism should involve the student in lively activities around the solution of problems of living which most clearly beset him. And if habits alone are not enough (since rigidity of habit explains many present social ills), the program should also provide for the liberation of impulses useful for making habits flexible.

The Deweyan educational reform proposes to

manage intelligently an educational process which — if Dewey is right — operates inevitably whether we heed it or not. He believes that moral and other instruction of the hortatory type has never been really effective, that we have *always* been educated through habit formation. In Dewey's view, the habits most of us have now were forced upon us during infancy and childhood when we were physically dependent upon adults. They are our elders' habits. Habits have changed from one generation to another, thanks to the changing environment and the modification of habit by impulse. But the older process of change was haphazard and irrational. According to Dewey, it left unshaken too many habits which perpetuate social inequities. Or very occasionally, it shook them too violently in those upheavals called revolutions. Intelligent management of the habit and impulse patterns in youth is the rationale of progressive education. It explains those classroom practices (at their best) with which most parents are familiar, including those practices which have provoked caricature.

Viewing Dewey's educational theories in philosophical perspective disposes of many superficial arguments about the New Education. Take the argument about whether Latin is "good" for youngsters. If there are any ethical or esthetic absolutes in human experience, the stately moral exhortations of Cicero and the poetic beauty of Vergil certainly bring us close to the best of them. But if there are not, the preachments of an ancient Roman may be a waste of time. And reading Vergil may consume energy better used in developing habits of esthetic appreciation (for example, in interior decorating) more directly related to problems of suburban living today. If there is little use in reading those authors, there is no use for any but future specialists in the laborious learning of Latin. But the main argument depends upon the preliminary ifs.

What is the practical effect of Deweyism on the curriculum? Well, here is an evidence of its effect in its most extreme form. The following is a statement by an enthusiastic disciple of Dewey, Samuel Tenenbaum, the biographer of William Heard Kilpatrick, who spent a long lifetime indoctrinating prospective teachers with Deweyism: —

"The writer has seen a class of six hundred and more graduate students in education, comprising teachers, principals, superintendents, vote their opinion in overwhelming numbers that Greek, Latin and mathematics offered the least likely possibilities for educational growth; and with almost the same unanimity they placed *dancing, dramatics* and *doll playing* high on the list in this regard." (Italics mine.)

Admittedly this is extreme, but it is the logical end point of the New or Deweyan Education. A curriculum which has been heavily Deweyized is one which is built around the "real needs" or "felt

needs" of the pupils. However, any definition of human "needs" necessarily involves some philosophical assumption about the nature of man, of society, of the universe. The argument of Progressive Education *versus* Traditional Education does not turn on the merits of doll playing *versus* Latin grammar. It turns on the question: Are there any "constants" in human thought? Are there any absolutes in ethics? Are there any immutable principles of anything?

Agreement with the basic philosophy of Mr. Dewey is the logical price of agreement with his educational theories. The progressive school enthusiast who wants the second without the first is entitled to like what he likes and to be as illogical as he chooses, but his enthusiasm may be no more than an eagerness to be in fashion.

You may happily agree with all of Mr. Dewey's basic ideas. But how many parents in your town would join in your agreement if they understood them? Would you say 51 per cent? I should say about 5 per cent or less in my town. You may have no objection to a "shift," as Bode puts it, "from a morality of *cosmic* sanction to a morality of *social* sanction, from morality with a fixed content to morality which varies with conditions and circumstances as determined by empirical investigation. . . ." (Italics in the original.) But how many members of your P.T.A. would join in your acceptance of this ethical doctrine if they understood it? Not many. Most people in my town and yours really believe that their ethical intuitions have some cosmic anchor. And of course a great many teachers, probably most of them, believe the same. That may be reassuring for those parents who do not find Mr. Dewey an acceptable mentor for their children's schools. But it is a reassurance which depends precariously upon the kind of teacher who does not really know what he is doing.

Despite Dewey's own unquestioned intellectual stature and integrity, his educational doctrines have opened in our schools a door wide enough to admit a legion of pedagogical boondogglers. Precisely because Progressive Education dispenses so far with tradition and stakes so much upon the educational creativity of the teacher, it is a method which would require someone like a Dewey in every classroom for intelligent execution. In actuality, by the testimony of their own vapid utterances, the typical graduates in Education today are the least fitted group in the community to assume the responsibility for re-creating its cultural aspirations.

But there is also political quackery in the new pedagogy. In their constant use of the word "de-

mocracy," the educational interpreters of Dewey are evading the first and most fundamental implication of the word: the will of the community. There is an implication here and there in Dewey's writings which becomes explicit and vociferous in the writings of some of his disciples: that disagreement with his philosophy will usually be inspired by "social" motives. Unquestionably the Deweyite can turn up evidences of opposition based on nothing more than a conservative fear of change on the part of bishops and bankers and the like who tremble for the institutions which have served them. But Mr. Dewey's philosophy would be much more widely opposed — if it were more widely understood — for reasons more important than the apprehensions of the chief beneficiaries of the status quo.

Most people are suspicious of pragmatism, not because they fear its effect upon their interests, but because they believe it to be flatly wrong. If their reasons for thinking so are less profound than a philosopher's, if they are based on rather simple loyalties which should now be outmoded, then let Mr. Dewey's interpreters engage in a forthright effort to enlighten the adults of my town and others on the blessings of instrumentalism. And this author will join in a Voltairian effort (apocryphal or not) to defend to the death their right to do so. But it is not their right, in the meantime, to slip into the schools of the community a philosophy of education which, if understood, would be rejected by the great majority of the people to whom the schools belong. That is a travesty of "democracy." Of course the will of the majority has no meaning over against "truth," but the sanction of fixed truth is the very one which the pragmatist, by definition, cannot invoke.

I am opposed to the substantial teaching of religion in the public schools because the American people have so many gods that none could be served in public education without slighting others. At the same time, and for the same reason, I am opposed to a philosophy of education which takes for granted the falsity of all gods. A nonreligious curriculum may and should be quite compatible with an attitude of sincere respect for all religions. The philosophy of Professor Dewey is categorically incompatible with such an attitude. Even those who take satisfaction in the enormous influence of John Dewey sometimes admit that his philosophy has not been very clearly comprehended. If it had been, there might have been some misgivings. You know your neighbors. How many of them would vote for Deweyism if they understood the philosophical ballot?

*In the May Atlantic Frederick Ernst, Deputy Superintendent of the New York Public Schools, will reaffirm the benefits in the school curriculum which have stemmed directly from Dewey's philosophy.*





*The friendship between Theresa Helburn of the Theatre Guild and FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES began in Miss Winsor's School, Boston, where they were members of the same class. Over the years as Mrs. Keyes was raising her family and writing her novels, she was sharing vicariously in the career of her friend Terry, who had begun as a poet, was one of the founders of the Theatre Guild, and later became its Executive Director. Here is the story of a friendship and of a woman who has achieved a unique place in the American theatre.*

## TERRY HELBURN

by FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

### I

I HAVE never lost my sense of sustained excitement, mingled with keen enjoyment, at a theatrical opening. The lights blazing above the entrance. The mounted police dashing back and forth. The long lines of shining limousines. The sidewalk crowds surging around nonchalant celebrities. The pompous critics taking their aisle seats. The exchange of greetings between established first-nighters. The condescending glances toward those who do not belong to the charmed circle. The suddenly subdued chatter, the slow rise of the curtain, the acclaim of the star. The stampede into the aisles at the end of the first act. The guarded expressions of those who await the critics' opinion. The candid praise or condemnation of those less timid. The final curtain, the frantic clapping. And then that kaleidoscopic street again. . . .

Perhaps the fact that I am essentially a country-woman accounts for the pleasure all this gives me. But only in part. In the last analysis, the fact that my presence at such functions is almost invariably due to a very remarkable woman, who is likewise a very old friend, is also largely accountable for my feeling about them. This woman is Theresa Helburn, Lawrence Langner's co-director in the Theatre Guild, who in such large measure, as he himself testifies, has contributed to the outstanding success they have shared through the development of a great theatrical idea. It is she who, on the occasion of an opening, often draws me into the charmed circle, which immediately becomes permeated with her friendliness and her vitality. Nothing in her speech or her manner betrays the struggle which has preceded success, the obstacles which have been overcome and the disasters which have threatened. And this is indubitably because of her lifelong, singlehearted, and unshakable conviction that "the play's the thing."

Except in our extreme youth, her approach to the drama and mine have always been from opposite directions: to me, it represents the most welcome and the most powerful means of relaxation that an overcrowded life affords; merely to sink into a seat at the theatre brings a sense of release that nothing else, short of an ocean voyage, provides. To Theresa Helburn, the drama represents not only supreme success in a chosen career, but the strenuous lifework to which all other pleasures and all other interests have been subordinated. (I do not say all other affections, because she has also been a devoted daughter, sister, aunt, wife, and friend.) Nevertheless, despite the difference in our approach to it, I believe, as she does, that without our common love for the theatre and the recurrent occasions on which it has served to reunite us after long periods of separation, our friendship might not have endured and flourished as it has ever since our school days.

My first impressions of Terry are not, however, centered on her domination of a drama, but on a large, cold classroom at the rear of 94 Beacon Street, Boston, which, at the time, was the location of Miss Winsor's School. I had already been going to this school two or three years, but I still felt like an outsider: I had been away from Boston between the ages of ten and fourteen, part of the time in Vermont and part of the time in Europe, and I had ceased to belong exclusively to the Back Bay. I was troubled by this sense of strangeness. Terry was a newcomer who had never belonged and who was not in the least troubled by this circumstance. Business had brought her father to Boston and logically, but unenthusiastically, his wife and children had accompanied him. In consequence, Terry had been wrested from the Horace Mann School and thrust into Miss Winsor's.

It was a common saying among us that our teach-

ers did not assign history and English lessons by the page, but by the number of inches that multitudinous pages would cover when pressed closely together. This was really not much of an exaggeration. Our algebra lessons did not cover quite so many pages, but our teacher of mathematics considered ten intricate problems a very reasonable number for daily solution. Some higher power decreed that not all of these should be classified as homework, but that we might spend the final period at school in solving, or attempting to solve, the first one or two. We were all extremely grateful for this concession.

The period lasted forty minutes, from ten minutes before one to one-thirty. On her first day at school, Terry raised her hand at ten minutes past one and, having attracted the room teacher's impersonal attention, inquired whether she might go home. Patiently the teacher explained that Theresa would be much freer that afternoon if she had made a good start on her problems.

"I've finished them," Terry announced tersely.

Involuntarily, the teacher glanced at the clock. There was a moment of electrified silence. It did not seem probable that this small cheerful child, who was actually the youngest girl in the class and who looked even younger than she was, could solve ten difficult problems at the rate of two minutes apiece. "Bring me your notebook, please," the teacher requested.

With complete self-possession, Terry rose, slid from her seat, and approached the teacher's desk. The silence was now not only electric but breathless. It was broken by the crisp sound that the pages of the notebook made as the teacher turned them. Then she closed the book with a snap.

"The answers are all correct," she said levelly. "You may be excused. The rest of the class will please proceed with the problems."

Terry nodded and departed, her pleasant rosy face wreathed in smiles. She left no smiles in her wake. But she left ungrudging admiration. From that moment everyone knew that if she did not belong, it was because none of the rest of us was in her class, figuratively speaking, though, literally speaking, she was in ours.

## 2

NONE of us was ever to match wits with her successfully or to establish superiority on any other plane; her resourcefulness and her inventive powers were already greatly in evidence. But, after that, she made friends, happily for me, myself among them. When we left school, our feeling for each other continued to be friendly, but it did not find very frequent expression. Terry went on to college and her family moved back to New York, which became her logical center; I married at eighteen and went to live on a farm in New Hampshire,

from which I did not often stray very far. Terry came to visit me two or three times and, in the course of these visits, coached our local Dramatic Club, of which I was then president. Then came several years in which I saw very little of her. I was more preoccupied with babies than I was with dramatics, and Terry was equally preoccupied, in very different ways. From Bryn Mawr, where she carried off both the Mary Helen Ritchie Prize and the George W. Childs Essay Prize, she went on to Radcliffe, where, as a graduate student, she joined Professor Baker's famous 47 Workshop, which was the prelude to all dramatic studies in universities. Later she matriculated at the Sorbonne; but she abandoned her courses, as she says semi-seriously, because no one would permit her to fling open the classroom windows, hitherto hermetically sealed, and admit currents of air to the venerable Paris buildings. (She has always been something of a fresh air fiend and to this day has to be closely watched lest she quickly reduce the comfortable temperature of a house to arctic chilliness.) Finally she settled down again, more or less, living with her parents on West End Avenue, and invited me to visit her there, so that we might "go the rounds of the theatres together."

I received the invitation with rapture, took the children to my mother-in-law's house in Boston, and prepared for flight. On the eve of my expected departure for New York, I came down with the flu or, as we still called it then, *la grippe*.

I was bitterly disappointed, but Terry's telegram, in response to mine voicing this disappointment, was reassuring: she either had changed or would change all our theatre tickets, and she had also managed to change the dates of all social engagements. Philosophically, I faced the postponement of two weeks. But when convalescence seemed assured, I had a relapse. This happened three times.

I cannot truthfully say that warmth was lacking in Terry's manner when she finally met me at the Grand Central Station, but still I thought I felt a certain constraint in it. Within twenty-four hours I was so sure of this that I questioned Terry about it. I realized all too well, I said, how inopportune my illness had been. If she would rather I cut my visit short. . . .

"Of course not," she said promptly. "But — well, I may as well confess. As you know, parties had been planned for you, and your prospective hostesses took one postponement in their stride. The second one was a little harder to face, but they were good sports about that, too. However, when it came to a third, I knew they *couldn't* face it. So I produced another Frances Parkinson Keyes."

"What do you mean, you produced another Frances Parkinson Keyes?"

"Well, of course that wasn't really her name, but everyone thought so then and everyone still thinks so. She'd just landed from England and she didn't



know anyone when she got here. I met her as a result of a letter of introduction from mutual friends and I pressed her right into service — coached her about Pine Grove Farm and Harry's politics and the babies and all. She didn't slip up once and everyone thought she was charming. Incidentally, I explained her accent, too — it might have passed for Bostonian, but I wasn't taking any chances, so I said you'd been to school in England for years. She went to all the parties that were given in your honor and now she's gone south and isn't coming back to New York before she returns to Europe. But I'm afraid you may have a rather dull time, because my aunt is bound to be the only person who'll give another party. I confessed to her this morning, too, and she thought it was a huge joke. I don't know how many other people would."

Neither do I. But from that time on, I never doubted that Terry Helburn was destined to be an impresario.

## 3

THE stage had always attracted her very greatly, and I believe that if she had persisted in her desire to become an actress, she would have had an immense success. Though actually short of stature, she has always carried herself with such dignity and assurance, and moved with such easy grace, that her lack of height is not noticeable. And though she has never been beautiful, she has the type of personality which brings with it the illusion of beauty and qualities even better and brighter — vitality, mobility of expression, quick understanding, and wit unbarbed by venom, wisdom unburdened by pedantry. Above all, she has charm, which, as Barrie so rightly said, is that sort of bloom upon a woman that makes every other attribute secondary. When Terry was a girl, her abundant hair was very dark and rather shaggy-looking. It turned gray prematurely and she tried the somewhat startling experiment of wearing it dark blue. But her instinct for the appropriate had not led her astray; now, carefully coiffed and azure-tinted, it makes a becoming contrast to her fresh skin and gray eyes. She has equally happy results in her experiments with clothes. She appeared at one of my parties in Louisiana wearing a creation of stiff gray satin, made for her by the famous Valentina, from a dress length that had belonged to Terry's grandmother; afterward, one of her fellow guests, who met her then for the first time, pronounced her by far the loveliest and most striking woman present. On another occasion, when she was considering "something conservative in black," Valentina easily prevailed upon her to substitute sky-blue silk, caught up with pink roses, and admonished her that she must also put pink roses in her hair. "You will look like a French marquise," Valentina told her. And she did.

She could have acted such a part to perfection and any number of other parts as well; but to her conservative parents, the very word "actress" was anathema. I do not remember her father very clearly, but her mother was one of those lovely-looking women who create an impression of languor and deference which is as charming as it is misleading; as a matter of fact, she had unlimited energy and an iron will. Terry adored her. Feeling as she did about her, it is not surprising that Terry eventually yielded to her wishes, even though she had not only accepted a part in Lawrence Langner's *Licensed*, but actually started to rehearse. However, Langner says in his book *The Magic Curtain*, she later "sent in her regrets, stating that her family regarded the play as immoral and did not wish her to take up acting." Having renounced one form of dramatic expression, she speedily sought another; and this is not surprising, either, for as she herself puts it, she has been "in love with the theatre all her life." At first, she thought of this new expression almost wholly in terms of writing; besides numerous short stories and poems, all of which were eagerly accepted by the editors to whom they were submitted, she achieved a one-act play, entitled *Enter the Hero*, which to this day brings her substantial royalties; and later she became dramatic critic for *The Nation*. But, in spite of her success, such media were not the ones for which she was predestined; and opportunely, or perhaps we should say providentially, Lawrence Langner, with whom she had been so briefly associated in *Licensed* and the Washington Square Players, asked her if she would join a group that hoped to form an organization which would produce full-length plays on a strictly professional basis. (The Washington Square Players had produced one-act plays on a semi-professional basis.) She consented to attend a meeting and it was at this and at the gatherings held soon thereafter in a bare little office on the top floor of the Garrick Theatre that "a group of young enthusiasts, inspired by their faith that America wanted and needed a theatre devoted to ideas and ideals of maturity and integrity," laid the foundations of the great institution of the Theatre Guild.

Inevitably, the prevailing atmosphere at these meetings was chaotic as well as zealous, and resignations occurred almost as frequently as discussions. When the first executive director announced that he was through, Terry Helburn reluctantly consented to "fill in" for a few weeks. Almost immediately, she proved to have a calming influence. This, she says with becoming modesty, was due less to her personally than to the fact that the previous director — a man — could not be expected to have such feminine traits as thriftiness and tact, and that it was because she — a woman — happened to have both qualities that she was successful. Certainly her salary — \$30 a week and a

promise of percentage on profits — could not have predisposed her to extravagance; and tact, like charm, was one of her fairy godmother's gifts.

The few weeks during which she was supposed to be filling in lengthened into months and then into years; and still nothing was said about another incumbent for the position. She married, and her marriage, like everything else in which she has been concerned, has been singularly successful. (Her husband is the well-known lexicographer, John Baker Opdyke — "Oliver Opdyke" — and they have so correlated their careers as to make these mutually agreeable and not mutually annoying, as might so easily have been the case. Of course, part of the credit for this belongs to Oliver, whom I like immensely; but, after all, this is not his story!) She bought a country place in Connecticut and converted it into a pleasurable rural center for herself, her husband, and her friends. She perfected her tennis, which she has only recently given up, at sixty, "because her doctor advised her to do so at forty"; also her swimming, which she has not the slightest intention of giving up. She began driving a car in 1905; she handles an automobile with the accomplished ease that comes partly from essential adaptability to such a function and partly from long familiarity; and long solitary drives among the hills satisfy both her need for quietude and her love of scenic beauty. Seascapes are not included in this affection; indeed, she rather dislikes the ocean in all its phases; nevertheless, Europe became a habit to her; she spent two or three months there every year, indulging her tastes for mountain climbing, for orchestral music, and for architecture. But none of these interests and none of these activities affected her association with the Guild. Instead, it became closer and closer all the time.

## 4

TERRY says that for seven years she did her casting "from the pit of her stomach." Perhaps. But meanwhile she had revealed for such work a flair that was as unquestionable as it was outstanding. It was she who cast Laura Hope Crews for the leading part in *Mr. Pim Passes By*; it was she who took "the little round comedienne" June Walker out of bedroom farces and gave her an emotional role in *Processional*; it was she who insisted that Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne should be acting together and cast them as the co-stars of *The Guardsman* — to give only a few examples of many which might be mentioned. And then there was that underlying fact, most important of all, that she was in love with the theatre. It is certainly not a feminine trait to abandon anything genuinely beloved; so she has gone on and on.

The crises which nearly always precede first nights may trouble her transiently; but before a play is a week old, she is telling funny stories about

it. For instance, there were the pigeons, allegedly "trained by an expert," which were supposed "to add a rural touch" to a scene where she had declined to introduce pigs and cows. These pigeons were scheduled to soar across the stage at the Boston opening of *Oklahoma!* and then promptly wing their way back to their baskets. They were transported from New York at great expense, were duly released, and duly soared — completely out of sight. They have never been seen since, at least by Terry; presumably they are still raising families among the rafters of the Colonial Theatre. . . . Then there was the case of the snow-white steed on which George Washington was to make an impressive entrance in *Arms and the Girl*. It did not occur to anyone responsible for the production that such a noble animal would be unobtainable in Boston. But alas! the erstwhile reliable livery stables had all disappeared, and it was almost curtain time before "a horse of sorts" was found on a farm situated beyond the more remote suburbs. This animal proved to be a dingy gray and there were grave doubts as to its probable behavior under excitement; but it had to do.

An even greater cause for anxiety was Katharine Hepburn's inopportune attack of laryngitis; at noon on the day *The Millionairess* opened in New York last fall, it was still uncertain whether she could go on the stage at eight, or if she did, whether she could make herself heard beyond the first row. But Terry, telephoning me at five that afternoon, mentioned the matter with at least the effect of doing so more or less in passing: "Everything seems to be all right now. But perhaps we'd better not try to have dinner before the show. It might be pretty hurried. However, of course we're expecting you at the supper party for the cast that the Langners and I are giving at their house afterward."

It might be argued that the problems connected with openings, though vexatious, are inevitably short-lived and, therefore, do not constitute a real test of buoyant fidelity under difficulties. But no one could argue that it does not require stamina to take seven successive failures in one's stride as Terry did when *And Stars Remain*, *Prelude to Exile*, *But for the Grace of God*, *The Mask of Kings*, *Storm over Patsy*, *To Quito and Back*, and *Madame Bovary* followed one another without a break for the better. It also takes stamina — though of a different kind — to come through triumphantly when there is a long series of successes, which is what happened in the seasons that *Pygmalion*, *The Silver Cord*, *Porgy*, *The Doctor's Dilemma*, and *Strange Interlude* were among the dozen hits. Terry proved that she had both kinds.

Eventually, all the original board members, except herself and Mr. Langner, withdrew from the management of the Guild, and since 1939 they have been its sole directors. Either as playwright, producer, or director, Theresa Helburn has had a



hand in almost all the plays — now nearly 200 in number — that it has presented in the thirty years of its existence. She has “been involved in the supervision of more Broadway plays than any other woman in the entire history of the American theatre”; and no theatrical organization in the history of the stage, with the exception of the state-supervised theatres in Europe, has lasted so long.

## 5

INEVITABLY, Terry succumbed to the temptation of accepting an invitation to Hollywood — extended, characteristically, by telephone and in the dead of night. “A lovely little pine-paneled office” in a leading studio had been prepared for her and a suite reserved at the Garden of Allah. But though she dutifully remained the eight months for which she was under contract, she realized almost immediately that she and Hollywood did not speak the same language. She was hardly settled in her new surroundings when she was handed a script for Grace Moore and told to go through it at once, as eight high executives were waiting for her opinion on a certain scene. Then she was catapulted into their presence before she had finished reading the script. “But it’s impossible for me to give an opinion without knowing about the final scenes,” she objected. “Does the heroine commit suicide or does she marry her admirer and live happily ever after?” . . . “Oh, we’re shooting it both ways!” she was airily informed.

This was not her way of working; so as soon as she was free to do so, she went back to her beloved Broadway, to the supervision of the plays which she herself had discovered or chosen and to the companionship of the actors and authors who spoke her language and who had become her personal friends as well as her professional associates.

Visiting once more at Pine Grove Farm after the lapse of many — far too many — years, she tells endless enthralling stories. She recalls, for instance, that *John Ferguson*, “a rather heavy play” by St. John Ervine, which started late in the Guild’s first season (1919), ran all summer and provided a nest egg which permitted the infant organization to start off in the fall with some badly needed capital, and that this was less because of the play’s popular appeal than because of an actors’ strike which had closed almost every other theatre in New York — “tourists had to see *John Ferguson* or nothing!” She recalls that Bernard Shaw — using a postcard — forbade the production of *Heartbreak House* until after the 1920 election, and that when she tried to persuade him that, in the United States, the election would not affect such a production, he declined to be convinced and said so — on another postcard. She remembers that Eugene O’Neill dined with her the night that Lindbergh flew the Atlantic in 1927 and that, of course, they com-

pletely forgot to discuss the current play; also that after the five-hour opening of *Mourning Becomes Electra* in 1931, one subscriber was overheard remarking to another, as they left the theatre, “Gosh, isn’t it good to get out into the Depression again!” She recalls that John Golden called her up one day and said, “Little woman, I got a play for you up here. It’s the kind you folks like — trappy, but true.” Her recollections — all warm, all vivid, all kindly — of the Lunts, of Helen Hayes, of Maurice Evans, of Rodgers and Hammerstein, of Ferenc Molnar and Elmer Rice and Maxwell Anderson and countless others, go on and on.

When I reminded Terry that the first Guild production I had seen was a very gloomy Russian play (so gloomy that I went to a night club afterward to get cheered up) for which she had given me tickets, saying she had plenty to spare, I found I had started a train of thought — and of conversation — which, briefly and vividly, summarized the three principal periods in the Guild’s progress.

“Don’t you make fun of that gloomy Russian play, as you call it — probably you mean Tolstoy’s *Power of Darkness* and probably you did have to go to a night club afterward to get cheered up. Very likely I was glad enough to give you the tickets, too. Just the same, when that play finished its run, we had a nice little profit although we had started with only \$200 in the bank. We produced mostly foreign plays then, for the simple reason that our management was unknown and that we couldn’t afford the road tryouts necessary to ensure success for American plays. In those days, of course, we didn’t have the talkies, or the radio, or television with which to compete and, one by one, they’ve become formidable rivals of the theatre — we may as well face it. But two out of five plays would carry us — in fact, we could get by with one success in a season, if it was a *real* success. All costs were on a much smaller scale then. And from the beginning, we worked on the theory that the play’s the thing rather than the star. We chose plays that had real literary value. We believed there was a public for them and we were right. For instance, *He Who Gets Slapped*, *Back to Methuselah*, *Peer Gynt*, and *Saint Joan*. Then I had a new idea — the idea that something which we had already produced, as a play, like *Porgy*, which inspired Gershwin’s *Porgy and Bess*, might prove the basis for another musical comedy, with a different theme, but still one that was typically American. Well, you know what came of that idea.”

I do — indeed we all do. When *Green Grow the Lilacs*, by Lynn Riggs, which was based on an American pioneer theme, was produced as a play in the ’30-’31 season, it was pleasantly but temperately received. When *Oklahoma!*, which was based on that play, was produced as a musical in the ’42-’43 season, “its color and spirit blew wholesome winds through what was fast becoming a hot-

house form, its use of the ballet popularized the dance and set it as a fashion for other Broadway musical productions to copy." And, as Lawrence Langner says, "to Terry goes the full credit for having conceived the idea of producing *Oklahoma!*"

That idea was conceived more than ten years ago. Meanwhile, the Guild has produced *Carousel*, based on Molnar's *Liliom*, *Arms and the Girl*, based on *The Pursuit of Happiness*, and several other musicals, "each adding a new note to the development of the American musical theatre," but none detracting from the perennial success of *Oklahoma!*, which still seems as fresh, as vital, and as buoyant as when the curtain went up on it for the first time.

Governor Kerr, now Senator Kerr, came on to the opening of the National Company in Washington, as did large numbers of other prominent Oklahomans. But they felt that not enough of their fellow Oklahomans were seeing it; nothing would do but that Mohammed should go to the mountain, so to speak. A private car was put at the disposal of the directors and in this Mr. and Mrs. Langner, Mr. and Mrs. Mamoulian, Miss de Mille, Miss Helburn, Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers, and Mr. and Mrs. Hammerstein traveled in state. The president of the road and a party of other invited guests traveled in equal state in an adjoining private car. Upon arrival in Oklahoma City, the train was met by the governor and his suite, and the honor guests were escorted to their hotel to the music of a brass band. Cowboys had foregathered, tribes assembled, schools closed, and a holiday atmosphere prevailed. Unfortunately, a storm of unprecedented proportions necessitated the cancellation of the mammoth parade which had been planned. But at the dinner which took place after the opening performance, prodigality was the order of the day. Gifts took the form of tea sets made from local pottery, Indian costumes fashioned in soft white leather, miniature covered wagons. Ceremonial dances were presented with the participants in full regalia, and afterward Miss Helburn danced a *pas de deux* with the chief. Then she was inducted into the nation and given a tribal name which means "The little woman who sees far."

I can think of no designation which could be more appropriate. Even before Terry began to talk to me about the future plans, hopes, and projects of the Guild, I realized that the third stage of its progress was linked to its first, just as surely as its second had been, though in a different way. The Guild had already produced two of Shakespeare's plays — *The Taming of the Shrew* with the Lunts and *Twelfth Night* with Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans — before the revolutionary experiment which culminated in *Oklahoma!* And even the electrifying success of this did not divert its producers from their predilection for the classical. *Othello* with Paul Robeson, *The Winter's*

*Tale* with Henry Daniell and Florence Reed, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* with Charles Coburn, and *As You Like It* with Katharine Hepburn followed each other in orderly and majestic progression; and out of this superb sequence came the conviction that there should be a nationally endowed Shakespearian Festival Theatre and Academy in America similar to the one in England.

This conviction has already resulted in tentative plans and preliminary arrangements. The project calls for a modern adaptation of Shakespeare's own Globe Theatre, in which such a Festival could be held, and the chosen locale is Connecticut, where the Langners and Miss Helburn both have homes; its accessibility to New York and other large centers, and its natural and climatic attractions also, make it a logical choice for such a venture, as the state authorities have been swift to recognize — indeed, Governor Lodge has already signed a bill incorporating this foundation under the laws of Connecticut. But the Festival would not function only there and only in the summer; during the winter the acting company would tour in all the larger cities of the United States. In other words, if hopes are fulfilled, Shakespearian drama, no less than musical comedy, and presented with equal skill and beauty, would be available for theatre lovers from Oregon to Florida and from Louisiana to Maine.

"And you'd produce some of the less-known plays, too, wouldn't you?" I asked Terry after she had told me this. I had put another log on the fire and adjusted the screen, and was still standing pensively between the hearthstone and the sofa where she sat.

"Yes, of course. . . . Which one did you have in mind, especially?"

"Well, perhaps *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and —"

"*Measure for Measure*?"

"Yes, that's it."

"They've never been popular successes yet, you know, like — well, like *Twelfth Night*, for instance. But then, you liked *The Winter's Tale* best of all our Shakespearian productions, didn't you? Come to think of it, so did some other people, and that's not generally regarded as popular material, either. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Measure for Measure* . . . well, I don't see why not! Sometime. . . ."

For a few moments after that, Terry said nothing as she sat gazing into the fire. At least, she seemed to be gazing into the fire. But presently I knew she was not. I knew that "The little woman who sees far" was already watching the two gentlemen as they prepared to serenade Silvia, and Isabella pleading for her brother's life before a corrupt magistrate.

I am as sure as I can be of anything in this uncertain world that all America will be seeing them, too.





GEORGE E. TAYLOR, *historian and political scientist, who was with the Office of War Information from 1942 to 1945, and who since 1946 has been Director of the Far Eastern Institute at the University of Washington, has been contributing articles about the Orient to the Atlantic for more than a decade. In 1952 he made an extended tour of the Far East, and in his stay at Hong Kong and Formosa gathered material for this survey.*

## A NEW LOOK AT FORMOSA

by GEORGE E. TAYLOR

### 1

THE Republican Administration has compelled a new look at Formosa. In January, 1950, President Truman stated that no help would be forthcoming from us in the event of a Communist invasion of the island. Six months later that policy was reversed; in order to safeguard our lines of communication when the Korean war began, the Seventh Fleet was given the task of preventing Communist invasion, and the Nationalist Government was forbidden to attack the mainland. Since then the State Department has said that Formosa is included within the American defense system in the Far East and that we will not tolerate any further expansion of the Communist orbit in Asia. During the last two years we have set up military and economic missions in Formosa and have dug ourselves into its political life.

Formosa is not as easy to evaluate as Greece, Turkey, or even Spain. Too many emotions are involved. Few foreign heads of government have risen so high and fallen so low in public esteem as has Chiang Kai-shek, and attitudes towards him tend to go to extremes. Some hold him alone responsible for everything that has happened to China, while others hold one or two Americans solely responsible. Neither view explains the long and complex process by which the present Communist regime on the mainland came to power, and neither helps us to evaluate the role of Formosa from the standpoint of the national interest.

The very concept of the national interest raises the question of perspective. It is quite possible to see the Formosa problem as a by-product of the war in Korea and assume no further responsibility for the future once that conflict is over. Some have advocated a United Nations trusteeship. Others have assumed that some sort of adjustment can be made with regard to Formosa if there is to be a general over-all settlement with Communist China in the Far East. There is the widely held

view that the Communist regime is here to stay and that Chiang's government, merely by existing, is a constant irritant and a threat to peace.

The Communist conquest of China can also be seen as the latest phase of a long struggle with the Soviet Union over the destinies of the Chinese people, a struggle which began with the revolution of 1917 and will go on for an indefinite period. This would imply that we should not give up recovering control of the mainland for anti-Communist forces any more than the Soviet Union gave up all hope for the Chinese Communists when Chiang broke the Russian alliance in 1927. It might have been wiser for us to have seen the struggle in this light, but actually we never did.

One of the consequences is that we have to make up our minds not only about Communist China, which is not too difficult, but also about the millions of Chinese outside the reach of Peking. How shall we evaluate the political structure, the economic and social policies, of the Nationalist Government? Is this a government with which we can work? Such questions lead us on to the even more important matter of the relationship between the Chiang Kai-shek regime and the rest of the Free Chinese — the 12 million Chinese who are living neither under Communist rule nor under the Nationalist Government on Formosa. Most of them are concentrated in Southeastern Asia, including a large block of over 2 million in Hong Kong. There are many thousands scattered around the rest of the world, particularly in the United States and Japan. Is Chiang the accepted leader of these Free Chinese? Can the Kuomintang provide the ideological leadership to unite all Chinese and so spearhead the political attack on Communist China? What contribution can Chiang Kai-shek make on the military as well as on the ideological side? And where do the Free Chinese fit into the free world?

The political direction in which the leaders of the Nationalist Government are moving does not depend on Chiang Kai-shek alone, important as he may be as a symbol of all that is good and bad in modern China. These days we have to remind ourselves that he led the Nationalist revolution to military and political domination of the country, built up some of the key institutions of the modern state, stood firm through eight years of war, and tried to hold his party, his government, and his country together during the civil war.

On the other hand, the Generalissimo's monopoly of power and sense of indispensability are stronger than at any time in the past. He still emphasizes the "leader principle" and thinks of loyalty as much in personal as in national terms. Although he technically owes his position to the Constitution and comes up for re-election this year, his personal power is sufficient to guarantee his continuance in office if he so desires. It may be strong enough to ensure the succession to his son, Chiang Ching-kuo, usually referred to on Formosa as the Crown Prince, a man who already has enormous power by virtue of his control over political education and the commissars in the army. Chiang Ching-kuo got his picture of the world, from the age of fifteen to thirty, in the Soviet Union.

Among the Chinese on Formosa there is probably more acceptance of Chiang today than there has been for a long time, partly because those who felt that loyalty to their country was not the same as loyalty to Chiang are in Hong Kong, Japan, or America. Those who remain feel that Chiang is a symbol holding them together. Those who stood fast during the darkest days of Formosa are knit together with strong emotional bonds; they form a compact group which tends to look with occasional bitterness on those who were not with them. They come from all walks of life — military, political, business, education, law, the arts, and the lowliest of trades. Both in the extent of his self-criticism and in his sharing of the blame, the Generalissimo is apparently very much one of the group. He deserves much of the blame, but most Chinese on Formosa prefer not to make him the scapegoat for everything; they themselves accept their own part of the responsibility.

## 2

THE character of the Nationalist Government has changed considerably in the process of building a base in Formosa. For one thing, there are many empty chairs around the council tables. Some of the men who joined the Communists are sorely missed; others were liabilities whose loss causes no grief. Those who came over as fifth columnists created a serious problem which is now apparently in hand but which accounts for a good deal of the jittery reaction to criticism and highhanded ar-

rests and imprisonment. Men have come to the fore in various departments of government who were associated, on the mainland, with good government and reform. But for the hundreds of trained government officials for whom there are no jobs, and for high army officers who have no soldiers to train, there are government rice and housing and, for some, honorary positions or further training in special schools.

The situation of the Nationalist Government in Formosa can be better understood if we imagine the bulk of our Federal government, with about half a million troops and a million civilians, setting up shop in Hawaii. One of the biggest problems is that of the relationship between the local population and the mainlanders, including government, army, and civilian refugees. Strain and conflict are inevitable. There is no doubt that the Formosans, who first welcomed their release from Japanese domination and then ran head on into carpetbagging administration and the bloody conflict of February, 1947, for which they held the former governor, Chen Yi, responsible, are full of bitterness. The Nationalist Government has recognized this situation and has taken steps to improve matters. Chen Yi was executed not in punishment for the things that happened under his rule, but for suspected dealings with the Chinese Communists. The Formosans, who preferred the former interpretation, turned the execution into a tremendous occasion for celebration.

General Chen Cheng is largely responsible for a great improvement in the behavior of Nationalist troops, and Governor Wu for bringing into the provincial administration a majority of Formosans. Furthermore, the very fact that Formosa is now a part, in fact the only part, of Nationalist China means that Formosans may freely enter high schools and universities, privileges formerly very rare indeed. Women also enjoy a status denied to them by the Japanese. Some Formosans are being recruited into the army, although it is difficult to find out the exact number.

The Nationalist Government conducted the first popular elections in Formosa, but it took steps to make certain that the direction of affairs should not get out of the hands of the Kuomintang. There seems to be no question that in northern Formosa the elections were manipulated. If elections had not been held, the Kuomintang would have been accused of being undemocratic; whereas if the elections disturbed the Kuomintang's control over its military base, the antagonism between mainlanders and Formosans would have flared up immediately. The Kuomintang will obviously try to keep control. The problem will be solved in the long run, if only because the relations between mainlanders and Formosans will not always be those between two well-defined and cohesive groups. The reform measures, such as redistribution of



land, will break up the cohesiveness of the Formosans much more than that of the mainlanders. New lines of cleavage will emerge.

The Nationalist Government is clearly showing a new spirit in its approach to government. There is very general agreement that only by doing a good job on Formosa can a beginning be made on the long road back. This attitude takes the form of an eager effort to correct "mistakes" made on the continent. It is felt that neglect of the people was among the major reasons for losing the mainland and that the most convincing way to demonstrate a change of heart is to push through a reform of the land. Definite steps have been taken towards land reform, a policy which has behind it the driving force of General Chen Cheng, the premier. Chinese Communist success in exploiting the condition of the peasantry undoubtedly explains General Chen's zeal for land reform and the almost unanimous approval of the Legislative Yuan for his program. The facts that the members and families of the Nationalist Government own little industry and less land on Formosa, and that their futures depend directly upon the welfare and producing capacity of the island, certainly make acceptance of the task that much the easier.

The philosophy behind land reform on Formosa is that it will increase production, lessen social tension, and lay the basis for further industrialization. The first step, reduction of land rental to a maximum rate of 37.5 per cent of the main crop, was accompanied by a sharp drop in the price of land. Premier Chen Cheng claims that the law courts have rigorously enforced the regulations and that over 9000 cases of litigation have been successfully settled. Contracts are now for six years, enforceable at law, instead of being at the will of the landlord. The second step was to sell public lands, meaning those lands expropriated from former Japanese monopoly companies. The final step is the limitation of landholdings. The money paid in compensation to landlords is to be diverted into industry.

New laws and new taxes on land increment are designed to make it difficult to speculate in urban land. The general field for speculation is narrow because of government monopolies in several important products such as sugar and tobacco, while imports and exports will obviously remain under government direction for a long time to come. It is no simple matter, however, to compensate landlords in such a way as to avoid inflation, prevent speculation, and assist in industrialization. Nor has this final stage of the land reform program been thoroughly clarified.

### 3

THE general economic recovery of Formosa, as well as the land reform, would have been impos-

sible without American assistance. The funds appropriated by the United States government for Formosa, even now not much more than \$300 million a year, cover the cost of imports such as cotton, soya beans, fertilizers, and petroleum. Proceeds from the sale of these things, called counterpart funds, are used for other aspects of the program. In addition to the Mutual Security Administration program, there is the Chinese and American Joint Commission on Rural Reconstruction, an agency whose legal status derives from the China Aid Act of 1948. A Chinese chairman presides over two American and two Chinese commissioners. The work of the commission is directed mainly towards applying modern science to Formosan agriculture; it includes such varied activities as the improvement of seeds, vaccination against hog cholera, instruction in the use of fertilizer, and assistance in carrying out land reform. Even more important than the achievements of the Commission is the pattern of international coöperation that the J.C.R.R. has successfully developed, a useful example for the rest of Asia.

In contrast with earlier days, there are now an approximation to a balanced budget, an open statement of military expenditures, a determined effort to keep down inflation, a much greater opportunity for the many high-class Chinese technicians and public men whose abilities have not always been fully exploited. There seems every reason to believe that personal corruption in the bureaucracy, which lives on a very low salary scale, has been reduced to insignificant proportions. As the result of past experiences, public opinion is highly unfavorable to bureaucratic techniques of self-enrichment. There is much more knowledge today than there was formerly of what the rule of law involves, especially in regard to the jurisdiction of the civil courts. The military have agreed, with some reluctance, to making arrests with the knowledge and coöperation of civil authorities. The trend is in the right direction.

The basic political problem on Formosa is whether the civil and military bureaucracy shall be a democratically controlled or, as it is now, a ruling bureaucracy. It is quite clear, however, that there is no prospect of any alternative group, such as businessmen, coming to the top. What matters, for the political future of the Kuomintang and the mainland, is whether the bureaucracy can be made subject to the will of the people.

The general temper of a government is hard to measure, but when we remember that it is only four years since the chaotic days of defeat and flight to Formosa, the spiritual recovery is amazing. There are a large number of men formerly blocked and thwarted on the mainland who are now being given an opportunity to do constructive work. There is a tremendous vitality among the many local and functional organizations on the people's level

which are doing the job of reconstruction and defense. Whatever the motives of the government may be, there is evidence that the Chinese on Formosa feel the government has a strong interest in their welfare and a willingness to cooperate with them rather than to order and command.

On the level of central government there is a change in the temper and influence of the Legislative Yuan, a body which bears few resemblances to our Congress but which is theoretically representative of the Chinese people. Formerly it drafted laws under instructions. Today it calls ministers to account, goes over the budget, investigates special problems, and initiates legislation. The unaccustomed opportunity to criticize and query ministers of state has gone to the heads of some legislators, but in general the record is one of responsibility and hard work. The tenure of the legislators is extended at the pleasure of the Kuomintang and the Generalissimo; nevertheless, they are at present permitted to bring a very salutary influence to bear upon the administration and they represent one development which is in the direction of establishing a form of constitutional control over the bureaucracy.

What of the Kuomintang itself? The Central Reform Committee, set up to revise party doctrine, is thought by some to be the real ruler of Formosa. It certainly works closely with the Generalissimo, who is head of the party. One of its first tasks was to review the events of the past ten years and find out what went wrong. Not only committees of the Kuomintang but also special training schools for officials are going intensively into both the past and the future. Blueprints for a reoccupied mainland are already in being. There is no lack of activity, self-criticism, and training. What is the spirit and philosophy behind all this? Has there been a real change?

#### 4

It is freely admitted that the Three Principles of Sun Yat-sen — Nationalism, Democracy, and Livelihood — were never fully applied on the mainland. In the new party literature the principle of livelihood now takes first place; the principles of nationalism and democracy are considered as the means by which livelihood — that is, economic justice and social harmony — can be achieved. The society that China must have, according to the new literature, will be a Democratic-Socialist society, something like the welfare state of the Labor Party in England. The peasant will have his land, the worker his just wage, the capitalist his limited profit; the state will control all major industrial enterprises and undertake all large-scale public works for agriculture. The bureaucracy will be controlled by the people through their elected representatives. The present constitution, if it is vig-

orously applied, will guarantee personal freedom for all.

Such, in general outline, is the picture as it is drawn up on paper. It differs from the past in the emphasis on what Dr. Sun called livelihood and the acute realization that if social and economic justice are neglected, both nationalism and democracy, the other two of Sun's principles, are lost. Many members of the Kuomintang see the problem as one of paying more attention to the welfare of the people and of avoiding corruption. The argument seems to run: we lost because of bad government; therefore, we must become a good government; finally we must persuade people we are a good government by our behavior on Formosa.

All this is to the good, but it is still more the philosophy of a ruling rather than of a controlled bureaucracy. If it were given another chance on the mainland tomorrow, the Kuomintang might well provide good government, but the trouble is that it cannot get back without enlisting the support of other Chinese, both outside and inside Communist China. To do this calls for a political appeal much stronger than the promise of good government. The appeal must capture the imagination and enlist the willing cooperation of many different people, over whom Formosa at present has no political control. It must also be believed.

Chiang Kai-shek has made a bid for political support by announcing that he is willing to let bygones be bygones. He was thinking of all those Chinese who parted from him politically. Whether or not his offer will be reciprocated remains to be seen.

The Kuomintang took a big step toward regaining the political initiative in its declaration on land policy. The peasant on the mainland has been told, by all the devices of psychological warfare, that he may keep his land, however unjust the process by which he got it. Landlords, where they still exist, will be compensated. By accepting the Communist redistribution of land, the Kuomintang recognizes the peasant's hunger for property, while the compensation to landowners acknowledges the rights of private property and the obligation to redress injustice. This policy also makes possible a powerful psychological campaign to bolster the peasant's pride in ownership and to stiffen his will against the time when the Communists move on to the next step, that of taking the land away from him to form collective farms.

At the present time it would be difficult to say whether the recovery of Nationalist prestige owes more to the actions of the Kuomintang or to the policies of the Communists. Relations between Formosa and the other Free Chinese are improving. Even though a suspicious attitude towards many Chinese in Hong Kong still persists, room is now being found on Formosa for those who wish to come, and several hundred families have already moved there. Ma-



chinery has been set up to assist refugee intellectuals in Hong Kong in other ways. A good many men who have escaped from Communist China are now on Formosa in useful positions. But one big factor in the change is the damage that Peking has done to Communist prestige with Chinese abroad by its efforts to extort money by blackmail, its attack on the business classes and intellectuals on the mainland, and its alliance with Moscow. The drift to the mainland has definitely dropped in volume and there is much more traffic the other way, but Formosa still has far to go before it becomes a beacon for all who would flee from Communism in the East.

Why is this so? The Kuomintang still shows an uneasy concern over the possible rise of a Third Force, a political center of gravity outside of Formosa. In Hong Kong there have always been Chinese who opposed the Kuomintang even before World War II. They are not likely to change. Many have joined them who lived in Kuomintang China until 1949 and now, in the political sanctuary of Hong Kong, enjoy the luxury of thumbing their noses at both the Communists and Chiang Kai-shek. But Hong Kong is no place to organize political parties, a fact made only too clear by the flight to Japan of Ku Meng-yu, Chang Fa-kwei, and Carsun Chang.

These respected leaders proclaimed in Tokyo, on October 15, 1952, "China's Fighting League for Free Democracy." Their program is one to which the Kuomintang could easily subscribe except for the third point, which is directed against itself: "To uphold the principles that the armed forces belong to the state . . ." The framers of this declaration believe that the armed forces belong to Chiang and that they are the ultimate guarantee of his authority. They also believe, though it is not too clearly stated in the Tokyo manifesto, that the Kuomintang intends to maintain a one-party dictatorship based on "democratic centralism." The feeling among Chinese in Singapore and Manila is now generally anti-Communist but not enthusiastically pro-Nationalist. There is an attitude of watchful and not unsympathetic waiting.

What these groups are really waiting for is an indication that the Nationalist Government has the leadership to bring all anti-Communist Chinese together into a vast coalition. Now that Communism is an external rather than an internal threat,

now that American support and assistance runs through all levels of Formosan economy and defense structure, now that there are as many Free Chinese living outside Formosa as there are on the island, the conditions may well have arisen which will make possible the emergence of such a mighty coalition. If it emerges, however, it will have to be based on the willing coöperation of many independent Chinese whose loyalty can neither be bought nor coerced.

That the Nationalists have some of the qualities of leadership cannot be denied. Men who had the money and connections to live out their lives in foreign lands, but chose to await what seemed, before the Korean war, to be certain death at the hands of their mortal enemies, have courage and tenacity. The task before them requires more than courage and tenacity; it requires patience, tolerance, and imagination.

The real conflict within Free China is only beginning to emerge because the possibility of political survival is so recent. It is not a conflict between the Kuomintang and other parties, but one which cuts across all groups. The conflict is between two opposing views of how to fight Communism. On the one hand there are those who think that Communism must be fought with Communist techniques. In this group are the Generalissimo's son, General Chiang Ching-kuo, and the large group of ex-Communists employed by the government. The Kuomintang itself includes many men who do not hold these views, but the party is still organized much as the Russian advisers set it up, and "democratic centralism" is still to be reckoned with. The other group, which holds some but not many of the positions of power, is not so well organized. It feels instinctively that there is something wrong in using Communist techniques, and that democracy is the stronger of the two ideologies, but it needs spiritual support and sound advice to keep up its morale.

In a situation of this sort, one thing is certain. It is to our national interest that Formosa, which is the major center of resistance to Chinese Communism, should rally to its support the energies and enthusiasm of the Free Chinese all over the world. Whether or not the Nationalist Government will be equal to the task depends, in some measure at least, on the way in which American influence is brought to bear.



## An Atlantic Story



*The scales of IRA WOLFERT's career have tipped alternately between creative fiction and journalism. A newspaperman at fifteen, Wolfert rose through the ranks from copy boy to war correspondent, and in 1943 he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Battle of the Solomons, based on his coverage of the Guadalcanal action. That same year appeared his first novel, Tucker's People. "Moses on Canal Street" is an excerpt from Mr. Wolfert's new novel, Married Men, to be published this autumn by Simon & Schuster. The event described here occurs in the early nineties, during the honeymoon of Married Men's protagonist, Wes Olmstead.*

### MOSES ON CANAL STREET

by IRA WOLFERT

A Y-WON Pipes, Rite-Tite Fittings, D. B. Magdiel, prop." Wes Olmstead saw the sign and walked in. He never knew exactly why, no more than an animal knows exactly why when it stumbles over a block of salt and begins to lick. It was a sidewalk plant just before Canal Street, with a foundry rumbling and clashing in the basement. This was a man's world — a shop floor, thriving, alive, every inch of it shaking and pounding with life. But Wes had to get permission from the office before he could go sniffing around among the planers and grinders, spinners, lathes, presses, drills, and hammers.

The main office, it seems, was upstairs through another entrance in the building. But there was a shop office — a far corner partitioned off in glass. Wes took out a card identifying him as a representative of Koopmans & Hicking, Grand Island, and hesitated at the door. The glass partition was clear and he could see two men in the office. One of them was so jolly-looking, with his stumpy, barrel-shaped body and cotton-white hair and dimpled, ruddy, tough-fleshed face, that he seemed out of place anywhere except climbing down a chimney on Christmas Eve. The other man was about fifty, lanky and black-haired, a powerful, aggressive figure, his beetling black brows mottled with bright silver.

But the jolly man was not jolly now. He was in a towering rage, and his age seemed to be no impediment in expressing it. His body thrust like a fist as he paced up and down. His voice carried through the glass and above the din of the shop as

he shouted, and he kept waving his massive, thick-fingered hands with furious energy. The younger man was in just as great a rage. They were arguing over an elbow of brass pipe. The elbow passed from one to the other. As soon as one snatched it and began to illustrate a point, the other snatched it back and began to illustrate his rebuttal.

However, Wes stood his ground. The argument was none of his business, but the shop floor was. It was trembling under him from the ardor of its machines and the rumblings and muffled bellowings of the casting going on in the basement, and Wes could no more have left it at this moment than a starved man could have left food.

When the old man noticed Wes, he strode to the door and pulled it open. "I'm out to lunch," he said curtly.

Wes held out his card. "I'd like to see Mr. Magdiel."

The old man had almost closed the door. He pulled it open. "Did you hear me?" he said angrily. "He's out to lunch."

"I just want to see the shop."

The old man had slammed the door in Wes's face, but only because he had been unable to stop himself in time. He hesitated a moment before the closed door. He was staring full at Wes through the glass, and his face was working as if he were arguing with himself. The debate lasted only an instant. Then he pulled the door open again. "Who are you?" he demanded.

Wes handed over his card. Mr. Magdiel took it



but he didn't look at it. "What are you selling?" he asked.

"I'm not selling anything. I'm in town just as a tourist."

"My office sees the salesmen. Upstairs. Go bother them."

"Is there someone in your office who can give me permission to look around the shop?"

"My shop? What do you want with my shop?"

"I just would like to see it."

"What's in my shop?"

"I can see you're busy. But I'll wait. I've got time."

"Who's busy? You mean you really are a tourist in New York to see the sights?"

"That's right, Mr. Magdiel."

For the first time since he had taken it, Mr. Magdiel looked down at Wes's card. He was grinning. "You think maybe I got the Statue of Liberty here?" He turned to call to the man with whom he had been arguing so violently. "You hear that, Morris? He's a greenhorn, so somebody told him to come in here to see the Statue of Liberty."

"So show it to him." Morris waved the elbow of pipe. "I'm in a hurry."

"Nobody told me," Wes said. "I was passing by."

"You were passing by?"

"I felt I'd like to see how you New York fellows did things."

"Why not? Come in, come in. What's your name? Olmstead? Come in to the office, Mr. Olmstead. I understand perfectly. You were passing by, and you got hungry to see a shop. I know just how it was. I did the same thing myself once twenty years ago. I was in a place. Where was the place I was in, Morris?"

He had taken Wes's arm and led him into the office.

"How should I know?" replied Morris.

"I've told you about it enough times."

"I was told, and you were there. And you don't remember. But I should?"

A slyness came into the old man's eyes. "If you're so much smarter than me, why not?"

"Baltimore, Maryland," replied Morris gruffly.

The old man winked at Wes. "Morris, you're right," he cried. "I'll tell you how I know."

"I know how you know. You were there."

"No." The old man turned to Wes. "My daughter Judith went to Niagara Falls for her honeymoon. But my wife is a very sensitive woman. On the honeymoon, she said, she doesn't want to be a mother-in-law. So we have to go in the opposite direction to rest up from marrying her off, and what's opposite? Baltimore, Maryland. That's how I know. A beautiful place. You been there, Mr. Olmstead? A city of heaven. I can recommend it the highest. But my Judith was the youngest of

nine that we married off, thank God, and you know how it is, Mr. Olmstead. We were having a very good time, but it didn't seem so good to me. When you eat candy all day long, at the end of the day are you satisfied? No, you're starved for a piece of meat. Then, my daughter — the youngest, the last, the house cleaned out. . . .

"Well, so one afternoon I put Mrs. Magdiel into a department store with one hundred dollars. If you want more, I told her, cut it in half and it'll go twice as far. Then I went for a walk, and I passed by a machine shop. I walked in like you, and it ended up that I sold them the idea to use pipe instead of wood for their bench legs."

Mr. Magdiel sighed suddenly. By "selling" them the idea, he had meant only that he had convinced them of its value. No pipes had been sold by him. The idea was his gift to the shop, his despondency had been cured.

## 2

IT HAD been like the day when he first landed in America. The day had been too hurly-burly for thought, but the thoughts had begun to creep in at night. He had been hired on the pier for a railroad gang, rushed through immigration, marched to a big bare room and bedded down on the floor with the others, a burlap sack as a mattress. There had been running water in the room — a sink with one faucet. David Ben Magdiel, descendant of kings, had never seen running water before. For his bed, he picked the sack nearest this marvel of America. He wanted to study how it worked.

He studied until it was too dark to see. Then he tried to sleep. But the thoughts came, the fever, the terror. America was so big. He was so little. The faucet kept dripping, plunk-plunk, plunk-plunk. He had seen the sink turning green under the drip and he knew it should not be, but what could he do? He was a greenhorn himself. Plunk-plunk. Plunk-plunk. Oh my, what a night. How it stretched out, and at the end of it there would be only the day. He couldn't face it. Plunk-plunk. America itself was dripping on him.

Suddenly an idea came to him. He found a string and tied it to the faucet, letting the end rest in the sink. The water dripped silently down the string. He beamed on it, and slept like a babe the rest of the night. In the morning he studied the faucet, took it apart, using his hands and his teeth for a wrench, using the string for a washer, put it together, saw that he had stopped the leak; and although the railroad gang for which he had been hired worked under armed guards, was locked up at night, was charged more per day for its food and "rental" of picks and shovels than it could earn, and could quit for a better job only by organizing a mutiny to overpower the guards, never again did America have any terrors for Mr. Magdiel.

The dripping faucet and Baltimore passed through Mr. Magdiel's mind with a single sigh. "Oh, I tell you," he said to Wes, "when you're young beautiful things happen to you. Your heart gets hungry and you can feed it. But when you're old, *he* happens." He thrust out an accusing finger at Morris.

Morris waved the elbow of pipe indignantly. "I wouldn't happen if this didn't happen."

"That's Mr. Siegel." Mr. Magdiel had turned to Wes. "Maybe you heard of them, Siegel & Lansky, jobbers in plumbing supplies. In their line, they're big, the biggest in New York."

"I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Siegel."

"Likewise."

They shook hands, and Mr. Magdiel courteously conducted Wes to a chair near his desk. "I'll be with you in a minute, Mr. Olmstead," he said, and turned to Mr. Siegel, his manner changing as abruptly as an actor's does when he steps from the wings to the stage. "Are you going to be sensible," he demanded, "or are you going to disgrace yourself in front of my visitor?"

Mr. Siegel started to laugh. He looked past Mr. Magdiel at Wes. "You hear him?" he said. "This is what I got to put up with."

But Mr. Magdiel was stern. "He came to see New York," he said. "Now I leave it to you. Show him New York."

It had got under Mr. Siegel's skin. He waved the elbow of pipe. "Is this the Brooklyn Bridge to you?" he cried. "It isn't to me."

Mr. Magdiel snatched the elbow out of his hand. "Get out of here," he roared.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, get out of here. If you don't like my work, you're not my customer."

"If your work's no good, how can I like it?"

"If you can't like it, get out."

"Do you mean it?"

"Why not? I'm seventy-four years old. Do you think you'll be the first customer I've lost?"

"You're not losing me. You're throwing me away."

"I'm throwing you away?"

"What else does 'get out' mean?"

Mr. Magdiel's voice began to rise. He was so angry his full-blown bottle of a nose shook. "I'm throwing you away? Me? You walk in here and tell me that when you put a wrench on my pipe the pipe turns to sand, and I'm the one who's throwing you away?" He turned violently to Wes. "Did you ever hear of anything like that before in your life? I've been casting pipe for sixty years. I'm selling him pipe cheaper than anybody can make it, and I'm throwing him away! You got people like Mr. Siegel in Grand Island, Mr. Olmstead?"

Before Wes could do more than nod, Mr. Siegel interrupted. "Are you talking to him or to me?"

"I'm talking to him," replied Mr. Magdiel. "He has more sense."

"He's a toolmaker. What does he know about pipes?"

"He knows enough not to say what he doesn't know, and that's more than you know."

Mr. Siegel shouldered past Mr. Magdiel. Now it was he who was appealing to Wes. "Listen," he said, "you've traveled. Did you ever hear of anybody trying to turn elbows by extrusion?"

Mr. Magdiel held up the elbow with a roar. "I'm trying? I'm doing it. Look."

"All right, so you're doing it. But you're not going to do it to me."

"If you don't want me to do it to you, don't come in here."

A look of suffering came over Mr. Siegel. He had a majestic face, dark, the nose hooked fiercely and the modeling and shape from hair to chin fiercely proud. The power of his face made his suffering painful to see. "Zadig," he cried, "how many years have we been doing business? Thirty? Do you want it to end here over nothing?"

"Nothing?"

"All right, it's not nothing," Mr. Siegel cried. "It's a wonderful idea. On paper it's a million dollars. But what good is it if it doesn't work?"

"Who says it doesn't work?"

"My trade says it. Can I argue with them? I can only sell them what they want."

"Then don't sell to them. And don't buy from me."

"I want to buy from you. But you got to cut out extruding, that's all."

"Sure. You want molding, but an extruding price. Is that it?"

"I'll give you your price. Give me molding."

The offer took Mr. Magdiel aback. "You're crazy," he muttered. He stood irresolutely. Then he turned to Wes. "What do you think of a man like that? I'm saving him half, and he doesn't want it."

"Do me a favor," said Mr. Siegel. "Don't save my money."

Mr. Magdiel shrugged. But he seemed confused. A war as old as trade itself was going on in him. Mr. Siegel was afraid of Mr. Magdiel's process for turning pipe only because it was new. The first season-crack that had developed in a run of a thousand had made him suspicious. He didn't want it. The trade would pay for the old way. Let them have it. But, for the same reason Mr. Siegel doubted, Mr. Magdiel had faith. It was new. The new was always better than the old.

### 3

Now the ancient battle that creative energy has always fought in the market place was being waged in Mr. Magdiel. Was he in business to make money or to make progress? He was an old man. When it was a question of sacrificing money to make



progress, or sacrificing progress to make money, what was the answer? Yes, he was a very old man. Did he owe a greater loyalty to his own present or to the world's future?

It was plain that the battle was wounding Mr. Magdiel, and Mr. Siegel's voice became gentle. "What's the use of an elbow that you can't put a wrench on?" he asked.

"That's what you say."

"That's what my trade tells me."

Mr. Magdiel grabbed up the elbow in a rage and ran to an open radiator. He slammed the pipe down on it with all his strength. The whole room clanged from the blow. The shock waves must have corrugated the old man inside from head to foot, but he was a formidable fellow. Let the shock waves get corrugated. He refused. He held the elbow out to Mr. Siegel. "What happened?" he cried. "Did anything happen?"

The casting had not cracked. But Mr. Siegel disdained to examine it. "That's only one," he observed.

"You wait right here," commanded Mr. Magdiel. "I'm going to show you something."

He slammed out indignantly and disappeared in the shop. A stillness settled on the office. Mr. Magdiel seemed to have taken all the tumult with him. Wes stood up. He was used to the rough-and-tumble of shop life. But when Mr. Koopmans' temper reached the pitch that Mr. Magdiel's had, blood almost invariably flowed. So Wes had been waiting apprehensively for Mr. Magdiel to brain Mr. Siegel with the brass elbow. That would have been the orthodox way to prove the mettle of a casting to a doubting middleman.

But Wes would have hated to see it happen. A very warm feeling had developed in Wes toward both these men. He had not expressed it to himself as picturesquely as Mr. Magdiel, but he could feel the truth of it.

Wes knew almost nothing about Jews. He had never heard of their religious law, teaching them to regard the stranger who appeals for charity as having done them a charity. Nor had he ever had any experience with this concept before. But the practice had had its effect upon him. In the code under which Wes had been brought up, it was not an act of hospitality to stage a quarrel all around and over a guest. Yet, curiously, the quarrel had made him feel at home more quickly than anything in his own code could have. He felt as if both these men had made him more than just a passing stranger asking for charity, had made him a member of their family.

Mr. Siegel was smiling. "Some tough guy, eh?"

"Is he really seventy-four years old?" asked Wes.

"He's bragging. He said that for your benefit, not mine."

Now Wes smiled, too. He hadn't really believed Mr. Magdiel had retained so much physical energy

to such an advanced age. "I had an idea he was putting it on."

"He wouldn't tell his right age to his own mother," Mr. Siegel said. "Did you see those fingers on him? I've seen him come among ladies. . . . He likes ladies, oh yes. Nice ones, and even when they're not so nice. Do you know how he entertains them? He puts a nut between his middle fingers and cracks it. Would you believe it? Walnuts, butternuts, anything."

Wes shook his head. "I'd like to see that."

"I've seen it. That's a man. Do you know what he is? He's one of those real old-timers, a leftover from the days of the prophets. I was thinking of it the other night. What would Moses have done if he had been given to come out of the wilderness? He'd have run around the Promised Land making a living like anybody else. Well, that's Dov Magdiel — a Moses running around on Canal Street. I got all the reverence in the world for him. But I'm warning you. If he admits he's seventy-four, you can bet he's ninety."

"Ninety?" cried Wes, aghast.

"Well, eighty-five surely. I know he was sixty-nine years old for ten years that I counted. When my oldest boy was bar-mitzvahed at thirteen, he got sentimental and told me he was sixty-nine. Then, when my boy got married at twenty-three, he got sentimental all over again and told me he was seventy."

"That's very remarkable."

"You should try and do business with him, though. He'll drive you crazy. He's got two religions. I shouldn't say that. He's a better Jew than I am. But what would you call it when a man believes that whatever is modern is automatically better? I'm telling you a fact. If he took those extruded elbows out on the job himself and they came away in his own wrench, he'd still say they were better. Isn't that a religion?"

#### 4

AFTER a few moments, Wes excused himself and went out into the shop. Mr. Magdiel was standing impatiently near a planing machine, watching its operator.

"How do you turn those elbows, Mr. Magdiel?" asked Wes.

"What do you want to know for?" the old man cried bitterly. "The market doesn't want them. Extrusion cuts your labor in half. I admit half, so you can take it it's one-quarter. Here, you see this elbow?" He led Wes to a pile and showed him one. "How much would you pay for it?"

"In quantities? I don't know."

"Eight cents," said Mr. Magdiel. "That's the price today, anywhere in the city of New York, in lots of a thousand. I'm getting four. Ten years from now you're going to buy it for a penny, a penny

and a half, and get robbed worse even than I'm robbing by charging four."

"That's very interesting," said Wes. "But what's the theory behind it?"

"The theory? Did you ever squeeze toothpaste out of a tube? Well, when it comes out, they call it that you're extruding it."

"Oh yes, I understand that much, Mr. Magdiel. I know die work. But the elbow. How can you make a pipe turn a corner just by pressing it through the hole in the die?"

Mr. Magdiel had begun to look very happy now. "I wish I could make up a few for you, and show you. But what's the use? You got boneheads running business nowadays — the market, God should forgive me for what I think of it! So my machine is not running any more. Are you married, by the way, Mr. Olmstead?"

"Yes, I am."

"Has your wife got a sewing machine? The reason I ask is that's how it came to me. I was watching Mrs. Magdiel one night. She makes all the clothes for her grandchildren — and when they got too big and fancy, she makes them for the great-grandchildren. It gives her something to do. You know, when a woman has spent her years doing for nine children, what's one husband? It's not enough work for her canary even. So, the grandchildren, and then some day soon the grandchildren of the grandchildren. If they'll only hurry up and come. Anyway, I was sitting with her one night. She pins up models on me, and I noticed that, when she wants the machine to stitch around a right-hand corner, she pushes the left side faster and holds back the right side. For a left-hand corner just the opposite. You see it now?"

"You mean you govern the rate of flow through the die so that it's faster on one side than on the other?"

"That's it. That's the whole thing. I went to Cohen & Schwimmer, the toolmakers on Grand Street. I put it up to them. They said it can't be done. So I said to them if a grandma like Mrs. Magdiel can do it, why can't two strapping men like Cohen & Schwimmer do it? So they did it."

"You mean with no trouble?"

"Trouble? Plenty trouble. Mine started when theirs finished. You've got to understand something, Mr. Olmstead. I don't know what your experience is, but my experience is that a piece of iron is alive like a living person. It has a heart. Any piece of metal you can name — it comes from God, so it has a heart and private feelings. Do you know what I found out after Cohen & Schwimmer delivered me my extruder? My babies didn't like it."

"Did you ever see a billet go through the die? Well, you study and you'll see. The skin outside gets pushed down into the inside, and the billets didn't like it. All my babies — lead, brass, copper, galvanized iron, anything I tried, they didn't like

the temperature change. The skin was too hot. It was too cold. It was too everything. It gave them gas. But when the temperature was just right, for each different, you should see how they behaved. They were as good as princes."

"Oh no, the only part of the thing that was easy was for Morris Siegel and his plumbers — you should excuse the expression — to spit on it."

Mr. Magdiel turned in deep distress to the planer. He had ordered a brass elbow shingled and sectioned to expose its interior structure. But the work had not been finished yet.

"Do you know why it hurts me?" he cried to Wes. "The money? I like money, but not that much. But the thing is that first it came from Mrs. Magdiel. God has made a friend for Himself in that woman. She gives everything. Second is that I had a river coming out and I was using it. You make the left side move slower than the right side, and the river is pulled to the left. You make the right side move slower, and the river is pulled to the right. Now that's beautiful. You're a young man, Mr. Olmstead. Maybe you don't feel about those things the way I do. But I felt it when I was young. I slept under a sink my first night in this country, and when I woke up I said, 'America, I did not come here to hurt you. So use me.' There's no greater pleasure for anything than to have what it can do taken and used to do good things. That's all, that's all. I've had my say. And now Morris Siegel has his."

The old man couldn't go on. There were tears in his eyes. He turned and shouted at the man at the planer, "I can build a building while you keep Mr. Siegel standing on one foot." When he got enough pieces of the split, shingled, and grooved brass elbow, he took them in his clublike hands and ran like a bear back to his office.

## 5

WES had been deeply moved by the old man's speech, and he sprang to open the door for him. But Mr. Magdiel paid no attention to him. He dumped the pieces of brass on his desk and turned to Mr. Siegel. "Come here, plumber," he said. "I'll show you something."

"I don't want to see," replied Mr. Siegel.

"I'm going to show you something anyway, Morris. Come here, you." The old man crooked his finger at Wes. "You can pick any ignoramus off the street," he cried to Mr. Siegel. "Here's one. He comes from the country. What's plumbing to him? It's a hole in the ground with a board to sit on. But he's got eyes, and I'll go by what he says. Come here, greenhorn. Look at this and tell me what you see."

Wes had already approached the desk, but Mr. Magdiel was covering the pieces of brass with his hands. Now Mr. Magdiel's fingers began touching



the raw, gashed-open metal. It was still hot from its wounds. The old man had a pianist's fingers — four ball bats, the thumb a paddle. But they were trembling with tenderness now. They moved over the metal the way a blind lover's fingers might move over the face of his beloved, every pore stretching to see. He was torn between pity for the mutilated elbow and love for the beauty the mutilating had exposed.

"What do you see?" he cried, as his fingers drank in the knowledge of what they were touching. "Do you see any fiber fractures? Show me coarseness. Show me off-color. Look at these crystals. Look how little they are. This is sugar here. Look how twinned those crystals are. Did you ever see castings better twinned in your life? You show me a fiber in there, or a coarse crystal, and I'll eat it. That's what I make in my shop, Mr. Olmstead — sugar. And this big millionaire over here, Mr. Siegel, he spits it out."

Wes picked up a section and studied it. Mr. Magdiel had not been exaggerating. The crystals were very small throughout, closely matted, and of identical size. There was not an outsize crystal to be seen, nor an elongated one, nor an off-color one. It was a beautiful piece of work. Mr. Magdiel had married zinc and copper and turned them into a golden snow.

"What are you looking at?" Mr. Siegel cried. "I need elbows by the carload, and that's only one."

"Mr. Siegel," said Wes, "you can't turn out castings like this by accident. If it's in one, it's in the carload."

"Look," protested Mr. Siegel, "for my part it can be hung on the wall in a museum. But if my trade is afraid of extruded elbows, what good is it to me?" He turned on Mr. Magdiel. "I'm not a museum, Dov," he cried. "I'm in business. I've got to have what my trade will buy. Can I get it here or not?"

Mr. Magdiel smiled at Wes in a shaken way. "See what it is?"

"Well, what's the answer?" demanded Mr. Siegel.

"What should be the answer?"

"I'd like to hear it finally. Are you going to make elbows for me or not?"

Mr. Magdiel turned to Wes. "What's your answer?" he asked.

"How can I say, Mr. Magdiel?"

"Why not? You're a young man. The future is for you, not for me. What shall I do, throw my extruder away or not? I'll do what you say."

"I'd say it all depends on how much you need the order."

"I need the order."

Wes threw up his hands.

"Is that what the young man says?" cried Mr. Magdiel in a piercing voice.

"What can I say?"

"Say what you feel."

"I feel if you need the order, you ought to take it."

Mr. Magdiel turned away brusquely. "All right, Morris," he said, "I'll make elbows for you."

There were three unhappy men in the office now. Wes stood about feeling a vague glumness, and Mr. Siegel and Mr. Magdiel discussed sizes, quantities, prices, and deliveries and exuded the same glumness. While Mr. Siegel put on his coat, Mr. Magdiel sat at his desk muttering, ostensibly over the notations he had made for his clerical department but actually over fate.

Mr. Siegel winked at Wes. "What did I tell you about Moses?" he said. "You come in here to give him a nine-thousand-dollar order and you walk out feeling you have insulted God, or something."

It did feel that way, Wes had to admit. He hadn't thought of it before, but in some way Mr. Magdiel had made their act in bowing down to the market place seem a violation of the Old Testament injunction against bowing down to graven images.

Mr. Magdiel remained at his desk until Mr. Siegel left. Then he pushed aside his notations. "Come on," he said, "let's get the taste out."

He jumped up from his desk and walked out into the shop. He noticed the glum expression on Wes's face. "Don't feel bad about it," he said. "If you'd told me no, I'd have decided yes anyway."

"If you don't serve the market, you might as well go out of business."

"Who knows better than me?" cried Mr. Magdiel bitterly.

But Mr. Magdiel became a happy man again in his shop, and Wes became happy by his side. They went through the entire operation, stopping short only of the clerks, and Mr. Magdiel insisted on conducting Wes personally. His office and shop staff kept coming to him for decisions, but he refused to be bothered. "I'm out to lunch," he kept saying.

By five o'clock, Wes had grease on his shoes and under his fingernails, and oil spots on his clothes, and metal dust in his ears. He had been able to tell Mr. Magdiel something the old man did not know about a better oiling mechanism for milling machines to wash away the chips and lessen grooving and scoring, and when he reached the lobby of the Murray Hill Hotel he stopped and bought his wife a dozen roses.



# THE APRIL RAIN

*For Connie Guion*

by EDITH SITWELL

## BOY TO GIRL

“From the sly mocking innocence of the azure  
Where the amarylled stars are not yet breaking  
Out of their sapphire soil the air, a few raindrops are falling —

Shining and falling.

Such is our world, my love —  
A bright swift raindrop falling.

The sapphire dewdrops sing like a star; bird-breasted dew  
Lies like a bird and flies

In the singing wood and is blown by the bright air  
Upon your wood-wild April-soft long hair  
That seems the rising of spring constellations —  
Aldebaran, Procyon, Sirius  
And Cygnus who gave you all his bright swan-plumage. You —

Young Rainbow, risen from the spring, the sap and singing  
Of this old world — see the bright raindrops falling

On the blue flames of honey, water-drops of sapphire,  
The bluebells (the blue fires of deepest air.) \*

Such are the wisdoms of the world, — Heraclitus  
Who fell a-weeping and Democritus  
Who fell a-laughing, Pyrrho who arose  
From Nothing and ended in believing nothing, — fools,  
And falling soon:  
Only the April rain, my dear,  
Only the April rain!

Their fool-begotten wise despair  
Dies like the raindrop on the leaf, —  
Fading like young joy, old grief,  
And soon is gone —

Forgot by the brightness of the air.  
But still are your lips the warm heart of all springs —  
And all the lost Aprils of the world shine in your hair.”

\* “Why beat the bluebells down to find  
How fire and honey are combined?”  
— SACHEVERELL SITWELL





One of the best loved of American naturalists, DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE will be remembered for his essays on the Elm, the Maple, and the Beech — which later became chapters in his standard work on the trees of eastern North America. From Mr. Peattie's new book, *A Natural History of Western Trees*, to be published this month by Houghton Mifflin, we have drawn this portrait of one of the great sentinels of the Northwest.

## THE DOUGLAS FIR

by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

### 1

WHEN the immortal frigate *Constitution* first put to sea in the year 1798, she carried as masts three lofty White Pines felled in Maine. But when in 1925 these had to be removed, there was left no White Pine in all the eastern states tall enough to replace those glorious sticks. From the Northwest came, instead, three towering shafts of Douglas Fir, and these "Old Ironsides" bears in her decks today where she rides in honor at the dock of Boston Navy Yard.

Thus has White Pine fallen from first place among the timber trees of the continent; thus has Douglas Fir (which no American had ever seen or heard of when the keel of the *Constitution* was being laid) risen to the position of premier industrial tree of the world. For it was to this great western conifer that the lumber industry turned when, at the close of the last century, the end of virgin eastern White Pine was in sight. Luckily for them and us the noble species which took its fallen sister's place is quite as versatile in fulfilling a hundred vital uses and manifold as abundant.

And it is mightier in stature. Towering up to heights as great as 220 feet, with sometimes 100 feet of trunk clean of branches, arrow-straight, and with almost no taper below the crown discernible to the naked eye, an ancient Douglastree may be 17 feet in diameter. This tree is thus the tallest and most ponderous in North America, save only the two Sequoias. And except in their presence it is almost everywhere in its immense range the most majestic species, as it is commercially the most important.

One fourth of all the standing saw timber in the United States is Douglas Fir! In volume cut it surpasses any other one species. It occurs in every western state and in parts of Canada and Mexico. Its somber shape, its serrated crowns and sharp lance-point tips and long swaying boughs, become printed like a lasting eidolon on all our memories of the Pacific Northwest. And even deep in the desert

states of the Southwest we meet it again, on high peaks, with gratitude for its dim, cool groves after the glare and heat of the rocky wastes below.

The veriest beginner will have no difficulty in distinguishing a Douglastree in the field by its cones, for between their soft, broad scales are thrust out ribbon-shaped bracts that look like three-forked tongues. With experience one comes to recognize Douglastree in the field from almost as far as it can be seen, by subtle points and traits. The dense, compact crowns, the lusterless, dark blue-green of the foliage (relieved only for a few weeks by bright new growth), the darkly, deeply furrowed old boles, the mastlike stems, and the grand down-sweeping of the boughs, all go to make up the character of this species. But one feature there is which is peculiarly distinctive, and that is the way that numberless long slender twigs, clothed in a spiral of needles, hang vertically from the branches.

To see a growth of virgin Douglastree in all its venerable grandeur — for these trees may live 500 to 1000 years — perhaps the most impressive of easily accessible spots is on Grouse Mountain, which rises behind the fine seaport city of Vancouver in British Columbia. A highway takes you up in hawklike, soaring swoops, and from the excellent hostel at the road's end a footpath leads you directly up into the undisturbed and solemn stand where Douglastrees of towering height mingle with Hemlocks and Cedars only a little less tall.

It is very dim and cool under the close canopy; seldom does a sunbeam reach to the forest floor, where the mosses seem not to have been trodden since the Ice Age. And everywhere you look the great shafts of the Fir close up the aisles with their dark, deeply furrowed bark. From time to time the mountain wind goes seething through the high canopy above you, as if the whole forest were breathing as one ancient organism. And, if you are

still, you will hear a spirit voice. It seems to begin far away at the auditory horizon and to bound toward you — a “bump . . . bump . . . bump-adump” — as if some creature were knocking on the great Fir trunks. This is the call of the blue grouse, for which the mountain is named, and as each bird utters it the next one takes up the proclamation. So the sound approaches, passes right by you — for the nearest bird is probably right over your head in some grand Fir, close to the trunk — and goes bounding into the distance. Somehow the stentorian bird seems the very voice of this profound and aboriginal wilderness; and its cry, once heard, will be linked forever with your memory of Douglas-trees.

## 2

ONCE, presumably, the entire Northwest was more or less covered with wilderness like this. It marched right down to the shores in the days of 1792 when Archibald Menzies, a naturalist of the famous Vancouver expedition that explored the Puget Sound region, saw, first of European scientists, the “impenetrable stretches of Pinery,” among them the Douglastree that then bore no name. Menzies, who was also the first to collect specimens of the Coast Redwood and so many other great western trees, brought back herbarium specimens of the Douglas-tree, and on their basis Lambert, the leading English authority on conifers, published the new species — as a sort of Pine!

Then, when David Douglas reached the mouth of the Columbia in 1825, he saw from the deck of the ship “a species which may prove to be *P. taxifolia*” — the tree that was to be named for him and carry that name, in a hundred useful products, to the ends of the earth. Proceeding inland, Douglas began to measure some of the gigantic trunks of the tree he knew as *Pinus taxifolia*. The largest specimen he could find was 227 feet tall and 48 feet in circumference. He wished to collect seeds, but found trouble in procuring them from such lofty trees; his buckshot would not reach the cones so high overhead and his hatchet could not cut down such lusty giants. When he finally procured seeds, he set out on a race for the coast, knowing that the ship *Dryad* was soon to sail. Only a day was left him to pack his collections of a year, which included 125 pounds of seeds, but he got his cargo aboard in time, and from those seeds grew the first European trees of this forest monarch. Soon Douglas’s life would be cut short by a cruel death on the Hawaiian Islands, where he fell into a trap pit set for wild animals and was trampled to death by a bullock.

Douglas’s host, Dr. John McLoughlin, the celebrated Hudson’s Bay Company agent, in 1828 erected the first sawmill on our northwest coast and began the cutting of Fir. But it was not until the lumbering of eastern White Pine had laid waste the virgin growth of that species that the great days of

northwest logging really began, toward the close of the last century. Some firms came as a unit, bringing their lumberjacks with them; one old Maine firm transported its mills in sections around the Horn. Many bought up great blocks of forest from the railroads which had received them from the government as grants to compensate them for building transcontinental lines into country almost uninhabited. Other companies bought up large tracts from homesteaders, and in Oregon there was even a thriving business done by one government clerk in making false homestead entries which then went to lumber companies for a song; eventually he and some much bigger fish went to prison.

Indeed, lumbering in the Northwest in the early days was often a two-fisted business, in which one would say that neither the lumber barons (who came to be known as tyees) nor the lumberjacks had learned a thing from the wastage, the fires, the boom-and-bust days, and stump counties of eastern history. Nothing, that is, except greatly increased efficiency at whirlwind exploitation. But that was in a cruder age, in the days when labor troubles went to the shooting stage, when pirates on Puget Sound stole whole rafts of timber and secretly sawed up the logs after obliterating the brands (each legitimate company had its own, like cattle ranchers), when fires burned over forests the size of many a European principality, when the Forest Service was jeered at and obstructed, when saloon bars in the coast towns were a mile long and brothels were big as hotels. Those days are gone. Progressive companies now hire their own trained foresters and follow practical conservation. Well-located lumber towns have become permanent cities, with fine schools, churches, hospitals, parks. Employees are usually married, own their homes, eat the best of food, sleep in clean beds. Fire is fought like the Devil.

The geographical setting of the Douglas Fir industry shows why the Northwest was destined to become the lumber capital of the world. For that region is the tidewater country around Puget Sound, Georgia and Juan de Fuca Straits, and the lower Columbia and its big tributary the Willamette, occupying an extensive area in British Columbia, Vancouver Island, Washington State, and Oregon. The coming of transcontinental railroads and the Panama Canal made it possible to sell Fir to the eastern United States and even Europe.

More important still has been the lay of the land, much of it being level or nearly so, thus making transport from timber to mill inexpensive. The intricacies of Puget Sound, and the waters between Vancouver Island and mainland British Columbia, have made possible the movement of great log rafts, some of which have gone to sea as far as San Diego. The great harbors permit ocean-going vessels to dock right at the mill yards. The



small harbors have proved ideal for the location of a host of small mills (and at one time for sheltering the log pirates).

But most important of all has been the climate, with rainfall up to 100 inches a year and over, and a mild winter, permitting a long growing season. In very wet mild climates all trees grow swiftly and very densely, grow tall and mighty in bole, and tend to live long. But the inherent greatness of the Douglastree made it king in the northwest tidewater. Add to this one lucky fact: this king in size is also, by the physical properties of its wood, a timber tree of the very highest grade, with potentialities for multiple use in our complex civilization undreamed of by the first tyees who saw it.

### 3

FROM the beginning, the task of getting those giants out of the big woods has called upon all the skills, courage, and inventive genius gained by the fallers and buckers in a hundred years of experience with eastern Pine. Undercut notches as much as 5 feet deep are first chopped by these living Paul Bunyans. Then on the opposite side of the tree the long falling saws are started on Herculean work, with steel wedges driven in to keep the tons and tons of living wood from settling on the saws, until at last only a thin pivot between the undercut and the saw supports the fatally swaying monarch.

"Timber! Timber!" the fallers loudly warn everyone of danger," writes Frank F. Lamb, a veteran of northwest logging, in *Sagas of the Evergreens*, "and with a few final blows on wedges they withdraw their tools and place themselves on each side of the severed stump. With increasing velocity the top describes an arc, the trunk hinging on the uncut wood of the undercut and saw cut. Faster and faster, with mounting crescendo of sound through nearly five hundred feet of an arc, the top sweeps to the ground, shattering the smaller trees in its way and finding its resting place with a thud, roar and rush of wind that shakes the earth for hundreds of feet and sets all the other trees to swaying as though an earthquake had shaken the forest."

The next task is to get the big sticks out of the woods and here ingenuity and invention have made their greatest progress. First came the old skid roads, with logs laid on the ground to act as rollers, stretching from deep timber to the nearest splash dam or logging railhead, or even to the mill, with long strings of oxen dragging the giant sticks till the rollers smoked with the heat of friction and the air was blue with the oaths of the bullwhackers. But the arrival of the donkey engine to drag the logs by a steel cable wound on a great drum so speeded up the delivery of timber that it came too fast for the mills.

Then the mills grew so vast that a speed-up

(workmen call it high-balling) in log delivery was called for. This was met by the "high-lead," where logs shot along on cables slung high over the tops of the forest. This operation demanded a great spar on which to rig the pulleys and cables, and brought into existence the high-rigger, the most spectacular kind of logger ever known, a steeplejack of the big sticks who at some point 100 to 200 feet up the trunk saws off the top of a giant tree that is to act as a spar. Then a block weighing up to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tons is fixed near the top of the spar; through this will pass the cable. Rigging slingers then hook the steel chokers to the logs to be dragged to the foot of the spar tree. Chasers hook them to the main line; the flagman waves to the whistle punk who blows signals for starting, stopping, and backing-up by the donkey punchers at the engine's levers — and off sails a giant on its giddy course.

Today the donkey engine has grown into a giant powered by diesel, steam, or electricity. In its grip logs weighing 50 tons are moved like jackstraws; ropes of braided steel fly at a thousand feet a minute through the forest; in eight hours a single crew has been known to handle 10 million pounds of Fir.

The need of cutting areas where the merchantable timber is scattered has summoned from the farm and battlefield the track-laying tractor which tows the great logs from stump to dam or truck. Yet this 150-horsepower slave is under the control of one man, the cat-skinner, who can take his monster up steep grades, through deep mud, and among big rocks, pushing down trees 6 to 8 inches thick which obstruct his path, till he finds his way to the spot where the fallers are bringing down the giants.

Arrived at the mill, the logs are dumped by crane into a storage pond, then pulled by an endless chain to the head saw, a band of thin steel running over two large pulleys at the rate of 25 miles per hour. The approaching log is handled by a nigger which flips it over from one face to another to receive the shearing cut of the saw. Then the big cuts or cants of lumber have next to be cut into the desired precise dimensions. So they are raced over rollers and run onto a platform where they are slid sideways past a battery of circular saws. These can be raised or lowered by a man in a cage who plays upon a bank of keys like a skilled pianist. Finally the lumber, cut and dressed to order, green or seasoned, marked for grades by experts, is lifted by an automotive spider that runs out over the wood, straddles the piles with its wheeled legs, raises the lumber under its throbbing body, and bears it off like a predatory creature, to drop it right into waiting railroad car, or storage pile, or on a wharf or in the hold of a ship.

Out of this complex called a modern sawmill still come Fir timbers measuring up to 24 by 24 inches wide and thick and 100 feet long. And dimension timbers remain today of outsize im-

portance in the Fir business, just as they were when the Mormons, tradition says, cut trunks of huge Fir in the mountains and brought them down to Salt Lake City to arch over the roof of their great fane, the Tabernacle. Enormous Fir timbers and masses of solid wood are more than ever called for in structural beams and trusses for big buildings, docks, trestles, bridges, and spans, and for planks in the floors and ceilings of factories. Also, in the construction of reinforced concrete buildings there is a demand for wooden forms into which to pour the concrete. For this purpose Douglas Fir's superiority is recognized at home and in distant lands.

Taking the place of eastern White Pine, Douglas Fir is now a favorite with carpenters and architects for sills and posts, beams, floor and ceiling joists, roof rafters, floor boards, and studding, since the wood does not warp or pull its nails. Kiln-dried Fir makes a beautifully figured, easily finished interior woodwork, both in vertical and flat grain.

Thousands and thousands of miles of railroad track in the West are laid on Douglas Fir ties which can be cut from second-growth trees, since large dimensions are not needed. Beside the tracks march telegraph and telephone poles of whole Douglastrees. Fir makes, too, a hot firewood, inflammable even when green; the mills commonly sell off their slabs and waste for this purpose in the Northwest. The bark, once considered a total loss, is now ground up and variously treated to serve as a soil conditioner, an absorbent filler in plaster acoustical products, a substitute for the expensive and sometimes unobtainable natural cork, as soles for shoes, in radio recording for electrical transcriptions, and in patented inventions which have already passed 500 in number.

The most revolutionary thing that has happened in the field of structural wood is the rise of the plywood industry. The extremely thin wood is cut from the log by a rotary veneer knife which unrolls from the log a continuous sheet of wood, as one unrolls paper toweling. This is the veneer, which is then sliced by guillotine knives into the sizes desired. When the veneer is to be used structurally, as in the case of Douglas Fir, it is built up in layers (commonly 3-ply), each layer or ply lying with its grain at right angles to the pieces above and below. This gives a resistance to splitting such that nails and screws can be put in the very edge of plywood without any possibility that they can tear loose under strain, or that the wood will split.

Of course a bonding agent is required to unite the plies. This glue is even stronger than the wood, and new glues with special properties are appearing on the market. Glue and ply together form a structural system that can be extended to any length, bent into any shape. As a result, synthetic

structural timbers are now made of ply which even so titanic a tree as Douglas Fir could never produce in the forest. Great hangars and arches for enormous warehouses and halls are made of glue and wood almost as thin as paper which yet surpass steel in strength, lightness, and cheapness. Plywood has proved ideal, too, for the Navy's lifeboats, saving a ton of steel on each boat, and permitting it to float 7 inches higher out of water than its steel counterpart. Plywood also goes into coastal patrol and torpedo boats, into PT and assault and landing boats.

In the field of prefabricated housing, which has revolutionized the building business, plywood is the magic name, and Douglas Fir is in the lead for a dozen reasons. One of the least important of them economically, but esthetically pleasing, is the beauty of the grain; this is not destroyed by the veneer knives or lost in the bonding, but stands out, as vivid and handsome as that of Yellow Pine, in plywood paneling in your room.

Can even the great stands of a Douglas Fir withstand the demands made by the greatest of all lumber industries? It is said that in some thirty years one half of all the virgin Fir in Washington and Oregon has been lumbered, and in the neighborhood of railroads and highways it is all gone. Lands cut over by wasteful methods in early days have too often reverted for delinquent taxes to the counties — but as desolate stump lands from which even the hardest lumberjack or tyee averts his eyes. True that plywood may eventually take away some of the drain upon virgin timber, since trees of great dimensions are not needed for it, but that will happen when the profitable virgin growth is still scarcer, and will merely mean that second growth will be cut as fast as, or even before, it wholly matures.

On the bright side — and it is brighter than for almost any other important tree now being cut — there is the tremendous regenerative power of Douglastrees. They are fertile; they are vigorous; they are very fast-growing. These inherent qualities are favored by the abundant rainfall and the mild climate. We can count even now upon 4.7 billion board feet a year of renewed growth on cutovers in this country, if they are well managed. The lumbermen promise themselves an eventual increment of 7.4 billion feet annually. That will still be short of the present cut and loss, however, and there is no reason to think the present cut will not increase as our population and industrial civilization increase. But losses to fire could be reduced, and the most progressive lumber companies are now carefully managing their cutover lands and planting where planting is needed. They believe that they are already started on a cycle of balanced cut and regrowth which will keep them in business on their own present acreage forever.





E. E. CUMMINGS, the American poet and painter who holds the Charles Eliot Norton Chair at Harvard for the current year, began his first talk by saying: "Let me cordially warn you, at the opening of these so-called lectures, that I haven't the remotest intention of posing as a lecturer. Lecturing is presumably a form of teaching; and presumably a teacher is somebody who knows. I never did, and still don't, know. What has always fascinated me is not teaching, but learning; and I assure you that if the acceptance of a Charles Eliot Norton professorship hadn't rapidly entangled itself with the expectation of learning a very great deal, I should now be somewhere else." Mr. Cummings's six nonlectures, of which the Atlantic will publish two, are appearing in book form this autumn with the title *i*, under the imprint of the Harvard University Press.

## *i* & my parents' son

by E. E. CUMMINGS

YOU will perhaps pardon me, as a nonlecturer, if I begin my second nonlecture with an almost inconceivable assertion: I was born at home.

For the benefit of those of you who can't imagine what the word "home" implies, or what a home could possibly have been like, I should explain that the idea of home is the idea of privacy. But again — what is privacy? You probably never heard of it. Even supposing that (from time to time) walls exist around you, those walls are no longer walls; they are merest pseudosolidities, perpetually penetrated by the perfectly predatory collective organs of sight and sound. Any apartment somewhere which you may inhabit is always at the mercy of a ruthless and omnivorous everywhere. The notion of a house, as one single definite particular and unique place to come into, from the anywhereish and everywhereish world outside — that notion must strike you as fantastic. You have been brought up to believe that a house, or a universe, or a you, or any other object, is only seemingly solid: really (and you are realists, whom nobody and nothing can deceive) each seeming solidity is a collection of large holes — and, in the case of a house, the larger the holes the better; since the principal function of a modern house is to admit whatever might otherwise remain outside. You haven't the least or feeblest conception of being here, and now, and alone, and yourself. Why (you ask) should anyone want to be here, when (simply by pressing a button) anyone can be in fifty places at once? How could anyone want to be now, when anyone can go when-wherever all over creation at the twist of a knob? What could induce anyone to desire aloneness, when bil-

lions of soi-disant dollars are mercifully squandered by a good and great government lest anyone anywhere should ever for a single instant be alone? As for being yourself — why on earth should you be yourself; when instead of being yourself you can be a hundred, or a thousand, or a hundred thousand thousand, other people? The very thought of being oneself in an epoch of interchangeable selves must appear supremely ridiculous.

Fine and dandy: but, so far as I am concerned, poetry and every other art was and is and forever will be strictly and distinctly a question of individuality. If poetry were anything — like dropping an atom bomb — which anyone did, anyone could become a poet merely by doing the necessary anything; whatever that anything might or might not entail. But (as it happens) poetry is being, not doing. If you wish to follow, even at a distance, the poet's calling (and here, as always, I speak from my own totally biased and entirely personal point of view) you've got to come out of the measurable doing universe into the immeasurable house of being. I am quite aware that, wherever our so-called civilization has slithered, there's every reward and no punishment for unbeing. But if poetry is your goal, you've got to forget all about punishments and all about rewards and all about self-styled obligations and duties and responsibilities etcetera ad infinitum and remember one thing only: that it's you — nobody else — who determine your destiny and decide your fate. Nobody else can be alive for you; nor can you be alive for anybody else. Toms can be Dicks and Dicks can be Harrys, but none of them can ever be you. There's the artist's responsibility; and the most awful responsibility

on earth. If you can take it, take it — and be. If you can't, cheer up and go about other people's business; and do (or undo) till you drop.

My own home faced the Cambridge world as a finely and solidly constructed mansion, preceded by a large oval lawn and ringed with an imposing white-pine hedge. Just in front of the house itself stood two huge apple-trees; and faithfully, every spring, these giants lifted their worlds of fragrance toward the room where I breathed and dreamed. Under one window of this room flourished (in early summer) a garden of magnificent roses: the gift of my parents' dear friend "stubby" Child — who (I learned later) baptized me and who (I still later discovered) was the Child of English And Scottish Popular Ballads. As a baby, I sported a white sweater; on which my mother had embroidered a red H, for Harvard.

Our nearest neighbour, dwelling (at a decent distance) behind us, was Roland Thaxter; primarily the father of my loveliest playmate and ultimately the professor of cryptogamic botany. To our right, on Irving Street, occurred professors James and Royce and Warren; to our left, on Scott Street, transpired professor of economics Taussig. Somewhat back of the Taussig house happened professor Lanman — "known and loved throughout India" as my mother would say, with a pensive smile. She had been slightly astonished by an incident which embellished her official introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Lanman: the celebrated sanscrit scholar having, it seems, seized his would-be interlocutor's hand, yanked her aside, and violently whispered "do you see anything peculiar about my wife?" — then (without giving my mother time to reply) "she has new shoes on" professor Lanman hissed "and they hurt her!" I myself experienced astonishment when first witnessing a spectacle which frequently thereafter repeated itself at professor Royce's gate. He came rolling peacefully forth, attained the sidewalk, and was about to turn right and wander up Irving, when Mrs. Royce shot out of the house with a piercing cry "Josie! Josie!" waving something stringlike in her dexter fist. Mr. Royce politely paused, allowing his spouse to catch up with him; he then shut both eyes, while she snapped around his collar a narrow necktie possessing a permanent bow; his eyes thereupon opened, he bowed, she smiled, he advanced, she retired, and the scene was over. As for professor Taussig, he had a cocker spaniel named Hamlet; and the Taussig family always put Hamlet out when they played their pianola — no doubt the first law of economics — but Hamlet's hearing was excellent, and he yodelled heartrendingly as long as the Hungarian Rhapsody persisted. Genial professor Warren's beautiful wife (whose own beautiful name was Salome Machado) sometimes came to call on my maternal grandmother; and Salome always brought her guitar. I remember sitting

spellbound on our upstairs porch among apple-blossoms, one heavenly spring afternoon, adoring the quick slim fingers of Salome Machado's exquisite left hand — and I further remember how, as Salome sang and played, a scarlet tanager alighted in the blossoms; and listened, and disappeared.

One of the many wonderful things about a home is that it can be as lively as you please without ever becoming public. The big Cambridge house was in this respect, as in all other respects, a true home. Although I could be entirely alone when I wished, a varied social life awaited me whenever aloneness palled. A father and mother — later, a sister — two successive grandmothers and an aunt (all three of whom sang, or played the piano, or did both, extremely well) and one uncle, plus three or four hearty and jovial servants, were at my almost unlimited disposal. The servants — and this strikes me as a more than important point — very naturally enjoyed serving: for they were not ignobly irresponsible impersons, they were not shamelessly overpaid and mercilessly manipulated anonymities, they were not pampered and impotent particles of a greedy and joyless collective obscenity. In brief: they were not slaves. Actually, these good and faithful servants (of whom I speak) were precisely everything which no slave can ever be — they were alive; they were loved and loving human beings. From them, a perfect ignoramus could and did learn what any unworld will never begin to begin to so much as suspect: that slavery, and the only slavery, is service without love.

After myself and my father and mother, I loved most dearly my mother's brother George. He was by profession a lawyer, by inclination a bon vivant, and by nature a joyous human being. When this joyous human being wasn't toiling in his office, or hobnobbing with so-called swells at the Brookline country club, he always became my playfellow. No more innocently goodhearted soul ever kissed the world goodnight; but when it came to literature, bloodthirsty was nothing to him. And (speaking of bloodthirstiness) I here devoutly thank a beneficent Providence for allowing me to live my childhood and my boyhood and even my youth without ever once glimpsing that typical item of an era of at least penultimate confusion — the uncomic nonbook. No paltry supermen, no shadowy space-cadets, no trifling hyperjunglequeens and pantless pantherwomen insulted my virginal imagination. I read or was read, at an early age, the most immemorial myths, the wildest wild animal stories, lots of Scott and quantities of Dickens (including the immortal Pickwick Papers), Robinson Crusoe and The Swiss Family Robinson, Gulliver's Travels, Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea, poetry galore, The Holy Bible, and The Arabian Nights. One city winter I floated through chivalry with Mallory and Froissart; the following



country summer — we had by then acquired a farm — I dressed as a Red Indian, slept in a teepee, and almost punctured our best Jersey cow with a random arrow; in emulation of the rightful inhabitants of my wrongful native land.

A gruesome history of the Tower of London had been conscientiously compiled by a prominent British prelate, endowed with what would now be termed sadistic trends; and suddenly this fearful opus burgeoned in our midst. Every night after dinner, if George were on deck, he would rub his hands and wink magnificently in my direction and call to my maiden aunt "Jane, let's have some ruddy gore!" whereupon Jane would protestingly join us in the parlour; and George would stealthily produce the opus; and she would blushfully read; and I would cling to the sofa in exquisite terror. We also read — for sheer relaxation — Lorna Doone (with whom I fell sublimely in love) and Treasure Island (as a result of which, the blind pirate Pew followed me upstairs for weeks; while for months, if not years, onelegged John Silver stood just behind me as my trembling fingers fumbled the electric light chain).

Out of Brookline's already mentioned country club, I readily conjured a gorgeous and dangerous play-world: somewhat resembling the three ring circus of the five Ringling brothers; and dedicated by dashing gentlemen to fair ladies and fine horses and other entrancing symbols of luxurious living. George had not been born into this fashionable cosmos, but he loved it so much that he learned to smoke cigars: and if he hadn't learned anything, the cosmos would certainly have welcomed him for his own abundant self's sake. His own abundant self wrote *vers de société*; which he recited at orgies or banquets — I was never sure which — but also, for my benefit, *chez lui*. And no sooner had George discovered my liking for verse than he presented me with an inestimable treasure entitled *The Rhymester* — opening which totally unostentatious masterpiece, I entered my third poetic period.

Poetic period number one had been nothing if not individualistic; as two almost infantile couplets, combining fearless expression with keen observation, amply testify. The first of these primeval authenticities passionately exclaims

O, the pretty birdie, O;  
with his little toe, toe, toe!

while the second mercilessly avers

there was a little farder  
and he made his mudder harder

— but, alas! a moribund mental cloud soon obscured my vital psychic sky. The one and only thing which mattered about any poem (so ran my

second poetic period's credo) was what the poem said; its so-called meaning. A good poem was a poem which did good, and a bad poem was a poem which didn't: Julia Ward Howe's *Battle Hymn Of The Republic* being a good poem because it helped free the slaves. Armed with this ethical immutability, I composed canticles of comfort on behalf of the griefstricken relatives of persons recently deceased: I implored healthy Christians to assist poor-whites afflicted with *The Curse Of The Worm* (short for hookworm); and I exhorted right-minded patriots to abstain from dangerous fireworks on the 4th of July. Thus it will be seen that, by the year 1900, one growing American boy had reached exactly that stage of "intellectual development" beyond which every ungrowing Marxist adult of today is strictly forbidden, on pain of physical disappearance, ever to pass.

The Rhymester diverted my eager energies from what to how: from substance to structure. I learned that there are all kinds of intriguing verse-forms, chiefly French; and that each of these forms can and does exist in and of itself, apart from the use to which you or I may not or may put it. A *rondel* is a *rondel*, irrespective of any idea which it may be said to embody; and whatever a *ballade* may be about, it is always a *ballade* — never a *villanelle* or a *rondeau*. With this welcome revelation, the mental cloud aforesaid ignominiously dissolved; and my psychic sky joyfully reappeared, more vital even than before.

One ever memorable day, our ex-substantialist (deep in structural meditation) met head-on professor Royce; who was rolling peacefully home from a lecture. "Estlin" his courteous and gentle voice hazarded "I understand that you write poetry." I blushed. "Are you perhaps" he inquired, regarding a particular leaf of a particular tree "acquainted with the sonnets of Dante Gabriel Rossetti?" I blushed a different blush and shook an ignorant head. "Have you a moment?" he shyly suggested, less than half looking at me; and just perceptibly appended "I rather imagine you might enjoy them." Shortly thereafter, sage and ignoramus were sitting opposite each other in a diminutive study (marvellously smelling of tobacco and cluttered with student notebooks of a menacing bluish shade) — the ignoramus listening, enthralled; the sage intoning, lovingly and beautifully, his favorite poems. And very possibly (although I don't, as usual, know) that is the reason — or more likely the unreason — I've been writing sonnets ever since.

En route to a university whose name begins with H, our unhero attended four Cambridge schools: the first, private — where everybody was extraordinarily kind; and where (in addition to learning nothing) I burst into tears and nosebleeds — the other three, public; where I flourished like the wicked and learned what the wicked learn, and

where almost nobody cared about somebody else. Two figures emerge from this almost: a Miss Maria Baldwin and a Mr. Cecil Derry. Miss Baldwin, the dark lady mentioned in my first nonlecture (and a lady if ever a lady existed) was blessed with a delicious voice, charming manners, and a deep understanding of children. Never did any semi-divine dictator more gracefully and easily rule a more unruly and less graceful populace. Her very presence emanated an honour and a glory: the honour of spiritual freedom — no mere freedom from — and the glory of being, not (like most extant mortals) really undead, but actually alive. From her I marvellingly learned that the truest power is gentleness. Concerning Mr. Derry, let me say only that he was (and for me will always remain) one of those blessing and blessed spirits who deserve the name of teacher: predicates who are utterly in love with their subject; and who, because they would gladly die for it, are living for it gladly. From him I learned (and am still learning) that gladness is next to godliness. He taught me Greek.

This may be as apt a moment as any to state that in the world of my boyhood — long, long ago; before time was space and Oedipus was a complex and religion was the opiate of the people and pigeons had learned to play pingpong — social stratification not merely existed but luxuriated. All women were not, as now, ladies; a gentleman was a gentleman; and a mucker (as the professorial denizens of Irving and Scott streets knew full well: since their lofty fragment of Cambridge almost adjoined plebeian Somerville) was a mucker. Being myself a professor's (and later a clergyman's) son, I had every so-called reason to accept these conventional distinctions without cavil; yet for some unreason I didn't. The more implacably a virtuous Cambridge drew me toward what might have been her bosom, the more sure I felt that soi-disant respectability comprised nearly everything which I couldn't respect, and the more eagerly I explored sinful Somerville. But while sinful Somerville certainly possessed a bosom (in fact, bosoms) she also possessed fists which hit below the belt and arms which threw snowballs containing small rocks. Little by little and bruise by teacup, my doubly disillusioned spirit made an awe-inspiring discovery; which (on more than several occasions) has prevented me from wholly misunderstanding so-called humanity: the discovery, namely, that all groups, gangs, and collectivities — no matter how apparently disparate — are fundamentally alike; and that what makes any world go round is not the trivial difference between a Somerville and a Cambridge, but the immeasurable difference between either of them and individuality. Whether this discovery is valid for you, I can't pretend to say: but I can and do say, without pretending, that it's true for me — inasmuch as I've found (and am still finding) authentic individuals in the

most varied environments conceivable. Nor will anything ever persuade me that, by turning Somerville into Cambridge or Cambridge into Somerville or both into neither, anybody can make an even slightly better world. Better worlds (I suggest) are born, not made; and their birthdays are the birthdays of individuals. Let us pray always for individuals; never for worlds. "He who would do good to another" cries the poet and painter William Blake "must do it in Minute Particulars" — and probably many of you are familiar with this greatly pitying line. But I'll wager that not three of you could quote me the line which follows it

General Good is the plea of the scoundrel,  
hypocrite, & flatterer

for that deeply terrible line spells the doom of all unworlds; whatever their slogans and their strategies, whoever their heroes or their villains.

Only a butterfly's glide from my home began a mythical domain of semi-wilderness; separating cerebral Cambridge and orchidaceous Somerville. Deep in this magical realm of Between stood a palace, containing Harvard University's far-famed Charles Eliot Norton: and lowly folk, who were neither professors nor professors' children, had nicknamed the district Norton's Woods. Here, as a very little child, I first encountered that mystery who is Nature; here my enormous smallness entered Her illimitable being; and here someone actually infinite or impossible alive — someone who might almost (but not quite) have been myself — wonderingly wandered the mortally immortal complexities of Her beyond imagining imagination

o sweet spontaneous  
earth how often have  
the  
doting

fingers of  
prurient philosophers pinched  
and  
poked

thee  
,has the naughty thumb  
of science prodded  
thy

beauty .how  
often have religions taken  
thee upon their scraggy knees  
squeezing and

buffeting thee that thou mightest conceive  
gods  
(but  
true



to the incomparable  
couch of death thy  
rhythmic  
lover

thou answerest

them only with

spring)

—later, this beyond imagining imagination revealed a not believably mountaining ocean, at Lynn; and, in New Hampshire, oceaning miraculously mountains. But the wonder of my first meeting with Herself is with me now; and also with me is the coming (obedient to Her each resurrection) of a roguish and resistless More Than Someone: Whom my deepest selves unfailingly recognized, though His disguise protected him from all the world

in Just-  
spring when the world is mud-  
luscious the little  
lame balloonman

whistles far and wee

and eddyandbill come  
running from marbles and  
piracies and it's  
spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful

the queer  
old balloonman whistles  
far and wee  
and bettyandisbel come dancing

from hop-scotch and jump-rope and

it's  
spring  
and  
the  
goat-footed

balloonMan whistles  
far  
and  
wee<sup>1</sup>

this Turbulent Individual Incognito must have rendered his disciple even less law-abiding than usual; for I vividly remember being chased (with

two charming little girls) out of the tallest and thickest of several palatial lilac-bushes: our pursuer being a frantic scarecrow-demon masquerading as my good friend Bernard Magrath, professor Charles Eliot Norton's gifted coachman. But why not? Then it was spring; and in spring anything may happen.

Absolutely anything.

In honour of which truth (and in recognition of the fact that, as recent events have shown, almost anything can happen in November) let me now present, without so-called criticism or comment, five springtime celebrations which I love even more than if they were my own — first, a poem by Thomas Nashe; second, the opening of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*; third, a chorus from *Atalanta* in *Calydon* by Swinburne; fourth, a rondel by Charles d'Orléans; and finally, a song by Shakespeare. Item: if these celebrations don't sing (instead of speaking) for themselves, please blame me; not them.

\* \* \*

Spring, the sweete spring, is the yeres pleasant King,  
Then bloomes eche thing, then maydes daunce in a ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds doe sing,  
Cuckow, jugge, jugge, puwe, towittawoo.

The Palme and May make countrey houses gay,  
Lambs friske and play, the Shepherds pype all day,  
And we heare aye birds tune this merry lay,  
Cuckow, jugge, jugge, puwe, towittawoo.

The fields breathe sweete, the dayzies kisse our feete,  
Young lovers meete, old wives a-sunning sit:  
In every streete, these tunes our ears doe greete,  
Cuckow, jugge, jugge, puwe, towittawoo.  
Spring, the sweete spring.

\* \* \*

Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote  
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,  
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,  
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;  
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth  
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth  
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne  
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,  
And smale fowles maken melodye,  
That slepen al the night with open yē;  
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages):  
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages  
(And palmers for to seken straunge strondes)  
To ferne halwes, countie in sondry londes;  
And specially, from every shires ende  
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,  
The holy blisful martir for to seke,  
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

<sup>1</sup>“o sweet spontaneous” and “in Just-” from *Collected Poems*, copyright 1923, 1951, by E. E. Cummings

\* \* \*

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,  
 The mother of months in meadow and plain  
 Fills the shadows and windy places  
 With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;  
 And the brown bright nightingale amorous  
 Is half assuaged for Itylus,  
 For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,  
 The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,  
 Maiden most perfect, lady of light,  
 With a noise of winds and many rivers,  
 With a clamour of waters, and with might;  
 Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,  
 Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;  
 For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,  
 Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,  
 Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?  
 O, that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,  
 Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!  
 For the stars and the winds are unto her  
 As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;  
 For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,  
 And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,  
 And all the season of snows and sins;  
 The days dividing lover and lover,  
 The light that loses, the night that wins;  
 And time remembered is grief forgotten,  
 And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,  
 And in green underwood and cover  
 Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flowers of rushes,  
 Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,  
 The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes  
 From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;  
 And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,  
 And the oat is heard above the lyre,  
 And the hooped heel of a satyr crushes  
 The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,  
 Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,  
 Follows with dancing and fills with delight  
 The Maenad and the Bassarid;  
 And soft as lips that laugh and hide  
 The laughing leaves of the trees divide,  
 And screen from seeing and leave to sight  
 The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair  
 Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;  
 The wild vine slipping down leaves bare  
 Her bright breast shortening into sighs,  
 The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,  
 But the berried ivy catches and cleaves  
 To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare  
 The wolf that follows, the faun that flies.

\* \* \*

Le temps a laissé son manteau  
 De vent, de froidure et de pluie,  
 Et s'est vestu de brouderie  
 De soleil luisant cler et beau.

Il n'y a beste ne oyseau  
 Qu'en son jargon ne chante ou crie;  
 Le temps a laissé son manteau  
 De vent, de froidure et de pluie.

Rivière, fontaine et ruisseau  
 Portent, en livrée jolie,  
 Gouttes d'argen d'or faverie;  
 Chacun s'abille de nouveau;  
 Le temps a laissé son manteau  
 De vent, de froidure et de pluie.

\* \* \*

It was a lover and his lass,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 That o'er the green corn-field did pass  
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 These pretty country folk would lie,  
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 How that a life was but a flower  
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 For love is crowned with the prime  
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.





*Reverse English is a precise term in billiards but harder to define when applied to writing. It is what the wilier writer achieves when he disparages a proposition by praising it — for the wrong reasons — or when he endorses it by a bogus attack. An exacting form, its practitioners are few, and foremost among them is H. F. ELLIS, distinguished not only as Literary Editor of Punch, but also for his book The Vexations of A. J. Wentworth, the self-satisfied memoirs of a bonehead British schoolmaster.*

## THE IMPERFECT FOREIGNERS

by H. F. ELLIS

THE British, who are the nicest people on earth, do not take it greatly to heart when their way of life is misunderstood and disparaged by Frenchmen, Italians, Chinese, or other races indigenous to Europe, Asia, Africa, or South America. Such people are admitted to be peculiar and prone to fall into error; they are born so, as Mrs. Gamp well said, and will please themselves.

Towards citizens of the United States, however, we British are unwilling to extend the same indulgence. Criticism from that quarter wounds us deeply. This is not merely because, unlike the innuendoes of the Argentines and the Greeks, it tends to be written, or spoken, in a language we readily understand, but because we have a feeling of kinship with Americans and think they ought to know better. It grieves us to see a people whose judgment we should like, despite every discouragement, to respect falling a prey to ridiculous misconceptions about us.

The use of that word "kinship," for instance, will probably inflame the Middle West, which labors under the extraordinary delusion that the British regard the American nation as a collection of renegade Englishmen who made a mistake in the heat of the moment some two hundred years ago and have not yet brought themselves to admit it. The British have long ceased to take their hopeful view of America. As far back as 1943, when considerable numbers of U.S. troops began to arrive in Britain, it became clear that Americans were not English at all. Their headgear alone betrayed them. Their names had in many cases a distinctly outlandish ring. Their military police would not have looked out of place in Monaco. And these impressions have been, if anything, strengthened by our scarcely less numerous (and equally welcome) post-war visitors from across the Atlantic. The habit of cleaning old paintbrushes on one's tie strikes us as exotic and un-

English; so does the wearing of knee-length jackets; and so also, in particular, does a certain masterful, not to say peremptory, manner of addressing the drivers of taxicabs. One way and another it is now freely admitted over here that Americans are irretrievably foreign.

Still, the feeling of kinship persists. Americans, if one may put it so, are not yet very *good* at being foreigners. They keep slipping back into normality. One's attention is constantly being distracted from the absurdity of the shoes, or from the word "Alabama" embroidered in green wool across the chest, by the utterance of some remark so sound, so rational, so instinct with good sense and moderation, that it might almost have been made by an Englishman. Even a crew cut can be forgotten when its owner is illustrating a golf story with a quotation from Shakespeare or Kipling. So, with the best will in the world, we find it impossible to rank Americans as Class I Aliens. We cannot put them in the same bin as Mexicans or Turks. This may be exasperating for Chicagoans and others, but it is so.

For these and kindred reasons, then, we have singled out the United States as a country whose good opinion we value. It is a unique distinction, and the people of that great Republic must shoulder their responsibility in the matter and try to do better. The following short list of some of their grosser misconceptions may help them to make a start.

### GROSS AMERICAN MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT BRITAIN

*That the British are down and out.* Washington Irving started this rumor. John Bull, he wrote, "has of late become as shrivelled and shrunk as a frost-bitten apple. His scarlet gold-laced waistcoat, which bellied out so bravely in those prosperous days when he sailed before the wind, now hangs loosely about him like a mainsail in a calm. . . .

Instead of strutting about, as formerly, with his three-cornered hat on one side; flourishing his cudgel, and bringing it down every moment with a hearty thump upon the ground . . . he now goes about whistling thoughtfully to himself, with his head drooping down, his cudgel tucked under his arm, and his hands thrust to the bottom of his breeches pockets, which are evidently empty."

This was written in the early part of the nineteenth century, and must have made Queen Victoria whistle thoughtfully to herself at intervals. It is still as true as the day it was written.

W. Irving also wrote: "He is a little fond of playing the magnifico abroad." H'm.

*That their beer is flat, warm, and sour.* On the contrary, our beer is still, bitter, and served with the chill off. The reason we drink it like that is that that is the way it should be drunk. There is a stuff called lager which is of so insubstantial a nature that the addition of bubbles of gas to it makes little difference one way or the other, and so tasteless that it can be iced without serious damage. But we don't drink lager. We drink beer.

Allied with these misleading stories about our beer is the theory that the inns or "pubs" in which it is supplied are so quaint that you smack your head against the lintel every time you go in or out. The truth is that our inns are comparatively safe places to walk about in. Many of them have been rebuilt and are now as clean, commodious, and inviting as schools or hospitals. To be certain of smacking your head you must try a sweetshop in a really remote village.

*That a sweetshop in a remote village in England is perilous in the extreme.* This is not so. There are far more dangerous sweetshops in remote villages in Wales and Scotland. The door in these places, in addition to having a lintel low enough to take the top of your head clean off, opens inwards onto a step-down in pitch darkness. Very small men may escape the first obstacle, but the oubliette can hardly fail to trap them. Still, even here there are consolations. As the door is opened an ingenious contrivance goes *ting-a-ling-a-ling*, so that the visitor, as he crashes to the floor, has the sensation of being saved by the bell at the end of the round. What is more, he will have plenty of time to pick himself up and brush himself down before anyone appears to attend to him. Visitors must learn to count their blessings.

*That the British are unsociable, standoffish, and inclined to spend their time behind high hedges drinking tea in a self-satisfied way.* This is all on a par with the vile falsehood about our not talking in trains — a calumny so baseless that it jerks me willy-nilly into the first person.

On an April morning, a year or two ago, I caught the 4.10 A.M. train from Glenwood Springs, heading for Denver on the Royal Gorge route. At 10.26 A.M. the man next me in the coach, an American if

ever there was one, said, "Stops here for ten minutes," and got out. This was his first remark in a journey not altogether devoid of interest. We had come 200 miles through some of the finest scenery in the Rocky Mountains; we had climbed from 5758 feet at Glenwood to 10,221 at Tennessee Pass, and snaked and looped our way down again to 5500; we had seen the dawn break in a cloudless sky, gilding the high peaks (if the expression has not been used before) with an unearthly radiance; we had passed places with names as evocative as Eagle River Canyon, Cotopaxi, and Texas Creek. We might have seen a grizzly, I dare say, if we had known where to look. He had nothing to say to any of it.

It is true that the earlier part of the trip was at a time of day unsuited to garrulity. It is also true that I was not at the man's side throughout, for I made a number of trips to the observation car (or, if you will, Vista Dome) and also left him to get a shave and later on to have breakfast. But, as against that, I tripped over his feet, going and coming back, on every occasion, so that it would be idle for him to pretend that he was asleep. And I maintain that, had our positions been reversed, had it been *my* country that was unfolding its beauty and grandeur to a foreigner's eyes, I should have broken the ice by 8 A.M. at latest with a courteous "See that?" or a "Rather jolly over there!" As things were, of course, I could say nothing until he spoke to me.

The legend of British unsociability has grown up largely because our journeys are so short. Southampton to London, a route familiar to Americans, takes a bare two hours — hardly time to light a pipe, get the carriage window down, and frame an opening sentence about the advisability of getting it up again, before Waterloo (a station, by the way, whose attractions Americans are apt to underrate) looms up round the bend. If visitors from overseas would make a point of taking the morning train for Inverness (10.20 from Euston, but check up at the station), they would find us all talking quite unaffectedly a long way this side of the Scottish border.

As for the complaint of high hedges, I don't see the point of it. The hedges were quite low when they were put in, and have grown up in the course of time. We drink tea behind them because that is where our houses are. And if any American wants to know why we drink tea rather than coffee he had better come over here and find out.

*That the British think that whatever they do is right, and that anyone who takes a different view is mad, misguided, or just hopelessly foreign.* I should have thought I had dealt with this one, by inference, already. But it may be worth emphasizing that we welcome criticism, from whatever quarter, provided it is deserved. It is not our fault if the points on which other countries choose to attack us are just those on which we happen to be unassailable. We are by no means purblind to our defects.

That we are overgenerous, too inclined to think the best of others, prone to shoulder burdens that tax our strength too highly — these are counts in the indictment to which we should unhesitatingly admit. But no one has the sense to bring them up against us.

#### TRIFLING BRITISH MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT AMERICA

Someone will ask, at about this point, whether there are not some aspects of American life about which the British, in their turn, are misinformed. The answer is, perhaps, yes. But it must be said at once that, whereas American misconceptions about Britain are the fault of Americans, British misconceptions about America are also the fault of Americans.

The truth of this proposition, long apparent in this country, may not be immediately acceptable to American readers. But consider. American citizens come over here in surprisingly large numbers and observe us in our own home surroundings; their knowledge is firsthand, and they have only their own faulty observation to thank for the astonishing errors into which they fall. The British, on the other hand, being unable (for reasons into which W. Irving would not scruple to enter) to visit the United States in person, must take their ideas of American life and manners from films and books purporting to represent them. If then they are mistaken in believing that all doors in the States are thirty feet high, all policemen corrupt, and all fruit trees perpetually covered in blossom, is it not clear where the blame for this state of affairs must lie?

These, however, are minor matters. A far more serious misconception, directly attributable to Hollywood, haunted my own mind for years, until a fortunate trip to New York killed it stone dead in a night. It concerned the management of saloons.

These, so far as my observation went, were of two types. There was the long shiny saloon, empty until it was entered by a man who had just been dismissed by his newspaper or rejected by his girl, or in extreme cases both. This citizen called for whisky, indicated by abrupt gestures that the bottle was to be left at his elbow, and continued to drink its contents with marked desperation until he fell to the floor in a fit or was led away by Spencer Tracy. No money passed in either case. The second, or Western, type of saloon was full enough, goodness knows, but you could reckon that within half an hour of opening time every bottle in the place would be

broken, most of the legs would be off the tables, and somebody would have gone backwards through the door without troubling to open it. These things worried me. I did not see, on the data available to me, how the American saloon business could possibly be on a sound financial basis. But no sooner had I got to New York, asked for a whisky, and been told the price of it than my worries were at an end. Breakages and incidentals were covered.

#### BASIC DIFFERENCES

I dare say, given space and time, I could dig up a number of other personal misconceptions that vanished like wood smoke in the clear, hard light of the American scene. But it may be more profitable to set down what, after half a lifetime spent in Britain and three weeks in the States, I have noted as the *basic differences* between our two peoples. All other assumed differences may, for all practical purposes, be taken to be misconceptions.

*Americans swing their shoulders when they walk, letting the hands hang loosely with the fingers extended. The British swing their arms, with the fingers curled up.* (Note: This refers only to men. I did not, owing to a natural shyness, make any observations of the way American women walk. This may point to another basic difference between us, but I do not press the matter.)

*Americans, when taking their ease, lean back against the walls of buildings or other suitable vertical surfaces, with their hands in their trouser pockets. The British, in similar circumstances, lean forwards, with their arms resting on the top of gates.* (This may be due to the fact that England has, on the whole, more gates per head of population.)

*Americans, when showing their country to foreigners, take a detached view. They do not, possibly owing to its great size, seem to feel personally responsible for everything that goes on in it. The British are incapable of detachment and feel the keenest proprietorial interest in anything they have to show.* (For this reason, an American is able, without boastfulness, to detail the height, weight, and cost of the Rockefeller Building. The Englishman, entering Westminster Abbey, cannot without immodesty rise above a "Not a bad old building"; he has a sneaking conviction he put the thing up himself.)

This concludes my list of basic differences. I draw no conclusions from them — save to observe that none of them seems to me sufficiently fundamental to exclude the possibility of a genuine Anglo-American accord.





In his eighty-seventh year, George Santayana, the poet and philosopher, brought to completion his last major work, *Dominations and Powers*, a manuscript on which he had been working ever since Hitler turned Europe into an armed camp. Santayana found sanctuary in the Convent of the Blue Nuns in Rome; and here after the liberation of Italy he was joined by Daniel Cory, an American scholar who since 1930 had been serving first as his secretary and then as his confidant. Mr. Cory, now Santayana's literary executor, describes the philosopher's reappraisal of his own work, which occupied him in the months before his death.

## SANTAYANA'S LAST YEAR

by DANIEL CORY

### I

IN the autumn of 1951, when I returned to Rome to pass the winter as usual with Santayana, I found my old friend a bit disgruntled. Not that he was dissatisfied with the reception of his last big work — *Dominations and Powers*: he had always been more or less indifferent to the public fate of his books. Santayana had become a little morose because he felt that his long literary labors were at last over, and that there was really nothing left for him to do except die. Above all, his rapidly failing eyesight dismayed him. A cataract had formed completely over one eye, and it was only with the aid of a magnifying glass that he managed to read or write.

"For the first time in my life, Cory," he said, "I am in mortal danger of being bored. Now that you are here again for the winter, perhaps you can help to cheer me up with conversation. I have been thinking about my predicament — a not unusual one for a man of nearly eighty-eight — and if I go completely blind, I shall try to entertain myself as best I can by translating Latin or French or Spanish poems I know by heart."

I don't remember what I said by way of consolation, but Santayana smiled and lifted his cup of tea slowly to his mouth with both hands. There was no doubt about it: he was really old and feeble. He still toyed at odd moments with the idea of writing another short satirical book, to be called *The Mistakes of Philosophy*. As in the case of the monumental *Dominations and Powers*, he had from time to time put to one side fragments of composition that did not fit into the immediate work in hand. And some of these had been ripe reflections on the history of philosophy — just where and when, for instance, it had turned off the royal road of wisdom and got bogged down in some bypath of narrow speculation. But it was painfully obvious

to me (and I think to him also except for scattered moments of enthusiasm) that he was unequal to such a task. The "synthetic unity of apperception," to use Kant's famous term, was failing: a paragraph might come, stamped with the old authority; a letter to a friend; perhaps even a short essay — but hardly a new book on philosophy.

Then suddenly a solution of his predicament arrived by post. John Hall Wheelock of Scribner's had written Santayana asking him if he would consider the possibility of a new and abridged one-volume edition of *The Life of Reason*.

"It must not only be abridged," Santayana told me at once, "but *revised* as well. Take that word 'mechanical,' for example, that I use so frequently in *The Life of Reason*. It suggests that I believe the world is composed of a lot of little wheels and springs like an enormous Swiss watch. I may be a materialist, but I hope I am not as naïve as all that."

Santayana welcomed an opportunity to revise what many critics consider is his *chef d'œuvre*, and he felt that a discreet condensation of the five volumes might make the work more congenial to the mind (and purse) of the young student. After all, an enthusiast could always find the original volumes in a public library. Here in the late evening of life was a final opportunity to settle old accounts — to purify once and for all the sustaining wine of reason. The ominous cloud of boredom lifted from the horizon, and a fresh wind of interest quickened the furrowed soil of his brain.

In my mind's eye I can see that frail shell of a body, clad in an old brown dressing-gown, sitting in an armchair with a rug across his knees. In one hand a Triton volume of his work (the print is larger in this de luxe edition), and in the other the magnifying glass to assist the sight of the one good

eye. A large red crayon lies handy on the desk beside him to mark boldly the amputations in the body of reason. And there were numerous revisions of text in the spacious margins, and even new footnotes scrawled with that wavering red crayon.

An old man remembers most vividly the psychological climate of his early years. "How optimistic in tone these books now seem to me," Santayana remarked. "And how glib and cheeky in places! When I was a student, and then a teacher at Harvard around the turn of the century, my friends and I really thought that we had settled everything. We were sure, under the influence of Darwin, that science had come at last to displace religion. Of course we were wrong. Science is only a side development. It is far from being the whole story."

There are many passages in *The Life of Reason* which confirm this observation on the climate of opinion some sixty-odd years ago in America. Take the following, for example, from the opening page of the last volume, *Reason in Science*:—

Religion and art have had their day; indeed a part of the faith they usually inspire is to believe that they have long ago revealed their secret. . . . Science, on the contrary, which apparently cannot exist where intellectual freedom is denied, has flourished only twice in recorded times. . . . Its fruits have scarcely begun to appear; the lands it is discovering have not yet been circumnavigated, and there is no telling what its ultimate influence will be on human practice and feeling.

No telling indeed, my old friend! The hen of science not only lays a golden egg, but an atom bomb. The work on *The Life of Reason* continued, and by the New Year he was already on volume three. About this time Santayana began to have serious trouble with his digestion; he would have spells of nausea and vomiting every evening that lasted until after midnight. It was put down to intestinal catarrh, and a strict diet was recommended by the physician. This seemed to alleviate the condition for the time being.

"Let them patch me up as best they can," Santayana said. "It can't be much longer anyway—and then I hope for a sudden collapse."

As always, spring came early to Rome. The air was suddenly balmy, overcoats were discarded, and people began to sit outside the cafés in the noonday. Santayana seemed to pick up a bit. He would open his French window wide and step out on the balcony for a while each day.

In due course Santayana's work was finished. He had pruned the five volumes as best he could, and the faithful red crayon was in action until the last chapter of *Reason in Science*. He was not entirely satisfied with his efforts at revision; but he had tried hard to dispel those early mists of idealism from the realistic body of his philosophy, and to make clear to the reader that our *idea* of a natural world can never be *that world itself*. Science might

reveal the mathematical skeleton of things, but the bulk of human experience is incorrigibly poetical, and only remotely representative of its actual conditions. In particular, he was dissatisfied with the conception of Truth in *The Life of Reason*.

"I did not realize then," he confessed to me, "that the shadow of Truth covers the future as well as the past and present."

But I am afraid that this is not the only difficulty. In these early books Truth seems to be a sort of universe of meaning subsisting in the "motionless ether." The ghost of Idealism cannot be exorcised for good from *The Life of Reason*.

As Santayana's health was certainly better, with the approach of June it was decided that I should return to England.

"Come back as usual in September," Santayana told me. "I shall probably get through the summer, but die sometime next winter. And in that case I should like you to be with me."

## 2

NO SOONER had I settled down on the south coast of Sussex for the summer, when one morning, returning from a round of golf, I was informed at my hotel that there had been a long-distance telephone call from Rome. No message had been left, except that I was to be telephoned again at two o'clock. I feared the worst, and waited until the call came through. It was from the Little Company of Mary. One of the sisters told me that Santayana had had a bad fall a few days previously. After apparently recovering from the shock of the accident, he had suddenly developed pneumonia.

"I will come as soon as possible," I promised her.

I telephoned the British Overseas Airways in London, and by a stroke of luck there had been a cancellation on a Comet leaving for South Africa via Rome that evening. I booked in at a hotel on the Via Nazionale, caught a few hours' sleep, and then took a taxi to the nursing home at about nine o'clock the next morning.

My friend did not recognize me at once when I went into his room, but mumbled something in Italian, thinking I was one of the hospital staff. I sat down by the bed and asked him how he was feeling.

"Why Cory," he finally murmured, "I told them not to send for you unless I was dying."

After holding my hand for a few moments Santayana began to tell me slowly what had happened. His Spanish passport was due to be extended, and having always been most punctilious about such matters, he had decided that he was well enough to go as usual to the Consulate in the Via Campo Marzio. He had been very careful over everything. He had hired the hospital taxi for the trip into the city; he had succeeded in mounting the stone stairs that led to the Consulate on the first floor; the

officials had been very considerate and rushed through the necessary formalities. All went well until he had only three or four more steps to take on his return to the street. And then, although his hand was on the banister, a sudden black-out occurred. He pitched heavily forward to one side, his head struck against the iron railings, and he landed in a heap at the foot of the stairs.

"But my animal psyche," Santayana went on, "attempted to reassert itself. With blood all over the side of my head, I nevertheless almost succeeded in struggling to my feet. But the effort proved too much for me, and I collapsed again on the floor."

The next thing he remembered was coming to in his room in the nursing home, with a crowd of people around him. Someone must have found him on the stone floor and informed the Consulate, for the officials had taken him home in a taxi. Santayana said that they had been very sympathetic and that "no charge had been made for the trip."

"I think they appreciated," he added, "that I always made this little effort to confirm my nationality. Perhaps it would have been a good way to die, but it appears that I am on the mend again."

The X-ray pictures disclosed that three small ribs had been broken in his left side, but fortunately the large hipbone was undamaged. And the picture also revealed that he had two pneumonia patches on his lungs. For about five days he remained in bed, but before long he was back in his armchair again and ready for work.

### 3

WHILE lying in bed Santayana had made his plans for the summer. A young friend, George Salerno of the United Press, had given him a book of poems by Lorenzo de' Medici. And among the poems, Santayana had found one called *Ambra* that had moved him profoundly. After reading it many times he had decided to translate it during the summer. It is a lovely pastoral poem about a river-god, Ombron, who falls in love with an innocent dryad named Ambra. The river-god pursues her with great passion, but at the moment of capture, the dryad appeals to Diana for help, and is transformed into a granite statue on a little islet in the river. Ombron is overcome with sorrow and shame at his abortive efforts to embrace the dryad.

As there are forty-eight stanzas in the original poem, the reader can appreciate that it was not exactly a light task that Santayana set himself for the summer. And the elaborate Italian rhyme scheme, which he insisted on adhering to in the less melodious English language, added to his difficulties.

"Now that I am set for the summer," Santayana told me, "you can return to Bexhill and your good wife. And I hope you will succeed in reducing your golf handicap."

From time to time during the summer I heard from Santayana. They were short letters with little notes about the progress he was making in the translation of *Ambra*. Then sometime in August I received a letter that really shocked me. The handwriting was not only wavering (which I expected) but all awry. And someone else — presumably one of the Sisters — had addressed the envelope. I made out that his eyesight had taken a serious turn for the worse, but that the oculist, in consultation with Dr. Sabbatucci, had decided that he was too feeble to undergo an operation for the removal of the cataract.

"As long as I can see to get around my room," Santayana wrote, "I can manage for a while yet. I must have strained my good eye in translating *Ambra*."

But that was not all. A bad recurrence of the digestive disorder had set in, and even the most simple diet did not cure the persistent attacks. He managed to write me a check to defray the expenses of my return to Rome, and I started to pack for my third trip to Italy in a space of twelve months. As bad luck would have it, an infected tooth held me up for a time, and instead of arriving on the 1st of September as I intended, it was the 10th of the month before I put down in the Eternal City.

When I went out to see him the next day, one of the Sisters warned me that I would notice a great change in him. And she was not exaggerating. In the semidarkness of the curtained room, I found the huddled shell of my old friend in bed. It was difficult to tell whether or not he was asleep, but after a while there was a movement.

"I'm here, Santayana," I said.

He raised two thin withered hands to his head and tried to focus his eyes on me. Then he mumbled something in Italian.

"It's Cory, I'm here," I repeated.

It was several moments before the truth of the actual situation dawned upon him.

"Is it really you at last?" he said feebly. "I must have been dreaming. You can't imagine how ill I am."

I leaned forward to catch the small voice that began to tell me, at first in a random sort of way, then gradually more coherently, the pathetic story of the last two or three weeks. I gathered that he had become almost desperate. The inability to retain any food except a sip or two of boiled milk, and the impossibility of reading anything but the bold headlines of a newspaper, had broken him down completely. He felt utterly abandoned. Food and literature, the fuel of the body and the nourishment of the spirit, had been denied him for the first time in his life. And he was mystified as to the true cause of his condition.

"My doctor seems unable to help me," he complained. "He just sits here and holds my hand."



As soon as I left the room I went to see Dr. Sabbatucci at his home and asked him, "What is really the matter with the Professor?" There was a long pause and then he replied: "It is cancer of the stomach." He made a gesture of despair. "Poor man. He can't live much longer."

When I visited Santayana next day he had managed to get from his bed to the divan, but even this effort had exhausted him. In the slanting light of the late afternoon, I was horrified to see his actual condition. His skin was a dark yellow — like that of a person suffering from acute jaundice. He complained of shooting pains, violent and sustained nausea, and above all, of terrible nightmares. "At times I can't distinguish the dream from the reality," he said. "You must tell me if you find me wandering. I am extremely weak from the want of food."

Day by day he grew weaker and weaker. Frequently I would find him asleep, or under the influence of an injection of morphine. But there were a few lucid intervals in the sad gray grimness of waiting for the final release.

One afternoon, about five days before he died, I found him awake and for the moment free from pain. I urged him not to talk if it would tire him, but he said there were a few things he would like to remind me of while there was still time.

"There is, on the one hand," he began, "the natural world which can be partially traced by science with its methods of controlled observation. But there is also the other world — the mosaic of the imagination — which I personally like best. The important thing to remember, however, is not to *drown* yourself in either of these worlds. They are both essential for any philosophy *digne de son nom*.

"Always bear in mind," Santayana continued, "that my naturalism does not exclude religion; on the contrary, it allows for it. I mean that religion is the natural reaction of the imagination when confronted by the difficulties of a truculent world. It is always local and mythical — despite what people like Aldous Huxley may say — and it is *morally true*. People really believe in their native myths. But no doubt you will find all this much better expressed in *Reason in Religion*."

I told Santayana that I had heard Russell recently on the radio in London, and that in speaking of Alfred North Whitehead, Russell had remarked that the latter always "yearned for unity."

Santayana shook his head.

"What I have all my life yearned for is not unity, but completion. If I see a circle half-drawn, I yearn to complete it. And now my only remaining wish is to live to complete the translation of *Ambra*."

If we consider for a moment this passion for completion, I think we will agree that it is in perfect accord with a general principle of all Santayana's moral philosophy. He desired above all that everything, be it a plant, or an animal, or a

human being, or a nation, should fulfill or complete its own inherent potentiality. And in this he was very Hellenic in spirit. What saddened him was the inevitable spectacle of some budding power being blighted by an alien domination. If only the life of reason could become a mastering ideal in the hearts of the responsible administrators of the affairs of this world, then we might all enjoy that variety and development of culture which is surely the true goal of civilized society.

Our conversation turned, at his instigation, to the subject of death.

"What comes before or after does not matter," he said, "and this is especially true when one is dying. It is so easy for me now to see things under the form of eternity — and especially that little fragment called my life."

We went on to try to define more exactly the nature of death. "How about 'the peace that passeth all understanding'?" I asked.

After a moment or two, he again shook his head in the manner I knew so well. "No, that's no good either. If it passeth all understanding, it's simply nothing. I have no faith in any blind cosmic feeling of peace."

There was a long pause, and he lay quiet with his eyes closed as if ready for sleep.

"Let's not discuss it any more, my friend," he finally said. "It's impossible to define in words. I prefer to be frankly poetical and say I am content to rest on the bosom of Abraham."

There was something so wonderful about his voice that I broke down completely and sobbed like a child. I took his hand and pressed it hard against my lips. Santayana was quite moved by my distress. I pulled myself together and apologized for being so sentimental.

"Not at all," he replied, "it means a great deal to me. It shows that there is a fundamental sympathy between us."

How he survived the last few days baffled the doctor and all the nurses. He had absolutely nothing to eat or drink. I only spoke to him once again, two days before the end. I had been sitting silently by his bed, when suddenly he started to move and groan as if in pain. Leaning forward over him I asked him if he were suffering. I repeated the question several times before my voice penetrated the encircling gloom of consciousness. Then in a voice so small that it seemed to come from a long distance, he replied: —

"Yes, my friend. But my anguish is entirely physical; there are no moral difficulties whatsoever."

Two days later the telephone in my hotel room awoke me at seven o'clock in the morning. It was from the hospital. "Professor Santayana died last night," one of the Sisters told me.

The burial took place on the 30th of September in the *Tomba degli Spagnuoli* in La Verano.



# Books and Men



With the publication of *The Flowering of New England*, VAN WYCK

BROOKS, critic and biographer, embarked upon his magnum opus, a study of American authors from 1815 to 1915. The big trilogy was completed in 1951, and Mr. Brooks then turned his thoughts to contemporary writers and to the New Criticism, which sometimes illuminates and sometimes obscures our understanding. The essay which follows is drawn from his new book, *The Writer in America*, to be published by Dutton this month.

## BEYOND ADOLESCENCE

by VAN WYCK BROOKS

### I

Is the literature of this country ripe for the world position that has been thrust upon it, largely because of the exhaustion of the European peoples? No one questions the immense vitality, the fertility, the force of the American mind in literature as in other departments of life, but is it not still, on the whole, confused and as far from equal to this world role as the foreign policy of the nation has proved to be? Does not our literature reflect, just like our foreign policy, a national mind that has not yet crystallized, that has not reached an equipoise and cannot put forth its full strength but remains, with its intelligence and buoyancy, still immature? Gertrude Stein, an astute observer, said of the American soldiers who appeared in France in 1945 that a great change had come over them since the First World War, for they had lost their provinciality, they were sure of themselves as they listened and talked, accustomed to many human types and ways of living. A somewhat similar change perhaps has come over American writers — the great new twentieth century citizen army that is no less marked in literature than it is in the field — but are they not rather collectively than individually more mature, though the nation has been rapidly and obviously coming of age?

It has often been said that our literature is a literature of boys. Many of our classics have survived as classics for boys, or one might better say that Cooper, Irving, Longfellow, Dana, the author of *Two Years Before the Mast*, have largely survived as classics for adolescents. T. S. Eliot has plausibly found a lack in Poe of the maturity that "comes only with the maturing of the man as a whole," and certain it is that, like Mark Twain in quite another way, Poe is preëminently a writer for adolescents. Was there not something of the boy-philosopher in William James, moreover, the philosopher who was once asked to be "serious for a moment"? — and is this not even one of James's charms? — while many writers of more recent

years have suggested overgrown exuberant boys, John Reed, for one, the "playboy of the Russian revolution." Jack London played outlaw and pirate to the end of his life, and Sherwood Anderson's adolescent gropings were matched by those of Thomas Wolfe, a writer of genius who never quite grew up. Then there was Vachel Lindsay, adolescent from first to last, and Mencken, who has so often suggested "Peck's Bad Boy." What has been said of our civilization, that it was always beginning again, at the same level, on each new frontier, might perhaps be said of our literature also. It is always beginning again as adolescent.

True, or half true, as this is, there might be nothing regrettable in it if writers, remaining "young," remained buoyant and vital, as E. E. Cummings remains buoyant and vital, the poet who has retained for thirty years the freshness, the gaiety, the wonder, the curiosity of youth. For the rest, the youthfulness of the American mind, its adventurousness and zest, has been the great gift of America to the older countries, and one might ask why America should not remain adolescent — is not a high-spirited boy better than a tired old man? But good as the traits of youth may be, it is not good to be immature when this means the arrested development that is common with our writers, when "incompleteness" and "truncation," as Irving Howe says, have been "so pervasive" in our culture. Mr. Howe, writing on Sherwood Anderson, observes, as many have observed before, that "the early achievement of American writers" is "seldom enlarged in maturity," while he dwells on the "bewilderment" and the "disappointment" of Anderson himself when Thomas Wolfe brutally told him that he was "finished." This has been for thirty years almost a commonplace of American critics, who have said that, with us, the abortive career is the rule, that something happens to American writers, that their talents fizzle out, that "there are no second acts in American lives."

How many writers have realized themselves that they were "prematurely cracked, like an old plate," as Scott Fitzgerald put it? As the young writer says in Saroyan's *The Assyrian and Other Stories*, "Exuberance did the trick, but now it doesn't. . . . It did the trick for Thomas Wolfe, as long as he lived, and for a lot of others too, but exuberance seems to stop when a man gets past his middle thirties, or the man himself stops." Saroyan is saying of the American writer what Mrs. Lightfoot Lee said in Henry Adams's novel long ago, "You grow six inches high and then you stop. Why will not somebody grow to be a tree and cast a shadow?" In *Green Hills of Africa*, Hemingway said much the same thing: "Something happens to our good writers at a certain age." Hemingway added, "We do not have great writers. . . . We destroy them in certain ways."

But is it true that "we" destroy them? Is not this a fallacy which has also become a commonplace of American critics? I cannot feel as I used to feel when I wrote *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*, that writers fail because of external conditions, because "we" or their wives and their friends destroy them, or editors, or publishers, or the pressure of the world they live in, or public opinion. It is largely an illusion that writers "fall" to Hollywood or Broadway as women who stooped to folly were once said to fall; for is this not often, at least, with writers, a question rather of finding their natural level? No, serious writers seldom fall, at least in any significant sense, nor can it be said properly that "we" destroy them, although without doubt they are destroyed because they are thwarted as writers, even to the point where they lose the will to live. That there is a talent which is "death to hide," which, hidden, or balked, or undeveloped, brings on death, innumerable writers have shown in America, as elsewhere. Was not Jack London's suicide plainly a result of this frustration, like Vachel Lindsay's suicide, like Hart Crane's later? — as, ordered to stop drinking, Scott Fitzgerald drank all the more, said one of his friends, because he did not "wish to get well."

## 2

BUT what are we asking for? Do we Americans expect too much when "normally," as Sainte-Beuve remarked, "fifteen years constitute a literary career"? Is it not known that under the best conditions many writers are nervously exhausted in the middle of their lives? Have not defeat, disease, disappointment, and early death characterized the lives of writers in all times and countries? The literary temperament is prone to the stresses and strains that have made the "calamities of authors" a byword; yet the complaints of so many Americans can scarcely be ignored, nor can the evidence of so many American lives.

That American talent fails to mature in countless cases we all know; and if this is not because "we" destroy it, what can be the reason unless that the talent is destroyed by the writers themselves? That this is the case, in fact, Hemingway says in another of his stories, referring to the young writer in *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*: "He had destroyed his talent himself. Why should he blame this woman because she kept him well? He had destroyed his talent by not using it, by betrayals of himself and what he believed in, by drinking so much that he blunted the edge of his perceptions, by laziness, by sloth and by snobbery, by pride and by prejudice, by hook and by crook. It was a talent all right but instead of using it he had traded on it." There are surely plenty of reasons here to explain the "truncation" of American talents in this or that or the other of a hundred cases, and they all boil down to a generalization of another remark of Scott Fitzgerald's: "I had been only a mediocre caretaker of my talent."

True or not in Fitzgerald's case, this is surely true in scores of others, and inevitably it leads one to the question, What is a *good* caretaker of one's talent? The biblical parable of the talents, referring to money, is equally germane in this other connection, the psychological problem of the writer's life.

This is one of the weightier matters that critics have ignored in their recent preoccupation with the mint and cummin, the grammatical and rhetorical minutiae of literary texts, concerned as they are with form alone, with "the letter that giveth life" — T. S. Eliot's reversal of the words of the gospel. For have not the new critics devoted to craftsmanship so much zeal that they have had none to spare for other questions? How many writers' conferences, how many summer schools, how many classes, how many books and magazines dwell each year, with fanatical concentration, on the "form" of writing, never diverting a moment's thought from the question, How to write well, to the question, How to live well to be a writer? Who ever speaks of the kind of life that writers should lead to become great writers or the way to use their energy to develop their powers? Who considers what taking good care of one's talent means? Who thinks of maturity as desirable or worthy of study? The cult of youth that has dominated writers since even before the First World War, from Edna Millay to Hemingway and Fitzgerald, has filled them with a fear of growing old that almost precludes at the outset any regard for the uses of growing up. Concerned with literary technique alone, oblivious of what might be called the more important technique of literary living, they are apt to end with the feeling of Fitzgerald in *The Crack-up* — the "feeling that I was standing at twilight on a deserted range, with an empty rifle in my hands and the targets down."



Now in this connection I have referred to Scott Fitzgerald so many times that I must add a further word about him. How far can one say that he failed as a writer when he dramatized his failure and expressed his predicament in such fine images and phrases? Certainly Fitzgerald made more of his life than all but a handful in his time, so that he has left behind a brilliant legend, though one feels that he retained the point of view of the spell-bound boy who could say, "The very rich are different from us."

One has only to compare Turgenev's *Smoke* with Fitzgerald's *Tender Is the Night* — and these two novels are comparable in many respects — to see how Turgenev took "the very rich" in his stride and judged them from the mature man's point of view. He cleared the decks at once of any "romantic awe" of the rich — Hemingway's phrase for Fitzgerald — and got down to the basic realities at the very outset; whereas Fitzgerald never cleared the decks, for the dazzling outside was enough for him. It was nothing to Turgenev that his people had *savoir faire*, along with the "repose" that Fitzgerald valued so highly, and, taking all this for granted, he was able to judge them in the light of essential human values. But for Fitzgerald these *were* the dominant values, like the "fabulous style" in which his people traveled, with their servants, their dogs, their trappings and their luggage; so he had no standard by which to affirm that wishing to "have a good time," the sole life-aim of his people, was adolescent. Fitzgerald remained the college boy who could refer, in a story, to "a fading but still lovely woman of twenty-seven," and what he felt as the betrayal of his gift was undoubtedly a sense that, for some reason, he had not grown up.

## 3

WHAT is growing up? What does growth mean in a man who is a writer? Is this not a question of the art of literary living? When I was the literary editor of *The Freeman*, thirty years ago, there was a French writer, Jules Bois, living in New York, who used to come into my office to discuss a book he proposed to write and publish perhaps as a serial in our weekly paper. His subject and his title were suggested by *The Imitation of Christ*, which he always carried about in his pocket with him, and Jules Bois hoped to parallel this *vade mecum* of the Christian life with a manual of the literary life for the guidance of writers. In planning *The Imitation of Goethe* he felt that this greatest of Germans had known, and possibly better than anyone else, how a writer can best coin the metal that is in him, how he should live in order to make the best use of all his powers, how meet, for this purpose, the various contingencies of life. Where should a writer live, what people should he choose

to know, how should he travel, how read, how divide his hours, how regulate his habits, his appetites, his interests, his passions? While Jules Bois was well aware that writers can scarcely be classified, that they are more individualized than other types, he knew they had certain characteristics and needs in common, and, aware as well of the powerful role that emulation plays in life, he felt that Goethe might serve them in a way as a model.

That book Jules Bois never wrote, but when, along with all the world, I discovered Albert Schweitzer, I found that in a sense this great man had written it for him. For Schweitzer related how he had imitated Goethe, finding in him a model on many occasions. Having doubts himself about studying medicine, he had seen how Goethe allowed Wilhelm Meister to become a surgeon and how Goethe too, for peremptory reasons, abandoned other work to return to the natural sciences at a certain moment. Schweitzer, obliged to labor at accounts when his mind was full of other plans, was able to remember Goethe spending hours straightening out the finances of a small German state; while, as a young man, he had been struck by Goethe's account in the *Harzreise* of a journey he had made through November mist and rain. Goethe had visited with "suitable help" a minister's son who was in "spiritual difficulties," and thereafter, when Schweitzer had to undertake some irksome task, he would say to himself, "There is a *Harzreise* for you." He had found Goethe haunted by anxiety about justice, and when he himself was reduced to despair in Africa, he could think of Goethe's last plan for Faust, to win back land from the sea on which men might live. Then, remembering the vigorous eager way in which Goethe shared the life of his age in its thought and its activity alike, Schweitzer felt standing beside him in the forest this "man who really understood" and who had so often been his model.

It is true enough that Schweitzer is a writer of a special type, apparently as remote as possible from Scott Fitzgerald; but, if not a great writer, he is a great man writing, and humanly mature, as Goethe was. Goethe's life, besides, had other aspects in which other types can find their own tendencies corroborated and, if need be, corrected. He has in fact served as a model for many writers. For is not the instinct of emulation one of the strongest in imaginative minds and perhaps the most powerful force in a writer's education? Everyone remembers how, as a boy, Alexander Pope dreamed of seeing Dryden, whom at last he saw and whom he regarded as poetry in a bodily form. And Dostoevsky's first act on visiting St. Petersburg, still a boy, was to seek out Pushkin's old chambers and the site of his duel. Dostoevsky would have put on mourning at the news of Pushkin's death if he had not been wearing it already for his mother, expressing the mood of hero-worship that writers naturally feel in

their youth and that springs from their need of models to shape their careers.

Our age has had small faith in heroes because it has seen so many false heroes, the Hitlers and Mussolinis who have been tribal idols, and it inherits, moreover, the mood of the "debunkers." But has not William Carlos Williams said that the "example" of Henri Fabre has "always stood beside" him "as a measure and a rule"? "It has made me quiet," Williams says, "and induced in me a patient industry and . . . a long-range contentment"; and was it not partly Fabre's example that "behooved" him to "be at one's superlative best" and to "work single-mindedly for the task"? That hero-worship still exists, although it is not recognized and operates behind a screen, one can see in the deep South, where Faulkner's example and presence have given birth to a whole school of writers. For we must have models in our minds to discipline ourselves, images of the kind of perfection we wish to attain, and writers have always attested that these models are necessary to serve them as pace-makers and criteria for their development and growth. The only question for a given writer is to have the models that are best *for him*, that will forward his own particular development and growth.

#### 4

**I**F AMERICAN writers fail to develop; if, so often, they fail to grow, is not this therefore a question that one ought to examine? Have these writers lacked models, or have they followed the wrong models, and in any case what is the reason for it? When, speaking of William James, whom he did not consider a true philosopher, Santayana suggested that, in his youth, James had never seen a philosopher "whom he would have cared to resemble," this writer was rash perhaps on two accounts. For, in the first place, James was undoubtedly a true philosopher, and moreover he had seen Emerson, whom he admired immensely. But how right is this point of Santayana's in other connections. How many living American writers have grown up in a world that afforded no hint of a model for their emulation, so that in their youth they never saw a writer whom they would have "cared to resemble" and scarcely heard of one in their country or their region? And was it not natural that, driven abroad for their models, they should sometimes have followed models who were not good *for them*?

But what is a "good" model? Does one mean a good man in the sense of the old Chinese painter, "If one's moral character is not high, one's art will correspondingly lack style"? Milton corroborated this when he said that a writer "ought himself to be a true poem" if he "wishes to write well . . . in laudable things"; and of what was Gauguin thinking when he said, "With the masters I converse. Their example fortifies me. When I am tempted to

falter I blush before them"? Was he not referring to personal nobility also, or at least to the "conscience" and "patience" that Rodin described as the two fundamental traits of the life of an artist? But if this were taken to mean that the writer must be a good man in the ordinary sense, that his nature must be harmonious, it would be far too simple, for there must be, as Æ said, all manner of contraries in a writer's nature to intensify the interaction of his faculties and parts.

I remember an eminent English critic saying to me once, "Have you noticed that the best men are sometimes the worst writers and that sometimes the best writers are the worst men?" I had noticed this indeed, though it never made me happy, as it seems to make those who believe in "salvation by sin." How often one is obliged to notice it! Was not Cicero, unquestionably great as a writer, in his personal nature a double-dealer, treacherous, unscrupulous, a braggart, a coward, and a liar, as his latest editor proves from the evidence of his letters, and in how many writers has one found the kind of disruption and conflict out of which have sprung great works of the imagination? For there must be darkness in literature as well as light, descents into hell as well as paradises, a fact we are not likely to forget at a time when Rimbaud and Baudelaire have played so large a part in the minds of writers. At this time when life itself has seemed the "dark dream" of which Rimbaud wrote, it is natural that these two poets have been so magnetic and that Rimbaud has been the idol of literary youth all over the world, the voice of its impatience with the past and its impulse of destruction. He was a great virtuoso at a moment when virtuosity seemed more important than ever to the literary mind, one of the word-revolutionists whose verbal and technical innovations outrivaled those of Pound later and possibly Joyce. He too had descended into hell like millions in a war-sick world, like thousands of sensitive minds who shared his disillusion with the standards of a civilization that was wrecking the world and who found in him both a prophet and a brother, another "man who really understood."

Thus Rimbaud became a model for the twentieth century literary mind as Goethe had been universally a century before, and for much the same reason, odd as it seems, because the main object of both these poets had been to develop their faculties to the highest degree. For to become a seer was Rimbaud's aim in all he did, and this had been the aim of Goethe also, while the intensity with which both pursued it explained their power over other minds, irrespective of all the immeasurable differences between them. Both had followed models before they were models themselves in turn, and Rimbaud's special model was Baudelaire, who had said it was through dreaming that man entered into communication with the rich dark world that surrounds him.

It was to see in this dark world that Rimbaud used all known means to induce in himself the state of perpetual dreaming, and he supposed he was following his master in depraving himself deliberately by what he called the "derangement of all the senses." He believed that one could not become a seer without transcending the old conceptions of humanity, of good and evil, and in order to make his work as an artist his sole and only virtue he consciously sought what he called "monstrosity of soul." But this was not only remote from Goethe's conception of becoming a seer, it was equally remote from Baudelaire's, for Rimbaud had never seen the letters in which, by implication, Baudelaire passionately repudiated just this notion. Far from approving of what, to him, were weaknesses and vices, he described his horrified struggles to cast them off, regarding the taking of drugs, which he tried, as no less immoral than suicide, and rejecting the "artificial paradises" to which they led. Not to be willing to accept what he described as the conditions of life was to betray one's soul, Baudelaire said, and he would have been the first to add that, as a model, Rimbaud was good only for the "devil's party." For he did not wish to belong to this party himself.

## 5

THERE are excellent authorities for those who feel that one *should* go to the devil if one's deepest convictions and impulses lead that way, and Rimbaud possessed, as a writer, the "conscience" and even the "patience," perhaps, that made him a good model from Rodin's point of view. But, in this connection, a further question arises. What is the nature of the disciple who follows the model? For, in any given case, a model must be *congruous* before it can be described as a good model, one that is not discordant with one's own personal aptitudes, one's mental conformation and essential aims.

This is the question that involves so many American writers and the models they have followed mistakenly so many times. It seems obvious that, for one, Hart Crane was mistaken in following Rimbaud when he wished to write a great poem in the tradition of Walt Whitman. Yvor Winters, writing on Crane, suggests that he followed the model, or followed at least the counsel, of Whitman himself, saying that the doctrines of Whitman, and Emerson, if really put into practice, would naturally lead a man to suicide. What we appear to have, says Winters, is "a poet of great genius who ruined his life and his talent by living and writing as the two greatest religious leaders of our nation recommend," for did they not say that men should cultivate all their impulses, and what, in the end, could be more suicidal than this?

But when one thinks of Emerson, with all his checks and balances, and of Whitman's "clear sun shining" and "fresh air blowing," one feels com-

pelled to look for another explanation — for who ever committed suicide by following these? — and was not Rimbaud "constantly" in Hart Crane's mind during the months when, as Philip Horton says, he was planning *The Bridge*? Whom was he following when, as this biographer observes, he cultivated "on principle" homosexuality and alcoholism, "cultivated them assiduously," though he did not enjoy his descent into hell and felt that he was really a martyr to it? That Crane actually "adopted" Rimbaud's "method" of living, with the same object in view, Brom Weber says, in his more recent biography of Crane — although Rimbaud despised all the ideas that Crane was trying to realize, the Whitmanian ideas he was endeavoring to embody in *The Bridge*. Did not Rimbaud wish to "sell" democracy "if anyone would take it"? No poets were ever more antithetic in everything they had to say than Rimbaud, with his disgust for the "human pigs," for "justice, republics and peoples . . . *périssez!* . . . *passiez!*" and Whitman, whose whole aim was to celebrate these; and could there have been a more fatal conflict for a man who wished to sing the "Bridge" — the "American myth" — of which Whitman "flung the span"?

Add to this that some of Crane's friends distrusted his plan for *The Bridge* partly because they themselves disliked Walt Whitman and one has what Brom Weber calls the "death wish" that was "strong within him because of his inability to defend his belief." In the face of those whom Brom Weber describes as his "intellectual and artistic mentors," who "drove" Hart Crane into a corner, he tried to "delude himself . . . with desperate hope . . . into thinking that it was he who had faith in the future." Inevitably, since faith in the future was of the essence of his theme, the poem fell apart into fragments before it was finished. How could Hart Crane have completed *The Bridge* in the spirit in which he conceived it; and how, for that matter, could he have continued to live?

Now I have only dwelt so long on the case of Rimbaud and Hart Crane because it is emblematic of many other cases in which Americans, unsure of themselves and unsure of their tradition, have literally followed strange gods to their own undoing. It is obvious that Hart Crane, in order to carry out his great theme, should have lived deeply in harmony with the *whole context* of his theme, should have turned a deaf ear to disbelievers in Whitman's ideas and gone his own way in defiance of the current fashion. Even following Rimbaud's wish to "invent a new poetic language" that would be "accessible to all the senses" involved him, as Philip Horton says, in a serious conflict, and how many other American writers have been bewildered in a similar way by models who were essentially hostile to their own deepest aims. Half aware of a tradition of their own, as Hart Crane was, and prompted to write in the vein of this tradition, they were not





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aware of it sufficiently to withstand a fashion that opposed it in favor of totally different ideas. Too often, moreover, these ideas have had no connection with the writer's real nature or the social world he knows and in which he has been formed.

How far did Crane, for instance, understand the peculiar conditions that produced the peculiar reaction of Rimbaud's ideas? Certainly no more than Sherwood Anderson understood D. H. Lawrence's world when he lost himself, in a measure, following Lawrence. When Anderson said, "I had a world and it slipped away from me," did he know that it *might not* have slipped if he had realized the nature of his gift as a folk storyteller and rejected every influence that was incongruous with it? Was he not, in his naïveté, spoiled in a way when, losing the thread of this gift, he began to see himself as the self-conscious artist, bedazzled by the circle of Gertrude Stein and what Thomas Wolfe called the "fancy" Americans, the "aesthetic Americans" who become "more 'Flauberty' than Flaubert"? How often our writers seem to suggest the theme of Henry James, the betrayal of the "innocent" American by a "corrupt" old Europe, though the Europeans would be only too happy if Americans followed their natural bent instead of tagging blindly after them.

What this means is that American writers should not only know themselves but should know the deep world of feeling that lies behind them, a world that is really different from the European world and that has shaped the images which fill their minds. They should follow every influence that fortifies these, rejecting every influence that dissipates them, as they should know the laws of the literary life and see them in the light of their own tradition.

Not that they should read too much or follow American models alone — how much Sherwood Anderson might have profited if he had studied Chekhov! And it would be impossible for teachers of literature to present too wide a range of models from the literature of the world. But is it not best, since one must have models, to have them on one's own terms, models generally congruous with one's own conditions, who can illustrate the complex art of living as a writer and tell writers what they ought to know? These models can explain what Goethe meant when he said, "Spend not a moment's time with people to whom you do not belong and who do not belong to you," and they can show how far Virginia Woolf was right when she asked for "five hundred pounds a year and a room of one's own." They can show perhaps that the "life of pleasure" may be as "boring and painful" as it is to Aldous Huxley, who has found rewarding the "narrow way of domestic duty" and "intellectual labour."

Well, then, if it has this value, is not our tradition worth exploring to find whatever models exist in the past — that is to say, if we are able to reach the past over the war-scorched earth of the last few decades? For the world wars have disinherited innumerable sensitive American minds that have lost their sense alike of the past and the future; minds that have been conditioned, moreover, by their experience of war to a life that is not easily related to the life of our old writers. Even if there were no more wars it would take several decades for the agitated minds of the young writers of our day, accustomed to violence, excitement, and perpetual movement, to see that life as anything but tedious, insipid, flat, and dull. But how many good caretakers of their talents existed in that older world, in which the question of "frustration" was not omnipresent and in which there were at least a dozen writers regarding whom one could not say that they were "truncated" or "incomplete."

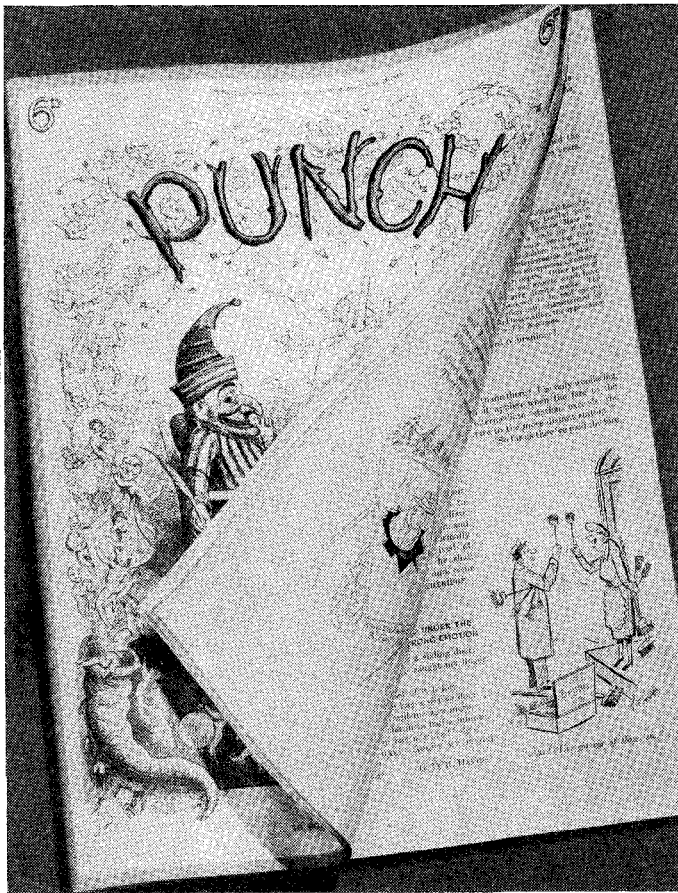
What a wonderful example, for instance, was Hawthorne, with his four rules of life: to break off customs, to meditate on youth, to shake off spirits ill-disposed, and to do nothing against one's genius. Another was Thoreau, who said that a writer should saunter to his task surrounded by a halo of ease and leisure and who showed how far a man could arrange his life to make this possible by living without impedimenta on a few cents a day. What a quarry of practical wisdom for writers lies exposed, moreover, in some of Emerson's miscellaneous papers, suggestions of every sort, tonics for the torpid mind, stimulants and purgatives for minds that are untuned or crippled.

One does not recollect this to shame the present with examples of the past or to magnify the importance of these writers; but is it not worth anyone's while to examine a period in one's own past that has had such substantial consequences? Not that writers should confine their explorations to a single American region — for one can find models now throughout the country, along with examples of the mistakes that writers fall into — in a day when the world is all before them, and one may find models all over the planet.

The important thing is that they should transcend the juvenile roles they so often perform — the role of the playboy, the tough guy, the groping adolescent — in which they perpetually repeat themselves and exploit their personalities until they are as tired of themselves as we are tired of them. Only the right models, rightly chosen to fit their special aptitudes, can jog them out of these roles into which they settle, models whom they are constrained to follow and who are a sort of superior selves, of the same nature with them but enlarged and ripened.

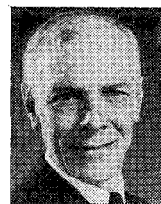


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# THE ATLANTIC

## Bookshelf



### THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD  
WEEKS

I ATTENDED the ceremony at which the National Book Awards were conferred in late January, and as I sat listening to the citations and the modest responses of the winners, I could not help remarking the capricious element in all such judgments. For instance, the committee that nominated "the distinguished novel of 1952" evidently had to choose between *The Old Man and the Sea* by Ernest Hemingway and the rest of the field. Should they salute this short powerful novel by America's foremost writer of fiction, or should they seek for a younger author of less perfection whose reputation would be advanced by the Award? The committee split but the majority decided in favor of the latter, and the Award went to Ralph Ellison, a Negro writer whose first book, *Invisible Man*, is a work of power and feeling, purple passages and some confusion.

I do not say it was an easy choice, but I do regret that again Ernest Hemingway, who is one of our two best living novelists, has been passed by. He has yet to receive one of our major awards. One might have thought he would be given the Pulitzer Prize for his *Farewell to Arms* — and I have always understood that the judges that year voted in its favor but were overruled by the veto power of President Butler of Columbia. For whatever reason, he was by-passed, and if the honors come now they are late.

When in 1930 Sinclair Lewis received the Nobel Prize in Literature he was bombarded by questions from the press. First, what was he going to do with the money? He replied that he would use it "to support a well-known young American author and his family, and to enable him to continue writing." He was also asked why he had accepted the Nobel Prize in 1930 but rejected the Pulitzer Prize in 1926. The Pulitzer Prize, Mr. Lewis pointed out, was cramped by the provision of Mr. Pulitzer's will that the Prize be given "for the American novel published during the year which shall best present

the wholesome atmosphere of American life, and the highest standard of American manners and manhood." Lewis added that because of this limitation no prize had been given to James Branch Cabell for *Jurgen*, to Theodore Dreiser for *An American Tragedy*, to Thomas Wolfe for *Look Homeward, Angel*, or to Willa Cather for *A Lost Lady*. The definition is construed more broadly today, but even so the record is a capricious one.

Nor are the Nobel Prizes exempt from human fallibility. The inference is plain from the wording of Nobel's will that he intended his prizes (in 1952 the cash value of each award was \$32,900) to help men of genius of young and middle years to carry on their major work, but this is not the way the Swedish Academy has interpreted the gift: they have conferred it as an accolade for a body of work now in its final phase, and the average age of the winners in Literature is sixty-two. Nobel also thought of Literature as a moral force, and his will reads: "one share to the person who shall have produced in the field of Literature the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency." As Naboth Hedin pointed out in the *Atlantic* two years ago, that phrase became a formidable barrier in the mind of the Permanent Secretary of the Prize Committee. His was a dominating opinion, and as a result of his opposition no Nobel Prize was ever awarded to Tolstoy — nor to Ibsen, Strindberg, or Thomas Hardy. Indeed, he almost kept it from going to Selma Lagerlöf.

#### What Lewis was like

This ancient question of recognition and reward came to my mind as I was reading *From Main Street to Stockholm*, Letters of Sinclair Lewis, 1919-1930, edited by Harrison Smith (Harcourt, Brace, \$5.00). The letters, most of them written to Alfred Harcourt, his friend and publisher, are a self-portrait of Red Lewis in the full tide of his vitality: they show us his eagerness and his loyalty, his curiosity and his enormous power of assimilation, his generosity toward others (he was always trying to find jobs for his protégés), his worry and fastidiousness about his finances. Here are Lewis's championship of the young firm of Harcourt, Brace and the zest with which he helped *Main Street* zoom; here is his struggle to find the right name for *Babbitt* ("Pumphrey" was his first choice); his discovery of England and his friendship with Wells; his teamwork with De Kruif on *Arrowsmith*; his love for Vermont and his blasts at all irritants; his long

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### Three novels

As an apéritif for the Coronation I recommend *The Hour Awaits* by **March Cost** (Lippincott, \$3.50), a fragrantly romantic story of the two visits which a Habsburg Princess pays to London — the first in the spring of 1911 just before the Coronation of George V, the second in the autumn of 1921 when she returns to retrieve a damaging love letter of her mother's and, as she hopes, to rekindle a love of her own. Princess Victoria was twenty-five in that enchanting summer of the Coronation; she was not as beautiful as her mother, nor as frivolous. In such time as she could steal away from the formalities and the Family, she found sanctuary in Kew Gardens and the Victoria and Albert Museum. It was in the latter that she first heard and saw Mr. Drury, an English don engaged in lecturing to a group on Romanesque Art. She joined the listeners, corrected him on a small point, and so it began. He was a lean, broad-shouldered aesthetic, an intellectual snob who certainly had never met a young woman like this. Under the name of Miss Holland, she played the game as long as it would last, and by the time Oliver discovered her true identity, they were shyly and irresistibly in love.

Vicky's memory of that first visit with its fresh feminine expectancy forms a nostalgic counterpoint to her return in 1921. For now she comes from a defeated, bankrupt country, her parents are dead, and her hands show the stains and toil of keeping the country place alive; but she is still a Princess and she arrives in mothball style with her heart sure of what she has to do. She has money enough for only a single day and night in London, and the novel gives an hour-by-hour recital of what happens.

Miss Cost knows every mood and aspect of London, and she is equally effective in her picture of the Château Maria Sophia as it was in its butterfly existence and as it is when Vicky is scolding and intriguing to keep it going. Miss Cost is at her best with her women. Victoria, her formidable Aunt Thérèse, Louise who is slipping, Gemma, the opera singer, and Mrs. Crockett, the charwoman, are deftly drawn and plausible. The author is less successful in her handling of men. The Oliver of the first visit has no family resemblance to the softy of the second. The change in Albert François does not fool me and would not for a minute have fooled the real Vicky. But this is romance.

Romance is nonexistent in *Stay Away, Joe* (Viking, \$3.00), a novel of an Indian reservation by **Dan Cushman**, which certainly hits a new low in squalor and shiftlessness. This story of French-Canadian-Assiniboin-Indian half-breeds in Montana

is billed as comedy. This is the situation: a Congressman arranges for Louis Champlain to receive twenty heifers and a bull from the government. Just why he rates them we never know, but they arrive. Louis has a real old whoop-up to celebrate; in the course of the party the bull is eaten by mistake; Louis's son Joe comes back from Korea loaded with money, full of big talk, and hungry for women; several feuds are well begun and all available money is drunk up. Thereafter the book staggers along the various trails leading from the wingding. Mary Champlain, the well-behaved sister who works at a bank and is engaged to a white engineer, is the one redeeming figure in this protracted brawl.

Since no one in the book except Mary has ever taken a bath, done a day's work, or spoken a grammatical word, the story has what you might call atmosphere. Which would be all very well if it had native charm too, or more than one sympathetic character, or momentum. But in spite of the fact that hell pops all the time, I only get an impression of frantic random action. The author has not enough control of the story to make it funny, and I get very tired of the dialect, the beer, and the dirt.

**Theodore Morrison** is not only a poet and Director of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference but a Harvard professor of some twenty years' standing, and it is only reasonable that he should make his debut as a novelist with a book about a university. In *The Stones of the House* (Viking, \$3.50) he has explored affairs at Rowley, an imaginary New England institution, with humor, sensibility, and a nice insight into human character.

The novel revolves around Acting-President Andrew Aiken and his chances of becoming permanent president, but it covers a great many other matters along the way, for all the problems of Rowley come to roost eventually in Andy's office or even in his living room. As he copes with such assorted crises as an overenthusiastic alumnus, a Red scare, and a batty faculty member, Andy wonders, "What good does it do to do good?" The question underlies the whole book, and while it is never finally answered, it permits Mr. Morrison to make some shrewd observations on the nature of good and the ironic sequels possible to the best intentions.

The people involved in Andy's administrative problems are all recognizable types, and at the same time distinct individuals. Holsberg, the brilliant, neurotic philosopher, has moments of simple common sense; the inconvenient alumnus has lapses of tact and generosity; young Badger, the problem child, is as nice a boy as one could hope to meet. Mr. Morrison has made a readable, lively novel without recourse to one eccentric figure or a single extraordinary event (unless one counts the minor and surely excusable episode of a gun-mad faculty member winging a student by mistake), and this is an unusual achievement.



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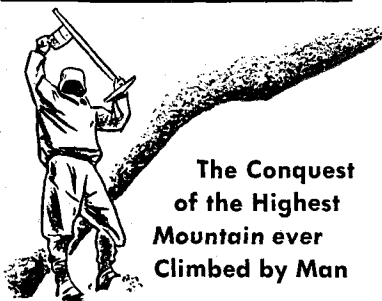
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## Reader's Choice

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CHARLES J. ROLO



IN the domain of global thinking and political strategy, those writers who pride themselves on being the hard-headed realists are often the hotheads and the dreamers. There are two examples of this in the current batch of titles bearing on the world's distempers: *James Burnham's Containment or Liberation?* (John Day, \$3.50) and *Your War for Peace* (Holt, \$2.75) by Frank Howley, former U.S. Military Commandant in Berlin.

Where works of this kind, "Think Pieces," are concerned, it is usually true that the less solid the Think, the more seductive the Piece. Burnham's and Howley's books — with their recipes for cooking Communism's goose — are far sprightlier than *Robert Strausz-Hupé's* densely reasoned inquiry into the contemporary crisis, *The Zone of Indifference* (Putnam's, \$3.75). And *Arnold Toynbee's* historical insights in *The World and the West* (Oxford University Press, \$2.00) are less uplifting than the faith in World Government which inspires *Norman Cousins's Who Speaks for Man?* (Macmillan, \$3.50). But if one is seeking not warmth but knowledge and insight, Messrs. Toynbee and Strausz-Hupé are the most rewarding of this month's authors.

### "Aggressive righteousness"

Mr. Howley's *Your War for Peace* is a blustery, jingoistic pep talk denouncing the policy of containment. The author likes the French and writes sympathetically about their problems; but by and large he does his thinking with his spleen. Personally I share a number of Howley's peeves; but I doubt that he is giving us a seminar in realism when, say, he distills India's policy into the statement that Nehru is "even squirrelier" than Madame Pandit.

*Containment or Liberation?* is permeated with the absolutist thinking customary among apostates from the far Left. Burnham's snarling abuse of our policy-makers is clearly an unacknowledged case of "I could not hate you, boys, so much/Had I not

erred much more." The whopping misjudgments enshrined in his books include predictions that capitalism was doomed (1940); that Hitler's conquest of Europe was "irreversible"; that Russia would "split apart" (1941).

It may well be that many of Howley's and Burnham's strictures about the policy of containment are eminently justified. But their analysis and preachment often side-step the sobering truth that politics is the art of the possible. Their over-all outlook has its roots in a dangerously beguiling fantasy — in what Denis Brogan, in a recent article in *Harper's*, called "The Illusion of American Omnipotence."

Our authors write as though any developments in the great globe unfavorable to U.S. interests can only have occurred because fools and traitors were running U.S. policy. That neutralism in France, say, or the upsurge of Asiatic nationalism is the product of a complex of forces not wholly within Washington's control is a drab and constricting reality which receives scant recognition from Howley or Burnham. The policy of containment is accounted an unmitigated failure because it has not solved all the problems at stake.

A second crucial objection to the Howley-Burnham approach has to do with the risks of all-out war. On this score Howley is less sinister but probably less logical. He advocates a policy of "aggressive righteousness" — total political warfare — which would seek to undermine the Soviet system gradually. And realizing that it's a bit dreamy to hope Russia would let itself be undermined without a showdown, he says reassuringly, "There is nothing we Americans cannot do." Burnham has no word of concern over the probability that his "Policy of Liberation" would lead to warfare.

In Burnham's view, our strategy of shoring up Western Europe, our policy of economic aid and "friendly acts," are the product of two crucial fallacies. Economic conditions, he maintains, have nothing to do with the growth of Communism; and to think in terms of defense and good will is not political warfare — political warfare is simply the expression of a will to defeat the enemy. Consequently he advocates a switch to an "Eastern [European] Strategy" whose focus would be the Soviet sphere itself. There is a plausible ring



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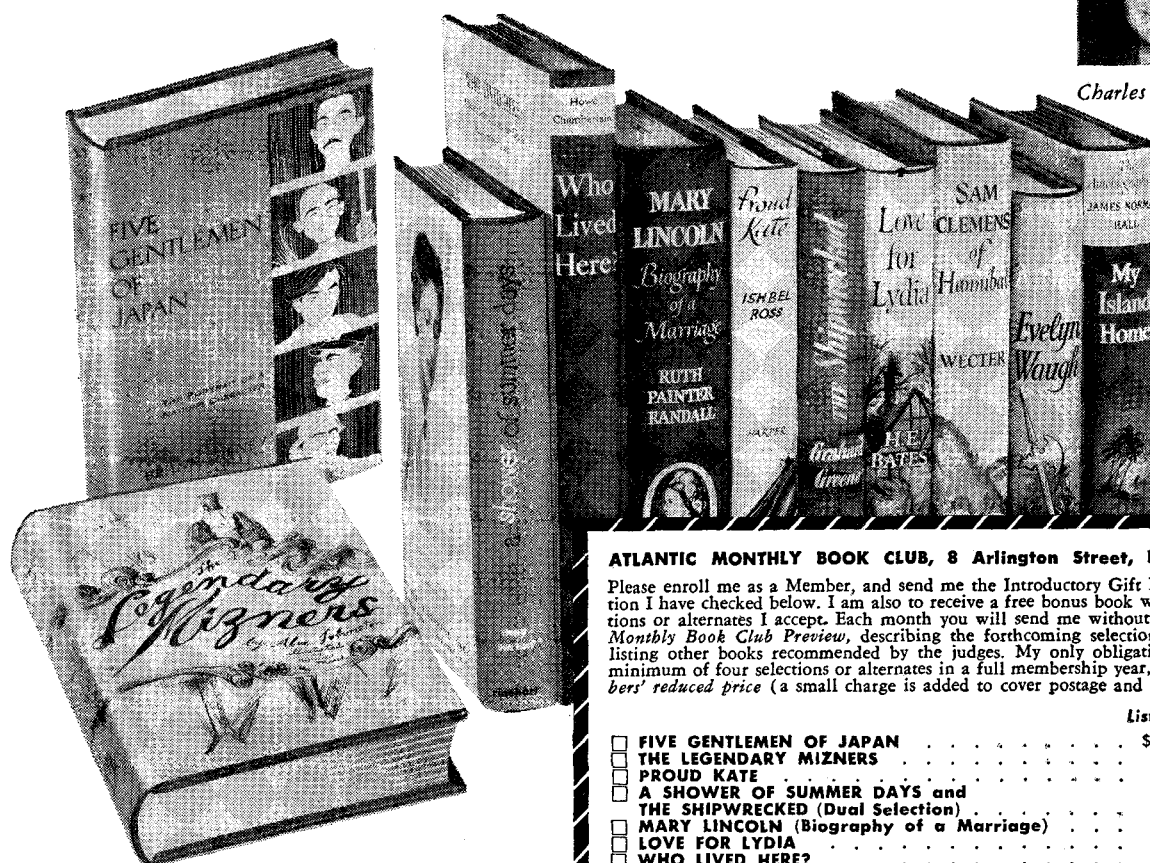
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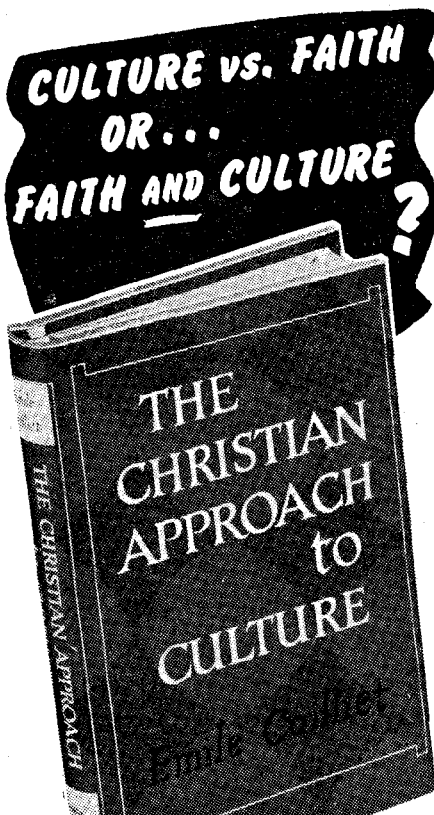
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to this, but it grows faint when Burnham gets down to particulars. The Soviet colossus is to be destroyed by recognizing governments-in-exile; by organizing escapes from behind the Iron Curtain and enlisting the talents of the escapees; by propaganda aimed at the satellite armies and at exploiting tensions in the Soviet area; by coöperation with Resistance groups.

All this amounts to something more, no doubt, than the blow with a walking stick which the elephant feels as a delightful tickling; but when I juxtapose radio broadcasts and the MVD, Ukrainian exiles plotting in New York and the might of the Red Army, Mr. Burnham's program begins to look like the daydream of a bright schoolboy infatuated with the idea of conspiracy. Assuming, however, that Burnham's strategy did bring about the desired revolt of the satellites, the result would surely be massacre and devastation even if the U.S. went to war on their behalf.

#### The crisis of the West

Toynbee's *The World and the West* and Strausz-Hupé's *The Zone of Indifference* show clearly why Burnham's brand of "realism" achieves so little contact with reality. They show that political activity is not — as Burnham implies — exclusively an expression of the power-instinct, an independent force which has "primacy" over other forces in the destiny of nations, but that it is bound up with culture, economics, all of human life.

Toynbee and Strausz-Hupé, in their different ways, share the view that a moral or spiritual crisis underlies the situation of the West. Toynbee reminds us that in the eyes of the rest of the world — and the objective historian — the West has, until recently, been the great aggressor of modern times. Russia, he says, succeeded in capturing the initiative from the "ex-Christian" West by taking up a "Western heresy," Communism, which was particularly well suited to serve as a weapon for waging anti-Western "spiritual warfare." For Communism arose as a "Western criticism of the West's failure to live up to her own Christian principles in [her] economic and social life." Toynbee believes that the recent successes of Communism — in China, for instance — are not so much due to its positive appeal as to disillusionment with the existing order. The Communist "heresy," however, does

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represent a "gritty" sort of faith, and in Toynbee's view the West is offering the world no nourishment for the spirit.

The six essays which make up *The World and the West* are a distillation of Toynbee's large-scale treatment of this theme in a future volume of his *Study of History*. They discuss the West's relations with Russia, Islam, India, and the Far East; "The Psychology of Encounters" between cultures (a fascinating chapter); the encounter between "The World and the Greeks and Romans," in which there may be a grim portent of what awaits our society. This small volume is consistently interesting, and it is written with a clarity and ease seldom found in the upper reaches of learning.

The premise of Mr. Strausz-Hupé's *The Zone of Indifference* is that the vitality of a culture lies not simply in its religion but in that part of man's mind which encompasses all of his relationships as a social being — "The Social Mind." The sickness of the West is that man is alienated from his vital beliefs; social groups are alienated from society; whole peoples are alienated from the Western Community. Strausz-Hupé's essay is an attempt to locate and understand this alienation, and it has its pluses and its minuses. The author is too free with the horrid jargon of sociology, but he can also put things sharply and in a pleasantly individual way. He sometimes does an unnecessary amount of exploration to arrive at a familiar insight, but there is a great deal in his discussion that is stimulating and suggestive. The viewpoint which integrates its many strands is intelligent, sensible, and large-minded — in sum, completely civilized.

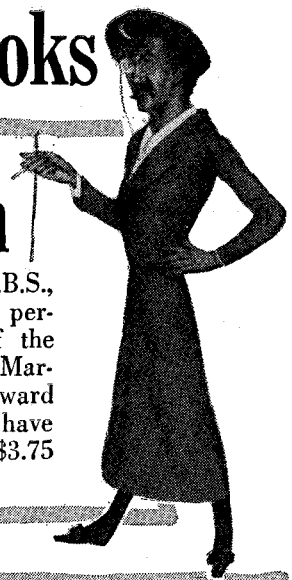
*The Zone of Indifference* examines, among other things, the effects of technological revolution and of the "disintegrationist" philosophers such as Marx; the emergence of Nationalism hand in hand with Liberalism in the nineteenth century; the importance of the "New Middle Class"; the distress of the intellectuals in Europe and in the United States.

I will not try to summarize the author's diagnosis, since this is not the kind of book that offers simple answers. The broad conclusion is that Western culture is not likely to endure if Europe's relation to America becomes that of a proletariat. For the "Atlantic Dialogue" is our culture's life stream. "Europe and America

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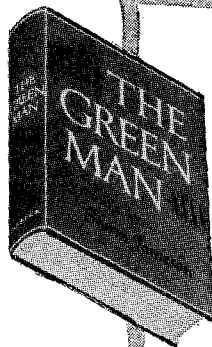
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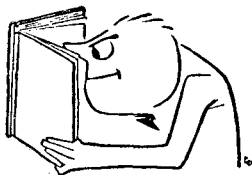
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each hold part of the truth," and our goal must be to draw these parts together and reintegrate the Western Community.

We must go much further than that, says Norman Cousins, editor of the *Saturday Review* and President of United World Federalists. His *Who Speaks for Man?* opens with an account of his "re-education" to a sense of world citizenship; it closes with a section which argues that world government is a practical possibility and which outlines how we can go about achieving it. In the main body of Mr. Cousins's book he seeks to show concretely the urgency of World Federation — he reports on the Bikini explosions; a post-war trip to Germany; two visits to Hiroshima and other places in the Far East; a goodwill government mission to India and Pakistan, in the course of which he talked at considerable length with Nehru; and visits to Oak Ridge and the Berkeley cyclotron.

Mr. Cousins's book aroused in me highly contradictory feelings. His reporting, wherever possible, focuses vividly on the individual human being and much of it is engrossing. The decency of his outlook and his attempt to impress upon us the awfulness of atomic warfare are a welcome corrective to the warmongering of the Burnhams. But Cousins, too, settles for an oversimplified view of what ails the world — competitive nationalism; and he, too, shows signs of allegiance to an illusion — the illusion of the omnipotence of right thinking and good will. In arguing the case for World Government, he indulges freely in the high-minded rhetoric of an "inspirational" editorial. His logic bridges the gulf between what is and what should be, between world turmoil and World Government, with such pious slogans as "Human destiny is the issue; people will respond."

The response — most of human history proclaims — is likely to be that described in Ovid's aphorism, "Video meliora proboque/Deteriora sequor," which might be rendered: "Guinness is good for you, but I'll have Scotch on the rocks."

## Cherchez la femme

*The Second Sex* (Knopf, \$10.00) by Existentialist Simone de Beauvoir is an encyclopedic work on "the situation of women" dedicated to the proposition "... and he done her wrong." It argues that since patriarchal times, women in general have

been second-class members of society; their position has been that of a proletariat or even a racial minority. Mademoiselle de Beauvoir, a lady of formidable erudition, puts to work philosophy, biology, anthropology, history, psychology, sociology, literature. Her 300,000-word treatise seeks first to determine what biology tells us about woman; then it critically examines the psychoanalytic viewpoint and the Marxist contributions. A survey of woman's lot through the ages is followed by a study of "myths" about woman in the works of various writers.

Book Two starts with a clinical discussion of the human female's sexual development, and then deals with her sex life and social situation today.

The chip on Mademoiselle de Beauvoir's shoulder comes, philosophically at least, from the Existentialist block. To the Existentialist, man (male or female) "defines himself in action." He passes from immanence to transcendence, changes from a passive being to an *existent* by freely "engaging in projects." But to females, says Beauvoir, most roads are blocked. Women are doomed to become "the passive prey of man," a mere object — The Other. "One is not born a woman but rather one becomes a woman . . . this creature intermediate between a male and a eunuch."

There seem to me at least three major weaknesses in Simone de Beauvoir's exposition. 1) She refuses to concede that there is any self-realization in maternity — "no maternal instinct exists"; to have a baby does not qualify as a creative "project." 2) On the one hand she gives a truly horrendous account of the sufferings and humiliations which physiology imposes on the female of the species, and on the other hand she denies that being a female is a determinant of the woman's psyche. 3) She claims to be writing about France and Western Europe, but so extreme is her picture of woman's enslavement that one doubts that, in Jimmy Durante's phrase, "dose are de conditions dat prevail" even in the harem of the most unspeakable merchant of Bagdad.

*The Second Sex* is eloquently written in parts, and in parts awkward and bespattered with the repulsive lingo of Existentialism. I found it sometimes fascinating, sometimes very dull, and usually repetitious and extremely irritating. It always borders on the paranoid.



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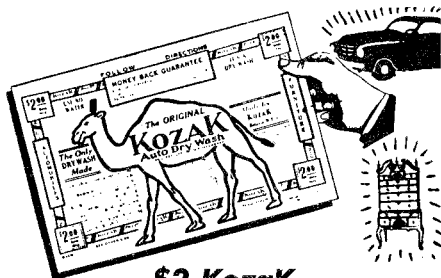
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## Potpourri

**MY HOST THE WORLD** by George Santayana. Scribner's, \$3.00.

The third and concluding volume of Santayana's autobiography. He first details the inner reasons which led him to resign his professorship at Harvard in 1912 and return to Europe. Then he writes about his friendships in England, at Cambridge and Oxford; his visits to the polygamous Lord Russell (Bertrand's older brother); his travels in the Mediterranean and the Near East; his old age in Italy. The Epilogue discusses the "malady" of the contemporary world: the abandonment, as Santayana sees it, of the desire to live reasonably. Written with Santayana's customary grace and imaginative perception, *My Host the World* is the memoir of a philosopher who, long before retiring into solitude, practiced the detachment he preached and found contentment in it.

**SATAN'S CHILDREN** by Georges Simenon. Prentice-Hall, \$3.95.

In the first of the two short novels brought together in this volume, François Donge comes to understand why his wife has tried to poison him, and he wishes to convince the court that *he* is to blame for her action. The second is the story of a poverty-stricken man who turns to blackmail and becomes the proprietor of an infamous scandal sheet only to destroy, by his dishonesty, what is most precious to him in life. These two novels are less original than Simenon's best, and they are somewhat sketchily developed. But even at his second best, Simenon tells a gripping story.

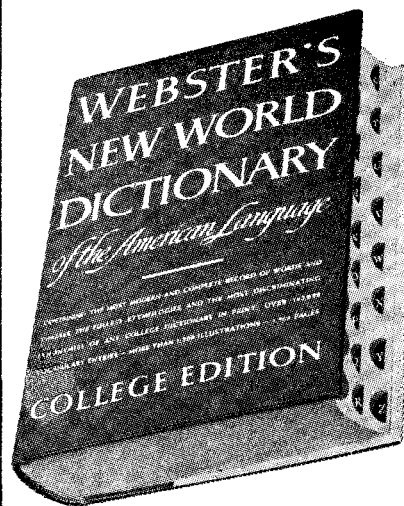
**THE SILENT WORLD** by Captain J. Y. Cousteau with Frédéric Dumas. Harper, \$4.00.

This is a fascinating account of the undersea explorations made by Cousteau and his colleagues of the French Navy with the aid of the "aqualung" (of which Cousteau was coinventor), a contraption which frees the diver from the encumbrance of a diving suit. The book tells of removing underwater magnetic mines; exploring sunken ships, including a Roman galley; photographing sharks (who only *once* attacked and then cautiously) and other monsters. It describes "rap-ture of the depths," the diver's greatest danger, and a host of other strange phenomena of the undersea world. All told, there are 103 photographs, and 20 of them are in full color.

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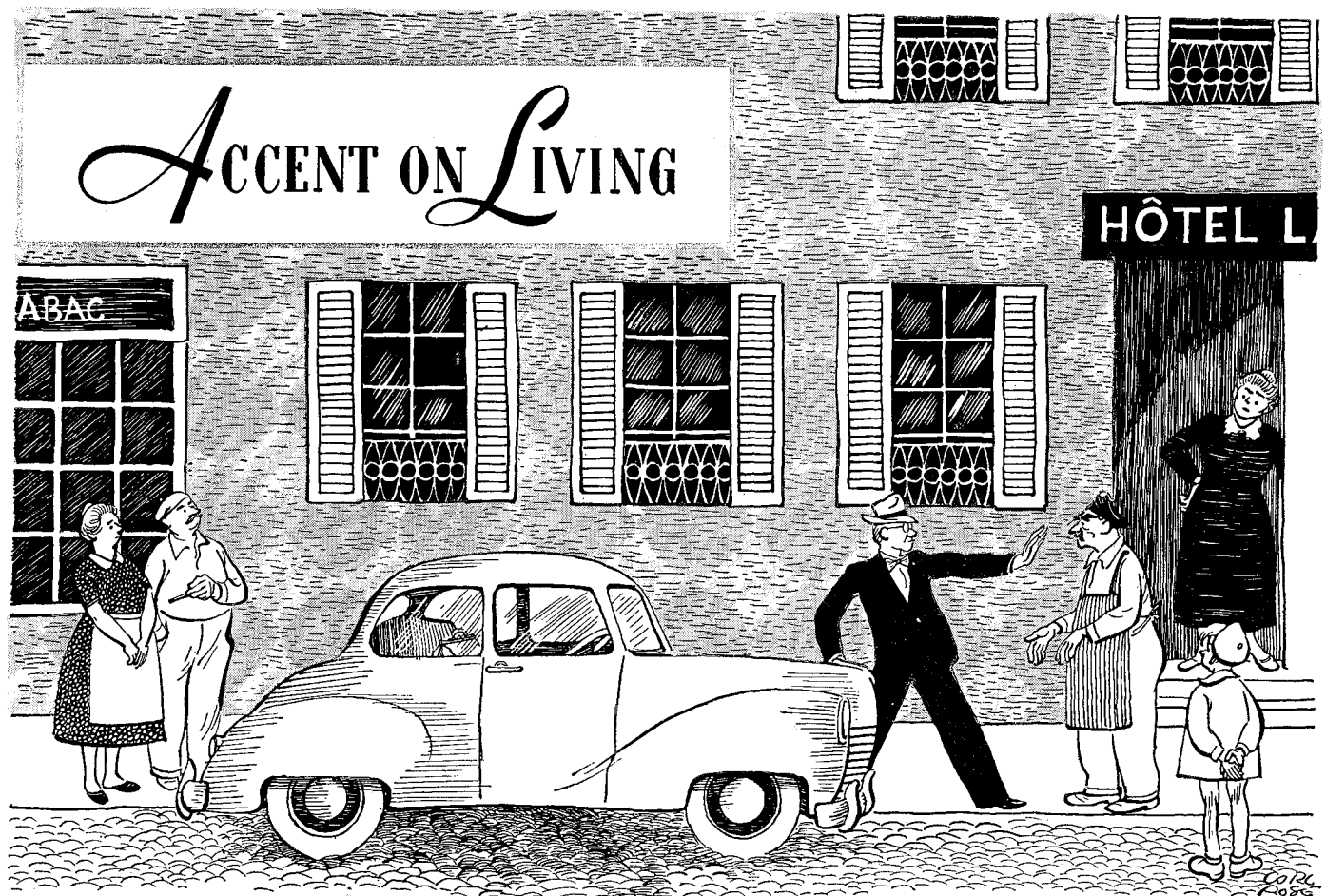
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WHETHER it will work successfully in the heavy tourist traffic of 1953 I do not know, but here's a cast-iron method which I once devised for chaffering successfully with those formidable women who run the small hotel in France. The method is not for travelers in search of de luxe accommodations, but it will benefit anyone who wants the cheapest room at the absolute rock-bottom price. I tested it in scores of small towns in France, and it never failed to work perfectly.

As a green hand, first going up against a French hotelkeeper, I was disconcerted to find that a hotel simply will not cut a price once the rate has been mentioned. A hotel asking 400 francs for a room becomes quite huffy if one offers 300 francs. All right for the souks of Tunisie, the woman behind the desk implies, but not the way her hotel does business. After being singed once or twice, I gave up on direct haggling, but the problem remained: How could I make sure, if I did get an obviously cheap room, that I was getting at the same time the minimum rate?

It became plain to me that the key to it all lay in the sequence of

my questions, especially as they bore on the matter of *l'eau courante*.

How, for instance, to achieve the room without running water and at the same time make it impossible for the woman to exact from me the price of a room with running water? Here, without further ado, is the unbeatable formula for the thrifty.

A man needs a car of his own to get the best out of my system, and it's really for the motorist. Let us envision him, then, as he pulls up in front of a small-town hotel. A porter or man-of-all-work comes bustling out and tries to assist with the luggage.

Here in the very beginning the American must take firm control. Touch nothing. Leave everything there. Stop. Halt. It necessitates me first, he tells the porter, to demand the price of the room.

The tourist then busies himself briefly about his car, giving the porter a chance to go back inside and announce the arrival to the *patronne*.

Not having sat in on one of their conferences, I can only guess at its content. But I think it reasonable to believe that the porter announces a couple of Americans, looking for lodgings, but by no means on the hook. They won't even let him unpack the car. The hotel is on notice that the traveler is far from looking like a sure thing at this stage. This puts the *patronne* a shade off balance to begin with.

After giving the porter the chance to warn the *patronne*, the American enters the hotel. He should greet the *patronne* with a considerable show of manners but some reserve. He will remark the beauty of the village, the fine weather (more likely the heavy rain), and he will seem in no hurry to negotiate.

Eventually: —

Is it that you have a room for two persons? the American asks.

Yes, certainly, yes-yes.

How much is it?

(That is a pivotal question. All that follows depends on it, and the sequence of these exchanges is all-important.)

Eight hundred francs.

With running water?



(This is another key question, even though the American is angling for a room without running water.) Running water? he repeats.

But yes, certainly with running water, hot and cold. Yes-yes.

Excellent, says the American. Then comes the crusher: How much, he asks, for a room *without* running water?

Too late, the *patronne* realizes that any monkey business about running water is impossible. She has already divulged the rate of the running-water room, and she has nowhere to go but down. She is even getting a bit uneasy.

Six hundred francs for a room without running water, says the *patronne*. But a fine comfortable room just the same, she goes on.

The American must seem to ponder the choice. He knows that she

knows that he knows that his luggage is still in the car and that he can shove off at any instant. She watches him nervously as he thinks it over.

Finally, with an air of apology and the utmost politeness, he asks the woman if it would derange her to allow him to inspect the room. This is really more of a stunt than a necessity, but it's quite exciting to beat that 600-franc figure down another notch or two just for exercise, and more often than not it works. The woman seizes her keys and shows the American to the room.

On inspecting the room, the American must become heavily complimentary: a beautiful chamber; the bed — magnificent! The agreeable vista; the large wardrobe — and everything in such proper order. Just as the *patronne* is warming up to these comments, the American tells

her that the room is really more elaborate — larger and more of an undertaking — than he was quite prepared to assume. If only the hotel had some less luxurious room — perhaps at a slightly lower price . . .

The French, as I say, will not come down, once they have stated a price, but the situation now leaves the *patronne* a full avenue of retreat without loss of countenance. She affects to think for a moment. Is there such a room? Perhaps there is, and she conducts the American to another room, certainly no worse, and she knocks off another 50 francs.

Such a traveler is treated subsequently with respect by all hands in the hotel. The negotiations have been conducted with correctness. Not even the French enjoy overcharging a customer who isn't aware of it.

CHARLES W. MORTON

## I WAS AN EASTER BUNNY

by PHOEBE LOW

PHOEBE LOW is a young Nebraskan who worked for a year in a London bookshop after her graduation from the University of Omaha. She is now in the book publishing field in New York.

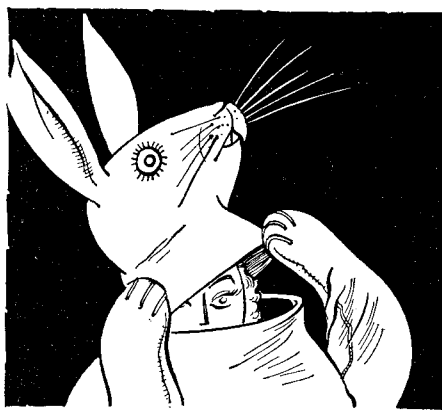
MY EYES are finally uncrossing, my head straightening up, and if there is anything I shall remember from spring to spring, it is the separate world inside the long-eared papier-mâché head of a department store Easter Bunny.

Padding away from the artificial garden in my white felt rabbit's feet for the last time, I took off my head with a sigh, climbed out of my pastel suit, collected my pay check, and flung open the doors to breathe the air above the five o'clock rush hour. I thought of my new freedom. No more blinder-vision, no more muffled speech, no more struggles to keep my unwieldy head from crashing down upon my shoulder. Yes, freedom — I was only a passer-by in the crowd now, just like everyone else.

I was no longer the Easter Bunny. Every other rush hour for the past month had been a joke to me, for in being just an ordinary passer-by I was living a lie, nourishing a delicious secret. I was the Easter Bunny, and nobody knew it. Tomorrow, I had

told myself, I should take my place in the paradisiacal garden again, and this was simply time out.

But now? Now there would be no tomorrow, for it was the eve before Easter when all poor store bunnies die. Tomorrow my picture would not be in the paper, in the store windows; tomorrow no one would



come to see me — from houses in the city, from small towns near by, from the country. Already I was nothing but a passer-by again.

And yet, I thought, how very *nouveau* of me to let all this attention go to my head. (And that is certainly where everyone's attention had gone.) After all, my bunny beginnings were humble enough, simply an answer to the need of money in a groveling period of unemployment.

But once I got the job, all hands in the store turned to the new promotion campaign. Fitting after fitting took place on my pink and blue bunny suit. "Is it comfortable?" "Would you rather have it this way?" "Are the paws too hot?" "Will your feet be warm enough?" And when the delightful creation was completed, "Don't you think you'll need a change of costume? How about lavender and yellow?" I was their first Easter Bunny to punch the time clock; I was the darling of the store.

Meanwhile, the men had rigged up the garden in the toy department. A sign calling "Bunnyland!" pointed to a little fence encircling bright green grass, a cobblestone path, and my throne of fake leaves, behind which gurgled a fountain all day long. The advertising was going full swing, and all was set.

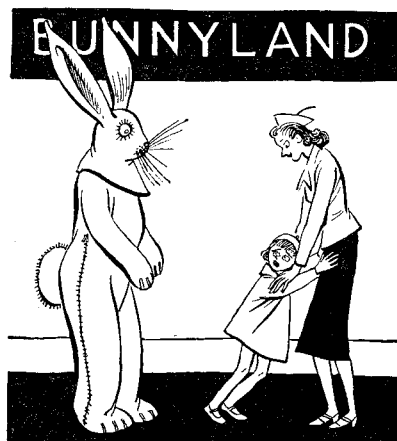
But two days before the publicized "arrival" of the Easter Bunny, promotion department faces grew taut, employees began shouting at each other, and there was general tension in the air. I learned the reason — my long-eared head had not reached the store yet! Word traveled fast, and each face mirrored the increasing anxiety. Every day for a week one bigwig had greeted the other in the morning with a low



"Has the bunny's head arrived yet?" until, with two days to go, only a desperate "Well?" was necessary. Indeed, not only the promotion department but the whole store was in an uproar over the mishap, and there was nothing but bunny-talk, until one long-employed woman, harassed to tears, zoomed away in an elevator with an irate "Bunny, bunny, bunny, I'm sick of this bunny business!"

And then, on the last day, it came, my large white head. All rejoiced, and I ran to put it on — and crumpled to the floor. Someone picked me up — I don't know who, because I couldn't see. I remarked that it was just a little heavy, but no one heard me through the thick papier-mâché. At least no one answered, but then I couldn't hear anyway. I finally got through to them the suggestion that they cut eyes in the head somewhere near my own eyes. This they did, and vision was mine with a slight tilt of the head — provided I kept it slight, because if I didn't, the weight of the tall ears might pull me over completely; in fact, I could count on it.

At nine o'clock the next morning I sat upright in my leafy garden, head quite on, the official Easter Bunny. I waited. Then—suddenly panic struck me. What was I to say to the children as I lifted them to my knee? What *does* an Easter Bunny say? A department store Santa Claus knows very well what's expected of him — he's going to deliver the goods one day soon, and he's there in the store to find out what kind. But an Easter Bunny? Eggs



are eggs, and that's all there is to it. I finally settled on color queries and figured that was the best I could do.

I needn't have worried. By the time any child mustered up enough courage to walk up the path to me,

I was so glad to have the ordeal over and he was so proud of himself that conversation usually flowed. I am not a large person, but, compared with a rabbit, I rather loom. And I fear most of the children expected to see something resembling the furry variety often visiting their yards, mouth-level to the petunias. But it became a thing with the parents for their child to go on up and see *that* Easter Bunny. So with their prodding and my long-distance wheedling from the throne, which ranged from dancing a jig to crying with my paws, I could boast of one hundred and seven knee conferences by the end of the first day.

The second day an enormous, whirring fan was brought to Bunnyland at my request. Heaven knows I was monstrous enough with skyscrapers for ears and a voice like Alexander Graham Bell's over the first wires, but at least let me eliminate the wheezeful gasp.

With the luxury of breathing I got out of hand and demanded larger and larger eyes. And each time, like an elf in the night, an obliging employee stole up from the basement to do my bidding. During the morning rest period, which I always used to crawl to the lounge and remove my head, I sat dazed on the couch, looking at my nose, until his reckless knife had done. Staring baldly now from under a penciled human eyebrow, I slid into my chair with just a little less confidence, quick to hush the first cry of "Look! There's a lady inside!"

But most of the children were shy, wide-eyed, and thoroughly believing, if not pleased with my gargantuan proportions. And though enamored of many of them, on the very last day I sought to rebel most gloriously against all the bunny abuses of the month — fingers in my eyes, candy on my suit, and, most of all, the strain of speaking gently while having to scream through my head to be heard. So, abandoning my saccharine voice, I growled, loudly and fiercely, into the face of the most doll-like little girl in the garden. Her eyes brightened. A smile began, a slow smile of wonder. And she looked up at me in surprise, delight, and satisfaction. She was utterly charmed! No one, from nine o'clock in the morning to five o'clock at night for thirty days, with all my honeyed words, had responded half so wholeheartedly!



GREETINGS, SINCERELY

by PIERCE G. FREDERICKS

PIERCE G. FREDERICKS, a Williams College graduate, is a free-lance magazine and television writer living in New York City.

MY WIFE is an only child, but the same cannot be said for either of her parents. Because of this profusion of aunts and uncles, the song about "It's somebody's birthday today" was never righter than around our house. I wish I could join in the spirit of the second line, which, as I remember it, goes "Somebody's happy and gay."

I've never known whether all the Uncle Leonards and Aunt Trudes were happy and gay, because most of them live in California and the rest in England. The Californians even have a subspecies called Uncle this and Aunt that who are really just close friends. Of the California branch of the family, that is.

In my wife's family — which I guess you could describe as composed of loosely knit strong bonds — all these people have to be sent birthday presents of what I can only call the damndest kind. The thinking seems to be this: you should *want* — or maybe, *should* want — to send a gift to a relative; therefore, the gift must be something indicating that you really did want to send it and went to a lot of trouble over it. The sentiment is not only more important than the gift but must always be in excess of its dollar value. Thus, a \$5 item must be accompanied by twice as many indications of thoughtfulness as one costing \$2.50.

To a man who used to send a runner to Saks with \$10 instead of \$5 when wishing to indicate twice as much affection, this doesn't come easy. It may not be quite fair, but I sometimes feel that while the Lord may be partial to a cheerful giver,

ACCENT ON LIVING

my wife's relatives prefer a suffering one.

Now the 8th of next month is Aunt Anna's birthday. (There is, unfortunately, absolutely nothing hypothetical about this example.) We will be reminded of the event by my wife's mother telephoning to say she knows how sorry we'd be to overlook it. She will further say that since the gift will have to travel to California, we'd better have the necessary sincere welling up of affection sooner rather than later. These calls have a way of coming early in the morning and we present an attractive domestic scene: my wife sitting morosely on the bed in slip and one stocking while I busy myself with my shoelaces.

While dawdling with the laces, however, I will be going over the situation in my head. It is well known that Aunt Anna is batty about a fairly expensive brand of Turkish cigarettes, but, because it is well known, we are not permitted to sat-



isfy the craving. The really thoughtful gift, you see, satisfies only cravings which the recipient never knew she had before. Cigarettes would clearly mean that we'd just thoughtlessly slung an old ten-dollar bill down in an old inconveniently located cigarette store. Besides, Aunt Anna may have been pretending this craving in order to ease other people's gift problems. Examples of such counter-thoughtfulness are common in my wife's family, and there are times when old-fashioned Balkan politics seem frank and open by comparison.

These pitfalls in mind, I turn to my wife.

"All right," I say, "what did we send her last year?"

"I don't remember," my wife says.

"Let's send her a picture of the baby."

"We can't do that! We did that last year."

Repetition of gifts, of course, is

second in gracelessness only to catering in known desires, but if you have a trained mind these things can be worked out. In this case, it can be argued that the baby is a year older, children change rapidly at that age, hence another picture is not the same present.

The basic gift settled, we are free to concentrate on the real problem: how to surround the photograph with sufficient indications of the appropriate sentiments. First, trouble equaling thoughtfulness, it is mounted in a sort of candy box of colored papers. Since my wife is what my mother calls "very artistic" (a phrase Mother uses to describe anyone who doesn't need an interior decorator to help select linoleum) this is largely her department. I simply mutter "Green paper — pink paper — what difference does it make?" in a helpful way.

Once the picture is well buried in what looks like a plan to redecorate Rumpelmayer's Restaurant, we come to "writing a little note to go with it." This has to be quite elaborate because Aunt Anna knows that my wife is the artistic one, and if the gift was merely decorated and not lavishly inscribed, she would conclude that only one member of the family had put her back into it.

For me to write even "Happy Birthday, Aunt Anna" legibly is hard, but my wife feels nothing carries quite the conviction of something that rhymes. The only verse of mine which ever attracted much attention was one beginning "There was an old man from Yongdok" — you had to slur the second line to make it scan — but my wife is convinced that only a distaste for her relatives keeps me from doing more in this direction.

Last year, I started by producing: —

"We hope you spend your birthday happily  
And enclose, of the baby, one shot  
snappily."

My wife didn't think that was quite long enough. Besides, she pointed out, Aunt Anna might believe that the picture really was a snapshot and not a professional job and feel hurt. After some time with a rhyming dictionary, I offered her a new version.

"We send on your occasion natal  
Our best and, too, one up-to-datal  
Photograph of pride and joy  
Who thanks you for *his* birthday  
toy."

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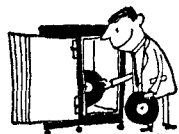
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## News about Tape Recording for high-fidelity audio fans

CHARLES MILLER of New York City reports that he's putting all his priceless 78's on tape as a precaution against wear and



breakage. Tape can be played endlessly with no noticeable loss of quality, and meanwhile the treasured discs remain in mint condition.

STATION WTCN, Minneapolis, broadcasts a weekly program of rare recordings for the express benefit of listeners wishing to tape the broadcasts. Strangely enough, record companies applaud the idea since most of the recordings played have such limited appeal that a re-issue would probably not be profitable.

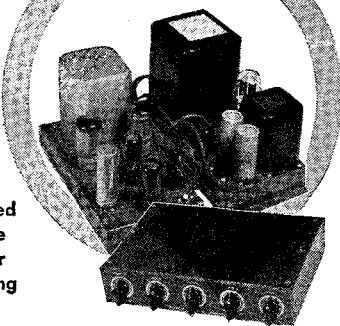


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"That's good," I told her. "It gets in the birthday present to him we forgot the thank-you note for."

"I don't think she'll know what 'natal' means," my wife said.

I asked, I guess sharply, if she'd rather I changed the *n* to an *f*.

"Anyway," she said, "it doesn't sound sincere — as if you really meant it."

"Do you really mean it?"

"That's not the point — I'm not the writer in the family."

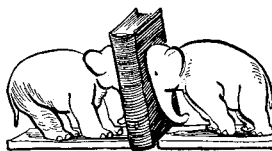
I dare say it was the prospect of facing my real feelings about Aunt Anna which caused me to change the subject. I was inspired to ask my wife if she knew when the 8th was and she said, of course, day after tomorrow.

"It suddenly occurs to me," I replied, "that you're wrong."

She consulted the evening paper and she was. The 8th was tomorrow.

"Now you have to rewrite it," my wife wailed. "You've got to make it sound sincere and you absolutely have to get something in about why the present's late. And it's got to be something believable, too."

As I say, Aunt Anna is having another birthday next month. I stand ready to pay best prices for any phrases rhyming with "baby's picture." Don't bother to submit "rabies' stricture." I've already thought of that and there's nothing I can do with it.



## THE NOVELIST

by PHILIP LAZARUS

His first attempt, reviewers say,

Shows evidence that any day

He may bring to the printed page

The foremost novel of his age.

His second try, when it's complete,

Is hailed with blurbs far more

discreet

In which he's urged to shun the herd

And, incidentally, write a third.

His third, as you correctly reckoned,

Falls short of both the first and

second.

Embittered, battered, shaken, bluer,

He then becomes a book reviewer.



by JOHN M. CONLY

**Bach: French Suites** (Fernando Valenti, harpsichord; Westminster: three 12" LPs in album with score). With treble controls turned down, this sounds much like a real harpsichord heard from Row E. Valenti plays Bach with unabashed vigor and wonderful dexterity. Not all Bach scholars will approve, but it surely is agreeable.

**Beethoven: Country Dances; Vienna Dances** (Franz Litschauer conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Vanguard: 12" LP). If not quite as good as the Mozart country dances by the same performers, still very zestful, tasteful, and vivid. Recording: a trifle edgy, but strong.

**Beethoven: Sonata in E Flat Major; Variations on Mozart's "Bei Männern Welche Liebe Führen"** (Carlo Zecchi, piano; Antonio Janigro, cello; Westminster: 12" LP). Third of the Beethoven cello-piano works with these artists paired; wonderful sound and big, manly playing.

**Critic's Choice: Vocal Performances Selected for Reprint by Irving Kolodin** (Cebotari, Crooks, Ivogun, Maynor, Onegin, Schipa, Schumann, Thomas, Thorborg, Tibbett, and Warren, with various accompanists and orchestras; RCA Victor: 12" LP). Twenty years of fond and faithful listening are represented here. Who else but Kolodin would have remembered that Tibbett sang *Where'er You Walk* this way, or would have hoarded Sigrid Onegin's scaling of Chopin's A-Flat Impromptu, in the guise of a coloratura-contralto song, against this reissue? Thanks are due a fine critic, and anyone interested in singing is practically obliged to buy.

**Dvorak: The Golden Spinning Wheel; The Midday Witch; Two Waltzes** (Vaclav Talich conducting Czech Philharmonic Orchestra; Urania: 12" LP). Iron Curtain or no, Talich is back, and Urania's got him. His Dvorak still glows with the dark fire of the old Fourth Symphony and Slavonic Dances. Addicts take notice. Good recording.



**French Renaissance Vocal Music** (Nadia Boulanger conducting vocal and instrumental group; Decca: 12" LP). Here is the essence of choral grace, elegance, and expression, abstracted by des Prés, Jannequin, Mauduit, and other composers, and reproduced exquisitely by Mme. Boulanger's singers in a gem of a recording. Almost as appealing, but not quite, are the same performers' Monteverdi Madrigals, issued simultaneously.

**Grieg: Norwegian Dances with Sibelius: Rakastava; Valse Triste** (Franz Litschauer conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Vanguard: 12" LP). More Litschauer folk-symphonic virtuosity, and it's a delight to hear the Grieg second dance and the Sibelius waltz played *new*, as if a million bad performances hadn't hacked them to near-death.

**Haydn: Seven Last Words of the Savior on the Cross** (Schneider Quartet; Haydn Society: 12" LP). Originally called "seven sonatas and a cataclysm," this was arranged by the composer for chorus, keyboard, and quartet. Of any, this is the most communicative performance, devout, delicate, deeply moving, beautifully recorded.

**Mozart: Quartets in C Major, K.465, "Dissonant," and D Minor, K.421** (Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet; Westminster: 12" LP). For once, in the "Dissonant" quartet, the rich, romantic sounds of the Konzerthaus players do not vie unduly with the musical ideas of Mozart, and the recorded tone is memorable.

**Respighi: Fountains of Rome; Pines of Rome** (Argeo Quadri conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra). Westminster's new super-sound was unnamed at press time (\$1000 in prizes!) but was certainly adequately illustrated in this gorgeous, almost stereophonic recording. Quadri surpassed himself, too. Altogether, a disk of overwhelming and almost voluptuous aural delight.

**Rimsky-Korsakov: May Night** (Vassily Nebolsin conducting soloists, chorus and orchestra of the Bolshoi Opera; Vanguard: three 12" LPs in album, with libretto). Produced no doubt under Soviet auspices, this folk-flavored spook-opera nevertheless has plenty of humor, gusto, and R-K melody, plus reasonably good recording. Worth a hearing.

**Schlusnus Sings; Vols. 3 and 4** (Heinrich Schlusnus, baritone, with

Sebastian Peschko, Otto Braun, and Franz Rupp, piano; Decca: two separate 12" LPs). These records are programmed like recitals: Vol. 3 has songs by Schubert, Brahms, Richard Strauss, Beethoven, and Wolf; Vol. 4 has Schubert, Strauss, Schumann, Loewe, Radecke, and Humperdinck. The singer does the songs beautiful justice. The reprinting has been well managed, too.

**Strauss, Richard: Ein Heldenleben** (Antal Dorati conducting Minneapolis Symphony; Mercury: 12" LP, or Clemens Krauss conducting Vienna Philharmonic; London: 12" LP). Mercury, preparing their twelfth super-hi-fi "Olympian" release, carefully groomed their equipment, hung the mike 15 feet over the podium, and achieved some surprising noises. If it's music you want, hear the superb hall-perspective and deft Krauss conducting on the London.

**Telemann: Concerto in G Major with Stamitz: Concerto in D Major** (Heinz Wigand, viola; Rolf Reinhardt conducting Pro Musica Orchestra, Stuttgart; Vox: 12" LP). Music of the periods just before and after J. S. Bach, a little rough in performance and recording, but very lively, intimate, and interesting.

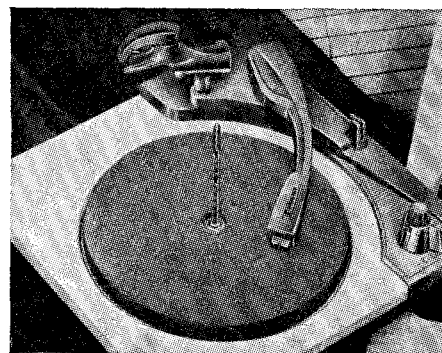
**Jean Ritchie: American Folk-songs** (Jean Ritchie, soprano, with guitar and dulcimer; Elektra: 10" LP). "Sweet as a woodbird," said a listener, and it's a fair comment—Jean Ritchie is. All the songs are authentic Kentucky, delivered in a voice pure and perfect for the purpose. Heart-touching charm.

**Danny at the Palace** (Danny Kaye, with various orchestras and choral groups; Decca: 10" LP). This is the essence of the incredible Danny; entertainment for the hard-to-please. The collection includes *Anatole of Paris*, the elfin, hypnotic *Peony Bush*, the saga—*Lobby Number*—of the manic-depressive super-colossal production, *Hello, Fresno*, *Good-bye*, and several others. Not to be missed.

**Granados: Goyescas** (Frieda Valenzi, piano; Remington: 12" LP). A more than adequate performance, initially printed by Etude Records. Don Gabor of Remington has astutely followed the formula of the paperback-book publishers. He buys the master disks of rarities like this from the small companies, reprints and sells them cut-rate on a large scale.

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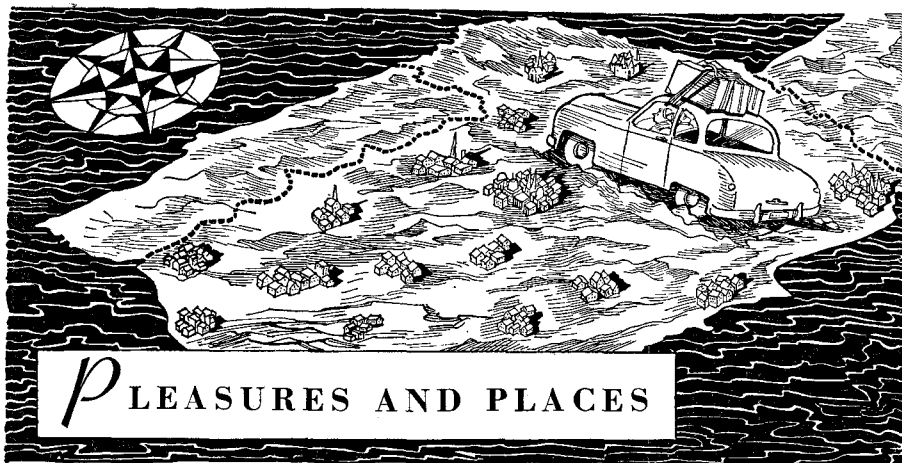
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## SIDE ROADS IN SPAIN

by DIGGORY VENN

*Though Spain's low prices tend to go up in response to the increase in tourist trade, the less celebrated places, off the main routes, are still uncluttered and inexpensive. And if the roads are rough, why hurry? DIGGORY VENN is the author of "The Porto Game" in the December, 1951, Atlantic.*

TO TRAVELERS, there is nothing more exciting — or fatally fascinating — than a map. A map is the grand overture to life: better than the breathless instant in a theater when the curtain hovers momentarily in its flight to uncover the first act; or the delivery of the menu at a three-star restaurant in the French provinces; or the delicate sigh of a cork parting company with a spider-webbed bottle of heroic vintage.

Not too long ago, my wife and I were at the Franco-Spanish border, a 9-horsepower Singer sports car underneath us, and the map spread out upon our knees. The Spanish roads appeared in seductive thick and thin red lines, and in tantalizing green. They linked such fabled names as Cádiz, Jerez, Burgos, Toledo, Avila, Madrid, and Salamanca. Forthwith we turned the nose of the car into Spain and surrendered unconditionally to the lure of a green-striped side road which led toward the Costa Brava.

For one hour we lunged through the exploded mine field which served as a road. We covered exactly 15 miles. Then we bucked to a stop at a Y in the road. Either fork, the weather-beaten signpost obligingly announced, would lead us to Llafranch, our destination. While we deliberated, a horse and cart, dipping gently in and out of bumps like a

boat in a swell, advanced slowly and easily towards us.

The driver lolled negligently and comfortably on his wooden seat. He had the best of us for all our twentieth century transportation; yet like a true Spaniard, he politely gave no indication of triumph, but watched intently as we indicated our dilemma in sign language. He smiled gently.

"*Carretera mala*," he said pointing to the right.

Then, more softly, "*Carretera malísima*," and he pointed to the left.

We took the *carretera mala*, resolving never to stray off the major roads again. But even the *malísima* would have been worth it to find Costa Brava at the other end. Tucked into the northeast corner of Spain, the Costa Brava is a collection of Carmels with golden sands, tree-lined streets, and drowsing hotels separated from one another by perpendicular headlands. There is no concession to tourism. Fishing boats and bathers, gay-striped bath towels and ocher-brown fishing nets, jostle each other on the beaches. There are little coves where peace and solitude are disturbed only by an occasional fishing boat. So far, Costa Brava has been preserved from commercialism — from piers, pavilions, casinos, and publicity directors. Even luxury hotels are rare. If bad roads form the Costa's Pyrenean line of defense (and obviously they do), then it is up to the tourist to judge the quality of the Spanish road by special standards.

The Costa Brava's roads are by no means atypical of Spain. No wonder Franco wants American money for his lines of communications. Militarily speaking, our own government has admitted that the present condition of roads and railroads would make Spain a liability rather than an asset as a partner in wartime. It is a

long time (and an insurrection) since the motoring monarch, Alfonso XIII, used to burn up the kilometers between his capital and the French border at the wheel of a high-powered automobile. Then the roads were tended more carefully.

Not all the Spanish roads are poor. The main routes are fast and smooth. The highway from Málaga to Granada is another Corniche. Within 9 miles of Málaga, the road climbs to a height of over 3300 feet, and at every turn of the road the views grow grander. It is a stretch of European highway not to be missed.

Potholed or smooth, the Spanish road grows on you as it takes you from one beauty to another in its own way. It is, for example, a far more democratic piece of machinery than our aristocratic post roads. The Spanish road is for everyone. It is for sleeping, and the curb — where there is one — is just the right elevation for a pillow. And why should the Spaniard pull his sleeping legs off the road?

If there is no room in the warehouse for a new shipment of supplies, there is plenty of free space on the highway. It seldom rains, and the shipment will impede traffic for only a couple of days.

Of an evening in the summer, the townspeople take their recreation promenading up and down the main route in the traditional *paseo*. On Saturdays and feast days, the roads are for dancing — and in Spain, feast days come oftener than Saturdays.

The roads are, of course, used for vehicular traffic, but only occasionally. Away from the main centers of population, you can drive for hours without meeting another car. No matter whom you meet, it is an occasion for honking of horns, waving of arms, and very often a short halt to exchange credentials, felicitations, and information on the location of the nearest gas pump.

Fellow travelers (in the tourist sense) are the most reliable source of up-to-date information about Spain. Particularly the British. The British motorist is first of all a confirmed Continental tourist. With Europe on his doorstep, he is apt to explore the Continent piecemeal, instead of gulping it all down in a hurried two-month leave of absence like the American. As a result, he knows individual areas well. Finally, he is limited to an infinitesimal amount of foreign exchange and must spend



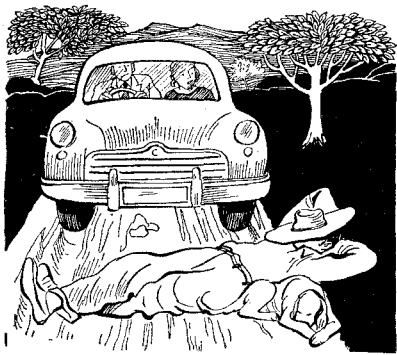
wisely. He is a good man for answering questions.

The Spaniard is not. His pride, combined with his desire to be hospitable, tends to make him minimize or exaggerate, with disastrous results. He will tell you what he thinks you want to know. Of course, he will say, you can reach the next town by sundown — and the trip turns out to be a day's journey. Or he will disarmingly add that with your beautiful modern and fast car, you can be there in a very few minutes. You arrive two hours later.

The Spanish bus will share your travels if you go through Spain by motorback. Its progress is heralded by a writhing pillar of dust and an exhaust which has long since dissociated itself from any relationship with a silencer. Unless the bus is stopped by the road or your car is equipped with an air-raid warning siren, you have no hope of gaining the right of way. But the bus is worth studying in flight or at a standstill for the number of persons it can be persuaded to accommodate.

The inside is always jammed. The residue, very often soldiery, is put on the roof. This space they share with baggage, and frequently with assorted livestock. One bus we met near Jerez de la Frontera contained the usual military quota, which clustered quite happily around the four lashed-together feet of a cow. We never did discover whether it was being transported dead or alive. On another bus, the management had kindly provided an extra windshield for the topside passengers.

The rule of the road in Spain is an opportunistic affair except in the big cities. Fortunately traffic volume is so light elsewhere that this absence



of regulation is not a cause for alarm. As a driver navigating the highways and/or byways of Spain, however, you must always take these factors into consideration: first, vehicles are

likely to drive on the shady side of the road no matter which way they are going; secondly, on the theory that the grass is greener on the other side of the fence, vehicles will drive on the wrong side of the road, hoping to find fewer bumps and potholes.

The major moving hazard (as opposed to stationary hazard) on the Spanish road is the mule and cart. It is a relaxed form of transportation, and more often than not the driver is sleeping off the slow progress from point to point on a bundle of hay. In this case, as a motorist, you are well off. Left to itself, the horse or mule will either get out of your way or maintain such a steady course that you can dodge around it. If the driver is awake, there is likely to be trouble. First he must pull himself upright to look around and see if you are really there, then goad his animal to a brisker pace, and finally pull him off the road in a right-angle turn which completely blocks the way.

Every road has its turning — even the Spanish road. One turning is the system of *albergues* and *paradores* begun during the days of Alfonso XIII by the Tourist Department. The *albergue* is a roadhouse of modern design with a lounge, dining room, and bedrooms. The purpose is to provide shelter and accommodation where none is to be had at strategic points along the highway. The rates are uniform and cheap; the bathrooms gleam with porcelain, glass, and chrome in the most approved transatlantic fashion; and the service is friendly if a little slow. You may not, as a rule, stay longer than three days.

In the *paradores*, you may stay as long as you like. They are not modern buildings, but have been converted from castles or old convents. One of the *paradores*, for example, is the Henry II, a fourteenth century castle which forms part of the walled defenses of Ciudad Rodrigo, near the Portuguese border. You dine by candlelight, with a magnificent view across the river to Portugal. Another *parador* is the Cartuja de San Francisco in Granada, a friary which overlooks the Alhambra in one direction and the Albaicín in the other. It is built around a central courtyard that is sheltered from the hot sun by a canvas awning, and is opened to the stars in the evening. The Moors' legacy to southern Spain, a fountain, provides a continually cooling background of sound. The *gazpacho* soup,

with pellets of ice blending the cucumber, garlic, and beef stock, and the *merluza a la bilbaína*, a fine white fish wonderfully flavored, are both memorable.

The *albergues* and *paradores* are but one activity of the Spanish State Tourist Office, which is probably the best in Europe. Each major city has a Tourist Office complete with interpreter and a polylingual staff — all personnel must pass a competitive examination with stringent language requirements. Each office has a street map of its town, and will mark out tours for you which encompass the town's most important buildings. The office will also tell you the hours



of admission to the historical buildings, and patiently answer floods of questions.

Efficient as it is, the system is still not foolproof. You must make allowances for the Spanish road. Spaniards, happily, do not share the Northern time neurosis. No one starts or stops anything early — except bullfights, which begin with remarkable promptitude. Spain is one country where you can arrive in the middle of the night and find a welcome, and probably a good supper as well. The cocktail hour, for example, is nearer 10 P.M. than 5 — an ideal arrangement for the late-starter. The snag is that official hours of admission to buildings are not necessarily the actual hours.

Similarly, the official street names do not always correspond with the actual street names. The Spaniards have a habit of changing street names to agree with their history. Almost every town has its Avenida Generalísimo Franco. If not Franco, then it is José Antonio. Portraits of both men are likely to gaze down upon you from the wall of any government office, and many a café and restaurant. José Antonio, son of the dictator Primo de Rivera and founder of the Falange Party, is the chief



Nationalist martyr in the Civil War.

The best way we found to combat the name changes and the sliding scale of admission hours was to select a guide from the swarms of children



who flock around any foreigner's car. The juvenile guide would then conduct us around town until we found our bearings, and happily guard the car for a few pesetas when we left it for prolonged investigation of some architectural wonder.

The golden rule for traveling in Spain is never to take anything too fast. Neither the roads, the Spanish soul, nor the mechanics of officialdom are geared for speed. If you want to do business with anyone, be there early and bring every document and scrap of official paper that you possess — you'll need each one before you're through.

The care and feeding of automobiles also calls for careful planning. Be prepared to fill up often with water. Radiators develop abnormal thirsts along the hot and dusty Spanish roads. Carry a water jug with you if possible, and certainly take a whisk broom to fight the dust which invades every crevice of your person and your car.

Never let a gasoline pump go by; it may be the last you will see for 100 miles. If you have the patience — and you should learn to develop it — you will strain the gasoline through a chamois leather before allowing it to dribble into your tank. Otherwise your carburetor and gas tank will need constant attention and cleansing. A mechanic in Barcelona told us that Spanish drivers clean out their carburetors every three weeks. A few elementary lessons in carburetor care before entering Spain will pay dividends.

You will be smart to buy *gasolina plomo* (with lead added) in the big cities. It is perhaps 10 pesetas extra a tank, but the extra quality of the gas and its more careful handling make it worth while. The wisest

traveler carries a 5-gallon jerrican for emergencies. There is no telling when all the banks will be shut or all the pumps dry. One morning in Rondo, one of Spain's most beautiful hill towns, all five pumps were dry. We proceeded only because a taxi driver volunteered (at a price) to spare us a few gallons from his own tank.

The price of gasoline runs about 50 cents a gallon, and is the most expensive part of traveling in Spain. The *albergues* and *paradores* are considered First Class B hotels and charge a standard rate of 115 to 140 pesetas a day for full room and board. The exchange rate is now around 40 pesetas to the dollar. You can do much better by changing your money outside Spain into the 10,000 pesetas you are allowed to bring in with you.

Even at the official rate of 40 pesetas to the dollar, \$3 a day for living in a magnificent castle like Henry II's at Ciudad Rodrigo represents about the best money's worth in Europe today. In the major cities, it is advisable to kick over the traces and go de luxe. You will never live so ducally for so little again. For \$7 to \$8 a day, you can achieve full room and board at such super international hostelryes as the Alfonso XIII in Seville and the Ritz or Palace in Madrid.

The only trouble with this gambit is that it's becoming too well known. During the season, these hotels are booked solid. With the mobility of riding by motorback, however, you can — and should — escape the well-worn tourist track and discover spots of your own. The Costa Brava, for example, is full of them. Another is the privately run *Parador de Ifach* on the Cape of Ifach just below Valencia. The Cape, one of Spain's natural wonders, is a Gibraltar-like rock, two or three hundred feet high, joined to the mainland by a sickle-shaped shore, which embraces a Lilliputian harbor. It is a Hellenic reminder of Spain's past. The simple, white-walled *parador*, where the two of us stayed for \$3 including dinner and breakfast, sits on the handle of the sickle.

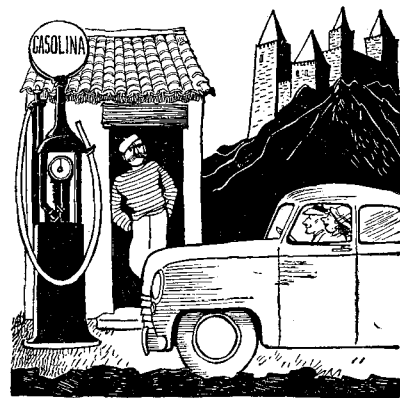
Possibly the best of them all is the Hotel Los Cisnes in Jerez de la Frontera, headquarters for the sherry trade, and as carefully manicured as the inside of a *bodega*.

You can love Spain for many reasons — for her huge plains, floating clouds, and snowy mountains; for the history that lies layer upon layer,

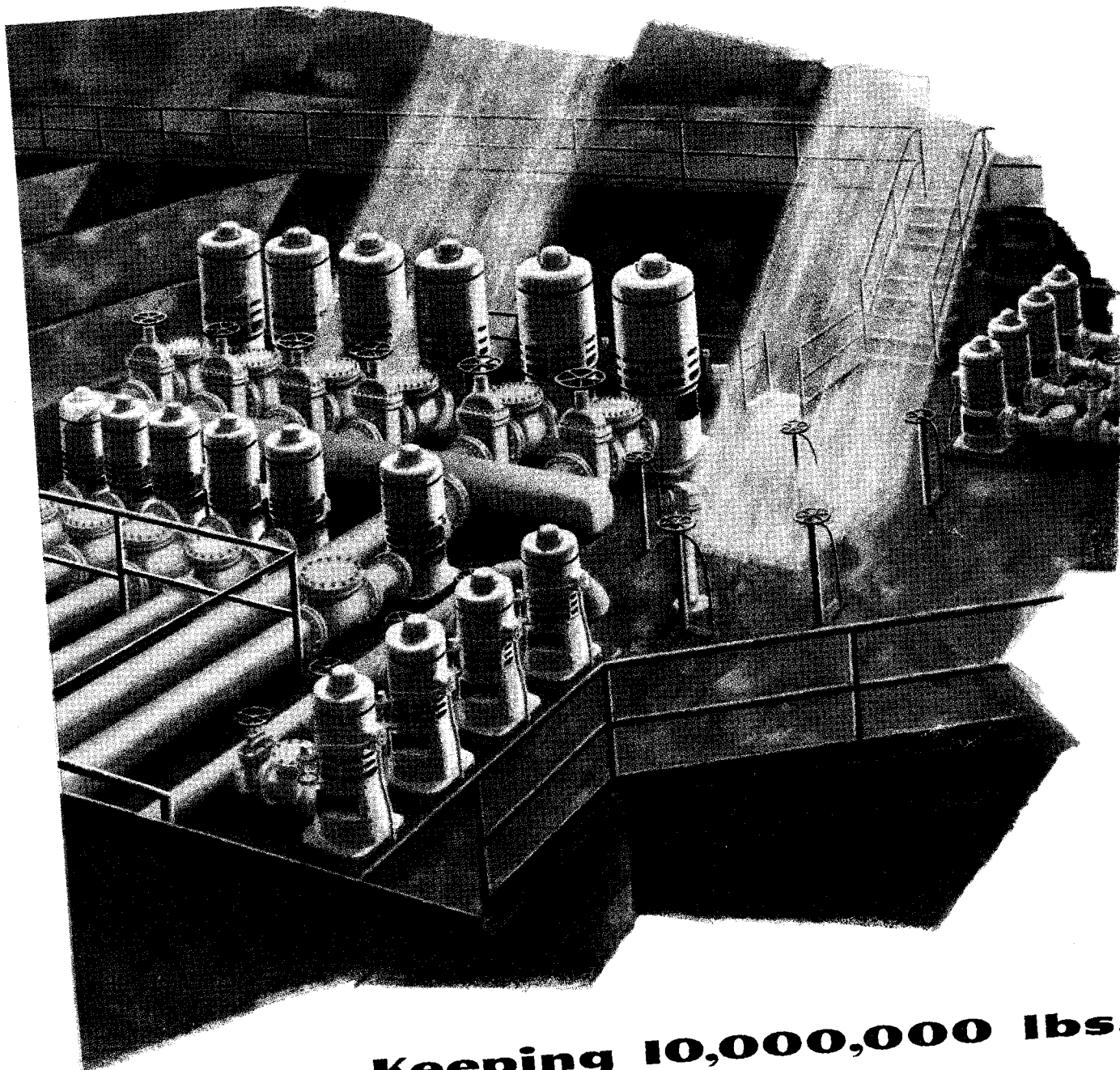
like the paint on a pine chest you are restoring, over the cities, the shores, the old quays of little ports. You can dig below the Moor to the Goth, the Roman, the Carthaginian, the Greek, and the Phoenician. You can sorrow over more recent events: the Carlist wars, and the tragic Civil War which added a new layer of history to towns like Toledo, Seville, and Barcelona.

You can rue the dust, the potholes, and the shadelessness of the roads as you beat your way along the length and breadth of the Iberian Peninsula by motorback. But underneath all the glories and the irritations you will find the Spaniard, obstinately unchanged by his long history and graciously individualistic. Except for the jaded concierge of the big city hotel, the bored frontier guard, and the indifferent petty bureaucrat, you will find a very reasonable facsimile of the brotherhood of man in Spain.

One Sunday afternoon we arrived at a small town near Seville with our gas gauge hovering dangerously around the empty mark. We drove to the middle of the deserted plaza and rudely beeped our horn. Within a matter of minutes we were surrounded by a smiling crowd of 200 men, women, and children. They understood our predicament immediately, and dispatched a flying squad to rout out the *patrón* of the only gas pump in town. He arrived in due course, buttoning up his Sunday suit, and led all of us off to the source of supply. He filled the tank, refused a tip, solemnly shook hands with us, and then with the entire 200 of his fellow townsmen waved and shouted



us a tumultuous good-bye. Two hours later we reached Seville with a laboring, spitting engine. It took us another two hours to purge the car's insides of our friend's bad gasoline. But it was worth it — as it always is in Spain.



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